MY MEMOIRS

PRINCE LUDWIG WINDISCHGRAETZ

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MY MEMOIRS

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BY

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FOREWORD

I ARRIVED in Berne on the 3rd November 1918, and put up at the "Schweizerhof." I was head of a section in the Foreign Office at that time, and had been sent to Switzerland by Count Andrassy, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. An appalling tragedy had been enacted. We had lost the war; an ancient and great Empire had gone to pieces and lay in ruins. *Viribus unitis.* Destroyed with all our forces.

At the eleventh hour, before we broke down completely, the Entente had shown some inclination to enter into peace negotiations with us—that is to say, with the joint Ministry, or, rather, with Count Julius Andrassy—and it was to pursue these slender threads and prevent their slipping through our fingers that I had been sent to Berne in an official capacity.

The next morning I saw in the paper that I had fled from Austria.

A day later I read in print that I had taken millions belonging to the Emperor of Austria with me. When the Hungarian papers came, I found that I was responsible for Hungary's collapse, that Windischgraetz was only another name for all the ills on earth, that I had helped to prolong the war and had been the evil genius of the last few months.

The Buda Pesth papers were full of it, morning, noon, and particularly night. And when the Buda Pesth Press takes up a good and just cause in which it firmly believes, then—heavens above!—then it sets to work with a vengeance! It was a thoroughly well-contrived hunt; all the horns were in full blast and there was a regular hue and cry.

In the meantime, the Revolution in Hungary was a *fait accompli,* and within a few days my department had

ceased to exist. But the Entente had no idea of treating with anyone but the Imperial Foreign Office. Regrettable as this may be, the fact remained, and it could not be helped. My mission was at an end, and I remained in Switzerland as a private individual.

I noticed something. Whenever I came into the entrance hall of the hotel a man was standing there, always the same man, and when I went out he accompanied me at a respectful distance. One day I accosted him; I asked what he wanted, and what he meant by always walking parallel to me. "Monsieur," said the honest Swiss, very civilly, "I am a Swiss police detective." "Very glad to see you," I said, and shook hands with him. We got into conversation and were soon good friends. "Do your duty," I said.—"I am on the watch to see that no harm comes to you," he said. I shook hands with him again gratefully.

A few days later my new friend pointed out to me that two other men waited regularly for me in the hall and kept me under observation wherever I went. I turned round and saw that he was right. Two individuals, strangers to me, were always at hand. If I spoke to an acquaintance they came unostentatiously, but perceptibly, nearer, pretended to be absorbed in their Baedekers, and pricked up their ears. If I went into a shop to make purchases they followed; and if I sat down in a restaurant, a characteristic smacking noise soon showed that they, too, were having a meal. Peter Schlemihl might have envied me; I now had four shadows; my own, the one attached to me gratis by the Swiss Federal Government, and two more, attached to me by—well, by whom were they attached to me and paid? By whom?

On the 20th November a party of Buda Pesth journalists had arrived in Berne, to carry on propaganda for Michael Karolyi's Government. Some of them were of no note, men I had never seen before, but in general appearance they were the exact counterpart of my two latest shadows; a good many of them, however, I knew well, very well, for I had been a Minister, and they, forsooth, had been employed in the various editorial offices in Buda Pesth, and had been ready to write articles at any time, for a couple

of crowns, at the slightest hint from my Food Office or from any other Government quarter. Now they were living at the Bellevue Palace Hotel, and throwing about money that came originally from the Hungarian State Treasury.

I felt sorry to meet the former leader-writer of the *Magyar Hirlap*, the gifted Ignotus Veigelsberg, in this company. I spoke to him, however, and tried to find out from him what was going on at home. But he was evidently uneasy, looked about for his comrades, and at last said: "You must give me a good deal of credit for speaking to you, Your Highness, but I have stipulated with my Government to be allowed to associate with everyone in Switzerland, regardless of their political opinions, and this of course applies to you too." I congratulated him on the truly democratic spirit now prevailing in Hungary, which even allowed of a journalist speaking to someone who differed from him in politics. It should be observed that for years past Ignotus had written under Andrassy's auspices, and had been one of the most faithful adherents of his 1867 policy; Andrassy had, indeed, subsidized the *Magyar Hirlap*. Now he had come to Switzerland under Karolyi's banner, with a yearly stipend of 40,000 francs, to create an atmosphere in the French Press favourable to the new independent Hungary.

The Hungarian papers reported that I was preparing a counter-revolution and carrying on monarchist propaganda in Switzerland.

One day the door of my room at the "Schweizerhof" was opened with a false key while I was out. I found my boxes and trunks broken open and ransacked—no compromising document of any kind was found. I left the hotel and established myself in a private house the other side of the Aar.

Once, when I was coming home late at night from the Bellevue Palace Hotel, I noticed that two men were following me. I walked faster; they did the same. I could see by the light of the street lamps that they were not my usual detectives—only one of the faces I seemed to have already seen in the vicinity of the Boulevard Waizner. They rushed up to me on the Aar bridge, seized me by the

arms, and pushed me towards the parapet. There can be no doubt that they intended to throw me from the high bridge into the water. It was dark, and there was no one in sight. I was unarmed, but would not shout for help. I wrenched myself free, and gave one of them a blow in the face and the other a kick which knocked him down. It was evident that both had been drinking freely, to get up their courage beforehand. They made no further attempt to molest me and I went my way quickly. I attached no importance to the assault itself, for I had been at the front for thirty-seven months and had had to parry far more serious attacks, but I told my friends what had occurred, and, acting on their advice, I reported the matter to the police. This accounts for there being a record of it.

The attempt to put an end to me had failed, and it did not seem advisable to try again with surer weapons in a neutral foreign country. As a matter of fact, no further effort was made to molest me bodily, but other and less risky methods of doing for me were resorted to. An absolutely unprincipled attempt was made to ruin my character by means of the so-called " Potato Campaign ".

Early in January, it came to my knowledge that there was said to have been fraud and corruption on an extensive scale in the Buda Pesth Central Food Office, for which the Hungarian Government proposed calling me to account, as the Minister responsible at the time. I was accused of having had moneys belonging to the Central Potato Office paid to me by the head of the department, and of having arranged that false entries should be made of the amounts. I telegraphed at once to the President, Michael Karolyi, but received no answer. On the other hand, I found that both the head of the department and the Director of the Central Potato Office had been arrested and accused of having misappropriated 3,900,000 crowns.

A Berne police commissioner called at my house, in accordance with a request from the Buda Pesth police authorities, and asked me to make a deposition. I explained that, as a Minister, I was only responsible to a competent tribunal, but said that, notwithstanding this, I would make a statement. At the same time I sent a telegram to the

Hungarian Government, in which I denied the accusations, said that I accepted material as well as moral responsibility, and threatened to appeal to the international public in self-defence.

I sent *communiqués* to the newspapers, but the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* was the only paper that published them. The Buda Pesth papers said that I was afraid to appear before my judges to refute the charges. The Government's emissaries roused the whole Swiss Press against me, making out that I had embezzled Hungarian State money, either for private or monarchical purposes, and had gone off with it to Switzerland. A Swiss paper announced that the Hungarian Government had demanded my extradition and that I was to be sent back to my own country as a common criminal. I forwarded a protest to the Swiss Federal Government, and pointed out that a charge of having embezzled money could not be sustained against me, if only because I had accepted full material responsibility, from the first, for the sums I had expended in my Ministerial capacity out of the funds at my disposal, while on the other hand my property, valued at twelve million crowns, was in Hungary and afforded ample security. After inspecting the documents, the Swiss authorities naturally saw no reason for taking action of any kind against me.

In the meantime, Michael Karolyi's Government had appointed Szilassy Minister Plenipotentiary in Berne. I called on him at once, in order to give all the information the Republican Government might require in the potato affair voluntarily, but although he telegraphed several times, asking for authority to take my evidence, he too received no answer. As a matter of fact, as I discovered later on, the fact that a mistake had been made in entering the sums in question in the accounts had been published in the Buda Pesth Press the previous October ; the whole agitation proved to be simply a manœuvre to secure my person, to discredit me in the eyes of the world, and thus deprive me of any power to injure the Karolyi potentates ; I could testify to a good many things that would have been inconvenient to them and which they preferred should be kept dark.

The charges against me were taken up by the foreign Press, as well as by the papers of the former Monarchy. The American and French newspapers commented on my standard of honour; the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph* took up the "Hungarian scandals" under the heading of "Prince and Potatoes"; all the spleen the *Az Est* vented on me found its way to the rest of the world via Geneva. A Vienna newspaper, unknown to me, which had only been started since the war, and which had selected *Freiheit* as its motto and title, wrote: "The notorious blackguard Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, well known in Switzerland on account of his propaganda for the Habsburgs, is to be prosecuted, and his extradition has been demanded by the Hungarian authorities."

Why was so unscrupulous and barefaced an agitation carried on against me? Why was my personal honour dragged through the mire? Why was I singled out as a scapegoat? Why was I so dangerous in the eyes of all so-called Peoples' Governments that it was necessary to resort to every possible method of suppressing me?

Before Szilassy's appointment the Hungarian Government had sent no less than five envoys with full powers to Switzerland at the same time; every one of these envoys, one of them in particular, Frau Rosika Schwimmer, was instructed to discredit me personally in foreign countries and have me watched. The German Austrian Foreign Office also arranged with its Berne agents to have me secretly watched.

One day, when I went to Geneva to meet some French friends I had not seen since the outbreak of war, the German Austrian Government felt that its existence was seriously menaced by this journey of the "princely reactionary." Telegram after telegram arrived, with instructions to have everything I did in Geneva carefully noted. The day I returned to Berne, one of my friends showed me the telegram the Consul-General in Geneva had sent to Vienna about my stay there. It was in answer to the question whether I had had political interviews, and was as follows: "Prince Windischgraetz merely indulged his inordinate love of pleasure, and lost 20,000 francs at the 'Cercle du

Léman.' " The sender of this telegram was the former head of the Press Department in the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, Hofrat Montlong, already a zealous Republican. He was well known in Austria and Hungary, and I had repeatedly attacked him in the Delegations as a pillar of the old régime. Only a few months ago this pillar was dripping with black and yellow, to-day it had already been painted a brilliant red.

Eventually it appeared that the Buda Pesth terror was directed against my family too. My wife and children, who had gone to Vienna, were subjected to most insulting treatment by Karolyi emissaries on independent Austrian territory. My wife's passports and certificates of identity, which were properly made out, were arbitrarily taken from her in Vienna itself. And this although, as Hungarian Food Minister, I had worked day and night, for quite six months, to save the lives of the people of Vienna and the Austrian highlands when they were on the verge of starvation, regardless of the strong hostility shown by my fellow-countrymen and the obstacles thrown in my way by ultra-Hungarian elements. It takes my breath away.

There can be no doubt that the campaign against me was organized by my political opponents in Hungary and that the Austrian Socialists looked on me as a monarchist and counter-revolutionary. Even so, the violence of the agitation surprised me, familiar as I am with the tortuous hole-and-corner methods and calculated iniquity of political warfare. This very system of underhand intrigue, the wretched way in which everyone tried to put a spoke in everyone else's wheel, the irresponsibility and want of principle, had indeed been the object of my attacks from the moment I entered public life. I was looked on by those of my own rank as a " red ", an anti-dynastic revolutionary, from the very beginning of my political career ; the heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand, treated me with the greatest rudeness ; during the war I was the officer best hated by the master-minds of the Supreme Command of the army and the " pillars " of the old régime ; I hardly knew the Archduke ; I had never been to Court

in my youth ; I had refused to accept a Privy Councillorship or any distinctions . . . how was it, then, that the Peoples' Governments looked on me only as the " black ", the reactionary prince, the notorious grandson of a notorious grandfather ? Why did they spread a report that I had had Kurt Eisner murdered, in conjunction with the Royal House of Bavaria—this was what appeared in the papers—that I had stolen millions, like a common thief, that the ruin of my country lay at my door and was a heavy load on my conscience, and I was a blackguard who ought to be hanged ?

I was faced with such hydras as these—bewildered, but with my strength unimpaired and good weapons in my hands. I struck off one of the reptile's poisonous heads after another ; fresh ones always grew. I said to myself : How is it that, of all people, I should be the one to be boycotted by all parties ; why should I, of all people, a most unsaintlike Sebastian, be riddled with arrows from all sides ?

I soon found the answer. I was not the only one. The hydra is " The System." The old Austro-Hungarian system, whose neck is not broken by a long way yet, which still pries into all the dusty offices, even though it now flaunts a republican cockade, which crawls about, hiding behind bundles of papers, shooting out its sharp, poisonous tongue. The old sour wine is still poured into new bottles ; the Revolution has indeed upset a throne, but it has not changed its supporters at heart.

The Revolution had been a somersault. What should have had force and life had fallen weakly and irresolutely to the ground. . . .

That being so, I decided, after much hesitation—for I would rather fight with the sword than with the pen—to open my diaries ; to tell the story of my criminal career as briefly as possible ; to tell how I tried to save Austria-Hungary, an Empire and its peoples—aye, and its throne too, when it was far too late. No longer in order to defend myself—for the system is impersonal—but to trace the downfall of the sick double eagle from the example of the

events of my own life, to depict the terrible decay against the background of the "system", to show the true "road to catastrophe", and the hard, inevitable path we must tread to the heights we shall yet regain!

A tale for the benefit of a rising generation, which it is to be hoped will be wiser than the one which preceded it.

MY MEMOIRS

BEFORE THE WAR

My grandfather was the Field-Marshal Alfred Windischgraetz who had put down the Revolution in Vienna, Prague and Buda Pesth in 1848.

My father was also a General. He had fought in all our wars since 1848 and was one of the last soldiers of the old army. He also held the highest post in the army, that of Inspector-General of Army troops. Almost all the military leaders in our five years' war were trained in his school: Conrad, Boroviec, Böhm-Ermolli, Rohr, the Archdukes Friedrich and Eugen, and others.

My mother was a Countess Dessewffy. Her father founded the Academy of Science with Stefan Szechenyi and was leader of the old Conservatives in Hungary.

I wanted to go to sea, but my father would not hear of it. That settled the matter. I entered the Military Academy most reluctantly, with a view to going into the army. I served for three years as a Lieutenant in the Artillery at Cracow, my birthplace—I was born in October 1882. Then the Russo-Japanese War broke out. General Hübner was sent to study the siege of Port Arthur, and I went as his aide-de-camp at my own expense. We spent two months in Peking. Port Arthur had fallen, our mission was consequently at an end, and I asked to be appointed military attaché to the Russian Army. This was conceded on condition that I found my own way to the Russians. They were already falling back behind Mukden, so that

I had to get through the Japanese lines in order to reach a Russian detachment. Armed with letters from a firm of English wine merchants, I got through the Japanese lines at Hsinmieten by passing myself off as an agent, came up with a detachment of Mischtschenko's Russian cavalry corps at Fakumen, and was taken prisoner during the last phase of the fighting in the neighbourhood of Mukden. The Japanese treated me very decently and set me at liberty.

I started for Japan on a Norwegian transport boat. On the voyage we were caught in a typhoon. The captain and I had ourselves lashed to the bridge and lived on champagne and cakes. We were held up by Admiral Togo's fleet, which fought the battle of Tschutsima a few hours later.

From Japan I went via Honolulu to America, where I saw life both from above and below. In New York I was ambushed by thieves in a night-house and was obliged to fire on a mulatto. I spent the night in prison with thieves and prostitutes. I had a good deal of sport, including two lion hunts, in Africa, and in the Sudan I met Slatin Pasha, who spoke Arabic with a pure Viennese accent. Then I returned to Hungary, exchanged from the artillery to the 16th Hussars, and married Maria Szechenyi. In the meantime I had run through all my money. I took over the management of my estates, where Tokay is produced, formed a Limited Company, and, remembering my experiences in Manchuria, I acted now and again as my own traveller, throwing myself heart and soul into the business. By this means I won back the fortune I had lost.

I had learnt physical geography on my travels—the geography of the world; and I had learnt that policy—high policy—is geographico-economic policy. The geographical question is at the root of all sociological and economic problems. These views were instilled into me by Sir Robert Hart, whose acquaintance I made in China. In his deliberate, rather ironical way of expressing himself, he showed me what England's policy was as regards China and Japan. He himself had no opinion of a policy of intrigue, and pointed out that, to be effective, European policy must

keep in view an area extending from Vladivostock to the Rhine. At that time he believed that England's world power would have to be re-determined on a geographical basis, and that in future nothing but absolute Western and absolute Eastern power would be of any account.

From this I saw clearly that our place was on the side of Russia, and I understood that the much abused Goluchovsky had not propagated the necessity of an understanding with Russia from any fellow-feeling, but purely for geographical reasons.

When I came home I found that the Austrian statesmen were trying to settle the Czech question, as from time immemorial, and that the Hungarian politicians and the '48 Party were at loggerheads.

I plunged into the petty arena of Hungarian county politics with my head full of world political theories and studies which embraced every quarter of the globe.

At that time Hungarian army organization was the question uppermost in all minds, and those who were in favour of a Hungarian army were stigmatized as anti-dynastic. Owing to its peculiar constitution, the Hungarian *Comitat*, which, unlike the German *Kreis*, is not a State institution, was a powerful means of protecting the Hungarian right of self-determination, and I made ample use of it. I also spoke very often in the House of Magnates, of which I was a hereditary member, and in the Delegations. The speeches made were invariably in dispute or defence of our national demands, on our emblems and the language of command—always the externals, never on the real essence of the matter, the absolute necessity of increasing the establishment, of strengthening the defensive force. Vienna, indeed, appeared unable to see that the two questions were interdependent; for if we had been allowed our own Colours and our language, Hungary would have supported any Vienna policy, any budget, and any addition to the number of Hungarian recruits. Every red, white and green cockade would have added another battalion to the army. People in Vienna, however, persisted in shutting their eyes to the fact that our national demands might be to the advantage of the common policy, and that without strong weapons no policy

whatever can be pursued and supported; consequently, instead of the most powerful prop of the Empire working absolutely hand in hand with them, they had had us as opponents for the last forty years in all questions common to the two States. I was still an officer on the active list, I had been brought up in the military spirit, and I called for soldiers, soldiers, for strong battalions.

Then I discovered that my red, white and green agitations had brought me into disfavour with the heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand. The Archduke had been a great friend of my father's and was very fond of him. This friendship increased when certain circles at the Vienna Court took advantage of the heir to the throne's impaired health to shut him out of all State affairs. Franz Ferdinand saw that preparations were already being made to bury him, and decided that he could best thwart these intrigues by continuing to live. He therefore went to Egypt, where he recovered his health. But his distrust of everyone dated from the time when this wrong was done him, and later on he saw enemies and antagonists where there were none. My father had stood up for him when the *camarilla* was at work, insisting that he should be given the position due to the heir to the throne, and had carried his point with the old Emperor. He was placed at the direct personal disposal of His Majesty, and thus became the Emperor's representative in all military affairs. He never forgot the service my father had done him, and was the first to present himself at his deathbed. In an outburst of gratitude he assured me that I could rely on his friendship, and begged me to apply to him if ever I were in need of it. I have never applied to him. A year and a half after this interview I made my first speech in the House of Magnates, and later on my *brochure* appeared, giving all the statistics of the Austro-Hungarian armament policy. In it I said plainly that a modern army, recruited from the people, could no longer be mobilized without the enthusiasm of the masses, and that in default of national enthusiasm no nation would any longer go to war. I concluded with the following sentences: "Looking at the matter dispassionately, it must be obvious to everyone that if Hungarian

Chauvinism did not exist, just such an agitation would have to be devised in the interest of the Monarchy. Unhappily, it is the one and only movement among the fifty-two million people forming the population of the Monarchy, which seeks its final aim solely within the frontiers of Austria-Hungary. People in both States have truly understood to perfection how to stamp every popular movement as being hostile to the joint Monarchy, and drive the force of the agitation into the camp of the enemies of cohesion and of the dynasty. The psychology of the masses, and their enthusiasm, are precisely what is indispensable to the system of defence. If the Monarchy is to continue to exist and to retain its power, the conduct of Austro-Hungarian policy must be animated by a new spirit—a new spirit must create the ideals which have been lost in the course of years. The form can and must be found, in which the different peoples with their ideals and aspirations can be united in the struggle for the maintenance of the form of government which centuries have created. The only way of achieving this organization of forces is to make a clean sweep of the formalism whose fixed limits make any practical realization of sound ideas an impossibility."

These views, which I had already propounded in certainly fifty political speeches, got me into disgrace with the Archduke, who pursued me with undisguised hatred from that time forward. The way in which he treated me when the *Tegethoff* was launched at Trieste was very characteristic of his vindictive nature. To my great surprise I found my name among the four who were to be present at his reception as representatives of the two Monarchies. During the ceremony Franz Ferdinand spoke to all the invited guests; when it came to my turn, he turned his back on me and walked away. Like the others, I had been invited to the lunch. Five minutes before the appointed hour his Chamberlain called on me and withdrew the invitation. It would hardly be possible for a great man to do anything more petty. I had only been invited that I might be snubbed.

In 1908 I decided to leave the army. Just then Serbia was rabid, after the annexation crisis, and Prince George

was making violently inflammatory speeches. It was obvious that the Monarchy might be compelled to intervene in the Balkans, and that it might be important to have reliable information as to internal conditions in Serbia. I therefore asked leave to go to Serbia on secret service. I procured a Polish workman's passport in Constantinople, went to Salonica, and set foot on Serbian soil disguised as a locksmith. I was a skilled mechanic, and I now set to work to study the lower classes of the people in my new capacity. Then I took service as a waiter, and listened in the two or three better class restaurants in Nisch and Belgrade to find out what part the ubiquitous Russian officers were playing. One night, when the authorities were already on my heels, I crossed the Semlin bridge, telegraphed to my wife, and sent a report to Conrad von Hötzendorf.

In the autumn I discarded the uniform of the 16th Hussars, retired to my Sarospatak property, and studied law. I was twenty-eight, was one of the leaders of the county assemblies, had organized the peasantry, and made myself unpleasantly conspicuous in the Delegations and in the House of Magnates.

In the spring of 1910 writs were issued for a fresh election, to clear the situation, the Coalition Cabinet having resigned. The result was an overwhelming majority for Tisza, who led the " National Work Party." This was the commencement of Tisza's second and new régime.

Owing to the omission of a formality I could not be elected to Parliament on that occasion, as it appeared that during my absence on military duty I had not been put on the register. But I joined the Andrassy '67 Constitutional Party, which had fought disinterestedly on Tisza's side in this election. It was a case of fighting a Government whose stale '48 claptrap, combined with absolute inertia, had produced immense dissatisfaction throughout the country. The ideal antagonism was also directed a good deal against those in power in Austria, who wanted to force their Vienna policy on us. Some years earlier Baron Gautsch had introduced universal franchise into Austria, and following on

that, Féhervary's military dictatorship was to have carried through universal, equal and secret franchise in Hungary too, in order to crush out our national tendencies. We opposed this Greater Austrian idea, propagated by Francis Joseph and Franz Ferdinand, as one man, by fighting universal franchise.

The arrangements made for the electoral campaign were on an elaborate scale, and I often went about with Tisza, who was received with tumultuous delight and enthusiastically supported throughout the province. The whole country was at his feet and worshipped him as a national hero. The great, broad-shouldered man was an impressive figure, in spite of his shabby clothes and slovenly appearance; he really looked more like a parish schoolmaster than a statesman. He was harsh and unamiable, a dogged Calvinist, and yet he won all hearts. His obstinacy impressed people, and on one point, his love for Hungary, all were one with him. I remember an episode which occurred before one of the tours in the province which we were to make together. We met in a private room in the Hôtel Hungaria in Buda Pesth, where Tisza intended to dine with some of his adherents, of course to the accompaniment of gipsy music. When I arrived, Tisza was standing in his shirtsleeves in front of the conductor, who was fiddling away with his orchestra for bare life, and dancing. Tisza was dancing. There were no women present, only myself and the two or three other men of the party, but Tisza, the grey-haired old man—he was long past fifty at that time, the highest official in the land, Prime Minister—was dancing, lost in thought, speechless, bewitched and fired by the rhythms which are the breath of life to Hungarians. We sat in a corner and ate and drank and talked interminably. Only Tisza danced. Alone, for four whole hours without intermission, engrossed in the thoughts the gipsy music set going in his Hungarian brain. Now and again he looked at the conductor with his large eyes—the dark gipsy instantly divined what was wanted, changed the key, started another and yet another song, always a Hungarian song.

I recollect a dinner in Buda Pesth. The nationally

thinking elements, Andrassy, Kossuth, Apponyi, all the leading lights in Parliament, had met to demonstrate against the hostile powers who wanted to crush out our national tendencies. Tisza made a speech, in which he preached open warfare, and said everyone in the country must sacrifice himself to help the ideals embodied in his party to victory. Another, hitherto unknown, member of the National Casino rose, Count Michael Karolyi. In his indistinct voice, but speaking as clearly as he could, he paid a tribute to the great Tisza, and exclaimed enthusiastically: "We will all sacrifice ourselves, and ought to sacrifice ourselves. You must be the exception, for the country needs you."

At that time Michael Karolyi and I were on friendly terms. We were also connected through my wife's family. We members of noble Hungarian families are, indeed, all more or less nearly related. Michael Karolyi was born with a serious defect of speech. It is well known that he has a silver palate, and had, of course most unjustly, to put up with a good deal of ridicule and many slights on account of this defect when he left the hothouse atmosphere of his home in his youth. He felt this all the more because he had been very much spoilt by his parents, proud and haughty magnates, for whom no one was good enough, and who thought themselves better than anyone else. Belief in the Karolyi superiority was in his blood. Even in the nursery he had been taught that the Karolyis had no equals in the land, and now people were rude and cruel enough to elbow him aside, ignore him, and look down on him as an inferior being. This treatment by a pitiless world, and the rebuffs he received from one or other young lady of his own *milieu* whom he admired, had already stung him deeply and left an incurable wound. When only a small boy he is said to have clenched his fist and exclaimed: "Just wait, you will all have to go down on your knees to me yet. The day will come when I shall show you who Michael Karolyi is."

Many years went by, but Michael Karolyi's threat seemed idle talk. Far from making himself respected, he took to making himself truly ridiculous. He dressed in the extreme

of fashion, he strutted across the Corso in Buda Pesth wearing an eyeglass and craning his neck far forward, he sat in the bars night after night drinking one cocktail after another and talking to women of the lowest class. His orgies were a by-word in the town. An effeminate, rather warped character, people laughed at him and despised him—no one took him seriously. His uncle, Sandor Karolyi, had been the founder of the Agricultural Society, and Michael, as his nephew and heir, had succeeded him as chairman. Suddenly, apparently without any transitional stage, he was seized with ambition. He saw the young people of his country engaged in political warfare, and was himself caught by the wave and fascinated. Hungary is an agricultural country ; he was chairman of the Agricultural Society, and began to inquire into the question of what an agricultural society really was and what its object might be—possibly he remembered his oath, his curse, the humiliation that had been inflicted on him, and which, weak, helpless and cowardly as he is at heart, he had had to swallow. He set to work with extraordinary diligence to retrieve what he had left undone; he braced up his muscles, studied agriculture, history and social economy, learnt to ride and fence, showed marvellous tenacity in trying to master his defect of speech, threw himself into politics, and was successful in every direction. He could say with pride that he had given himself new birth at the age of thirty. He had acquired knowledge ; an iron will impelled him to do what was beyond his strength ; ambition, vanity and love of power led him into extremes, eccentricities and absurdities. He was never a good motorist, but he drove with a foolhardiness that made one nervous and anxious ; never a good rider, but he played polo with amazing courage ; he could not speak, and made speeches which compelled respect and admiration. Michael Karolyi began to show who Michael Karolyi was.

I was impressed by the performance and became more friendly to him at that time, but he kept to himself, would not join any Party, and sat in the House of Deputies as an independent '48 member, without a leader and without a following.

Tisza did a monstrous thing. He started the policy of the strong hand.

The '48 Party's opposition in Parliament was directed against the new Army Bill, which proposed to strengthen the peace footing and add to the army credits, because the tendency of the '48 Party was to consider that strengthening the common army meant strengthening the anti-national army. For fully six months it pursued a policy of obstruction such as had never been known before, by forcing divisions on the most trivial and ridiculous questions. The existing rules of the House made this possible. Accordingly, Tisza set to work to alter the rules. He created a body of Parliamentary police and had the obstructionists removed bodily. The whole world rang with the uproar that ensued. At that time an attempt was made on his life.

He was then governing hand in hand with Francis Joseph and Vienna. He knew that as long as the old King lived, who could be just as inflexible as himself, there was little or no hope for national demands.

I saw the madness of both sides, of the obstruction and of the attempt to suppress it. The tactics of the exploded '48 Party were ridiculous, Tisza's iron hand was fatal. His father, Koloman, whose nature was in many respects the exact opposite—he was a tactician, who ruled as Prime Minister for many years really by means of a cleverly prepared Opposition—had prevented his being made President of the Hungarian House of Deputies in his time. He knew that Stefan would not work with anyone else and would not let anyone else put in a word.

While Tisza was Prime Minister the other Ministers subsided into being Under Secretaries. Nothing could be done in the country without his sanction. A Ministerial Council presided over by Tisza was merely an hour's lesson for the other Ministers present.

With all my admiration for Tisza's strength and courage, I saw the madness and ceased to support him. From that moment he looked on me as a political enemy and hunted me down relentlessly He did me harm wherever he could;

he even stirred up my *Comitat* against me, and had me driven out of the public bodies in my own district.

Andrassy had also deserted Tisza. He had put himself and his Party at his disposal with patriotic self-sacrifice until it came to violating the Constitution. But this drove him into the '48 Party, and thus he gradually became one of the leaders of the regular Opposition. It was in this circle of ideas that the process of evolution went on until the war broke out. At that time the House was divided into two great Parties: the Work Party, organized and held together by Tisza's iron grip, and the Andrassy-Apponyi Opposition.

Michael Karolyi sat on one of the left benches as a modest member of the Apponyi wing.

And so we went on, as ever, discussing emblems, the language of command, the "God save"—God save our Emperor, our King, our country, this *Kaiserlied* that we all took as a provocation. We wanted to sing our own hymns, but Vienna persisted in having the Austrian hymn sung everywhere and on every occasion. By degrees the strains of Haydn's beautiful music came to have the same effect on us as a red rag on a bull. I was the first to point out in the Delegation that Vienna made the mistake of trying to secure and consolidate the unity of the army by mere externals. I gave examples enough to show that uniformity of the internal organization was the chief thing—the Indians, for instance, were commanded by the English in the Indian dialects without any detriment to their army; the Bavarians had quite a different uniform to the Prussians, they had their own Colours, but yet they fought within the framework of the German Empire—it was no use. I made national demands for the sake of joint action, whereas people in Vienna thought a coat of black and yellow paint all that was necessary. The Colours and emblems spectre haunted all our political assembly halls for many decades and crippled all working power.

And yet I saw clearly that the only reason why the Monarchy must necessarily get the worst of it in all great foreign political questions was that, even to the allied and

friendly States, it did not appear a sufficiently reliable Power, and that, as far as our enemies were concerned, its power of resistance was very far from being in proportion to the position of a Great Power it desired. I saw equally clearly that the absolutely defective organization and working of our *domestic* policy were responsible for this want of proportion. The State machine was worked by internal cogwheels, whose cogs did not interlock. I had turned my political ingenuity, from the beginning, to the task of repairing the old framework, to this kind of higher locksmith's work.

With a view to providing a further outlet for the thoughts that were seething in my mind and boiling over, I formed a connection with the Vienna *Zeit*, with whose publishers I was on friendly terms, and wrote a whole series of articles, mostly attacks on our inner political organization or on Berchtold, the leader of our foreign policy.

These journalistic activities did not gain me any new friends at the Ballplatz, nor did my having become a newspaper writer add to my prestige among my relations and those of my own rank.

Then the Balkan War broke out. The Delegation was sitting, and I had just interpellated Berchtold on our attitude towards the Balkan question. The Minister's statement was only in general terms, and did not give any clear idea of how our diplomacy proposed acting in the impending dismemberment of Turkey. It appeared that we were leaving Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece, Rumania and Montenegro an absolutely free hand, a passive attitude which deprived us, from the start, of any possibility of fixing our spheres of interest. It would have been of the utmost importance to secure the road to Salonica, an export route by land to the Mediterranean. Even old Andrassy would not allow that this was either annexation or conquest, as is shown by his celebrated phrase, *au delà de Mitrovitza*. I pointed out to Berchtold that the excessive caution we had shown, in trying not to fall out with anyone, had produced exactly the opposite effect and made *all* the Balkan nations thoroughly distrust us. I attacked the Ballplatz

Cabinet Noir, in which a few individuals, not the least in touch with the people, pursued a policy over which there was no control, instead of announcing the Government's intentions honestly and openly, as is done in Western Parliaments on important occasions. I also touched on our relations with Italy. Either Conrad's policy of aggression is right, I said, or the Ballplatz pacifist policy—it is quite impossible for the uninitiated to decide this; but it is our duty, as delegates, to see that the policy pursued is not inconsistent, for naturally such a policy could never be successful. We have allowed the Turco-Italian campaign to go by without coming to an honest understanding with Italy and securing our interests in the Balkans as against Italy. We ought to have done all we could to support our ally's wishes in Africa, and ought to have demanded an absolutely free hand in the Balkans in return. That need not have meant that we should take possession of Valona or pursue a childish policy of annexation in Albania; on the contrary, we ought to have stated plainly that we had no intention of making Valona a naval port, but that equally we could not allow any other Power to establish itself on the east coast of the Adriatic. Military annexations ought to be no part of modern policy; the ultimate aim of modern policy should be peaceful penetration, economic-cultural conquest. But what really happened? Aehrenthal was profuse in his assurances of the truest friendship, while Conrad was at the same time making military preparations against Italy and drawing up plans of campaign, which was, of course, absurd. Our policy was based on the Triple Alliance; every farthing of our military budget, which was meagre at best, ought therefore to have been spent on the obligations of our alliance, not in making military preparations against one or other of our allies.

Berchtold defended himself very indignantly, in words which meant nothing; I replied and produced statistics—incontrovertible statistics—with regard to the Italian and our own military preparations. The Censor tried to prevent my statements from appearing in the Press. On the strength of this I interpellated the Minister on the question of

muzzling the Press, and continued to attack the *Cabinet Noir*, in which Government policy was concocted behind closed doors.

But, as I have said, in the midst of our speeches and debates the guns began to thunder.

I left the Delegation to go on sitting, and had myself reinstated on the active list at once. I wanted to be on the spot; I had to do something. I felt, I foresaw, I feared that this war might be only the prelude to one on a far greater scale, and I made up my mind to see this prelude at close quarters. The War Minister, Auffenberg, and Schemua, who was then Chief of the General Staff, facilitated my being attached to our military attaché in Sofia in an official position.

When Franz Ferdinand heard of this, he tried to prevent it, but the King gave his sanction, and I went to Bulgaria, to Tsar Ferdinand, whom I already knew personally.

I alone, of all the officers of the Triple Alliance, was allowed, as an exception, to take part in and study the operations with the troops; the others had to remain at Headquarters and saw nothing.

I soon saw that the orientation of the country was Anglo-French, that the whole Balkan League was under Western patronage—a state of affairs which might be very momentous in the future. Either our Foreign Ministry knew nothing of it or the Foreign Minister had not thought it worth while to inform the Delegations or the rest of the public of this important fact. In any case, however, it was evident that our Government did not draw the conclusions from these facts. I therefore had the matter out with the Foreign Office régime in a long and cutting article in the *Zeit*.

It was the autumn shooting season, and I heard afterwards that the sportsmen on the moors and in the forests had turned up their aristocratic noses in indignation at my journalistic attack.

In the meantime I had been attached to the 3rd Bulgarian Cavalry Brigade, which belonged to the army besieging Adrianople. The brigade was detached, and

took part in the raid on Dedeagatsch. I obtained a real insight into the Bulgarian and Turkish methods of warfare, and was at first surprised to find that so many young men belonging to the intelligentsia had taken the field voluntarily. The war was regarded, to a certain extent, as a war of revenge for the atrocities practised on the Christian population by the Turks. Women and children were massacred and all the corpses were mutilated. When murderers of this kind were taken prisoners, of course short work was made of them, and they were equally horribly treated. Whole villages were put to death. I saw terrible things.

One day one of our squadrons was sent out to reconnoitre, was fired on in a Turkish village, and lost six men and one officer. The squadron returned to its quarters and reported the encounter. General Taneff cut the Captain short and said: "Where are the bodies?" The Captain replied that he had had a whole battalion against him, and was obliged to get his squadron out of harm's way as quickly as possible. "Please bring the bodies," said the General; "good-evening."

The squadron rode back, attacked the Turkish battalion that very night, took its transport, found the bodies, which had already been mutilated, and brought them back to the camp on horseback the next morning. General Taneff shook hands with the Captain and said: "Thank you."

During the raid on Dedeagatsch I took part in a hand-to-hand fight with hand grenades for the first time; but we were driven out of the town. On the other hand, General Mehmet Javer Pasha's corps was defeated and driven back by General Geneff's troops. It was now trying to join the main Turkish forces at the Dardanelles. We were stationed in the Marizza Valley with very weak forces under General Taneff, being reorganized after the failure of our raid on Dedeagatsch.

In riding out to reconnoitre I had been able to make such a close survey of the enemy's position opposite us that I urged the General to attack the Turks at once, before they had time to cross the Marizza. I was so convinced that a *coup* could be carried out at this spot that I could

hardly contain myself, and kept on urging the General not to lose time. I had to pull myself up over and over again, for I really had no right to a voice in the matter. At last, after the most persistent entreaty, the operation was undertaken, and the result was astonishing. The Turks, who were far the stronger and who could easily have beaten us, had been taken by surprise by our determined attack, and sent a flag of truce to propose negotiations. By my advice Taneff demanded complete surrender, and in case of refusal threatened a night attack (which we could not have carried out with any hope of being able to hold the position permanently). At ten o'clock in the evening we saw the flash of a lantern on the heights opposite. General Javer Pasha appeared with his officers and parleyed with us for two hours. It was horribly cold and dark. Seated on the wet ground, I wrote down the various points of surrender agreed on, in French, on a leaf of my pocket-book.

The whole Turkish corps had surrendered. It was the first great haul of prisoners the Bulgarians had made, and Taneff was overjoyed. I was awarded the highest Bulgarian military order, the cross for valour, and was the only foreign officer who received it.

Eight weeks later I was back in Sofia, where, for a fortnight, I had an opportunity of discussing political questions with our ambassador, Count Tarnovsky. He asked me on one occasion whether my criticism of our diplomacy—he had read my article in the *Zeit*—applied to him too, which I could honestly deny. For Tarnovsky was very clever; for instance, he had not spoken to Tsar Ferdinand for two years—they were not on good terms—and yet he was able to do enough wirepulling to bring the Bulgarians into our camp ultimately.

At that time the Monarchy was in imminent danger of being drawn into the war. Our army was mobilized and ready for war.

I went to Vienna and submitted a detailed report to our General Staff, which somehow or other must have come into Francis Joseph's hands, for he proposed bestowing the Military Cross for merit on me, with the war ribbon. Franz Ferdinand saw the document, and wrote on it:

" Politically unreliable ; not worthy of such a distinction." Thereupon the old King took a little private revenge and ordered me to report to him in person. I had an opportunity of seeing on this occasion how wonderfully thorough the old man was in his work. He knew every detail of the Balkan War, and was *au fait* as to every measure that had been taken.

I had to submit to an hour and a half's cross-examination, standing at " attention " before him the whole time, at last with trembling knees. He was most kind, but he would not let me off the standing at attention—military formalities were sacred—and finally he pinned the *Signum Laudis* with the war ribbon on my breast with his own hands.

In the autumn of 1913 the Peace of Bucharest was concluded. I lost no time in attacking Berchtold again in the Delegations. I spoke on the fundamental questions of our foreign policy, which in my opinion are closely allied with the solution of our North and South Slav problems. Opening up these problems, however, would mean entirely reorganizing the Monarchy, chiefly in the south. Khuen, the Ban of Croatia, had made the mistake of playing off the Serbs within the Monarchy against the Croats, who were loyal to the Monarchy. I found fault with the shifty policy, which irritated and gave dissatisfaction to the nationalities by all kinds of antagonistic measures of education or taxation, in order possibly to prolong the life of a Hungarian Ministry. Undoubtedly a great opportunity had been missed in the Balkan War. We ought to have left no stone unturned to win over our principal enemy and most important neighbour, without drawing in Europe or the rest of the world. But instead of standing by Serbia, we took part in Bulgarian adventures, and now we were going to indulge in the luxury or the joke of founding a principality in Albania. I asked Berchtold what his idea had been in ordering mobilization ? Were we directly interested in rectifying the frontier between Turkey and Bulgaria ? On which national point of view was the policy of the Foreign Office based ? What great general idea had the Ballplatz

which was to secure us our one and only sphere of expansion for all time ?

I had discovered that, at one time, Berchtold had sent Professor Masaryk to Serbia ; an excellent idea—this showed a tendency to geographical policy. At the commencement of the new economic negotiations with Hungary, Masaryk, a lover of peace, a convinced Austrian and a convinced monarchist, had offered to try and win over the Serbian Minister, Pashitch, with whom he was always in close touch, to a policy friendly to Austria. Armed with Foreign Office passports, he went to Belgrade, where, thanks to his powers of persuasion and his broad-minded view of the South Slav problem, he succeeded in winning over Serbian circles to an understanding with the Ballplatz.

I have these facts from Dr. Heinrich Kanner, an intimate friend of Masaryk's, who had seen the report on the Belgrade conferences.

When Masaryk returned to Vienna with this information, so vital to our economic development, and delighted with the result of his journey, Berchtold received him coldly. Masaryk was more than surprised to find that his good services were so little appreciated. When I asked Berchtold in the Delegation the reason for his changed attitude, his answer was that he did not want to have anything to do with political adventurers like Masaryk and Pashitch.

Berchtold is a cousin of my wife's, and I may therefore criticize him through the spectacles of family affection. Personally he is a very agreeable man of the world, very easy to get on with. The true after-dinner type: an entertaining *causeur* on Gobelins, women and horses ; an ironist, who is difficult to understand ; as highly polished as a dancing-floor ; careless, lighthearted, and, in view of his power over fifty-two million human beings, inconceivably frivolous. At the Ballplatz—I was going to say the race-course—a specialist. My inconvenient zeal only elicited a superior smile from him.

There were a variety of reasons for his lack of appreciation of Masaryk and his efforts in Serbia—which, in the light of later events, proved to have been criminally short-sighted. He had fallen a victim to the narrow-minded

provincialism of Hungarian *Comitat* machinations. Should the Minister of Agriculture go or stay—importation of pigs or prohibition—discontented agrarians or positive government—chicanery; changing Ministers instead of policy—things of no importance, for the sake of which things of real importance were disregarded. Besides this, he had allowed himself to be intimidated by Hungarian politicians and German deputies, and had all at once become afraid to tackle the South Slav question. The result was that the Serbian peasant wondered why he was suddenly unable to sell his pigs in Hungary, and there were plenty of secret agents in the country who could explain the reasons after their own fashion. The peasant's leather purse was affected; that was a policy he could understand. It was not very difficult to guide dissatisfaction of this kind into the desired channels. Tisza's handling of the commercial treaties assuredly had the full, though silent, approval of the Russian ambassadors. The Russian ambassadors were satisfied.

But in France there were ever-increasing circles which were not satisfied with the Russian ambassadors. Under the influence of Caillaux and the radical Socialists, who were tired of advancing more and more millions to the St. Petersburg Government, Doumergue's Cabinet tried to establish unofficial relations with Vienna. The object, of course, was to pave the way to an understanding with Germany; and as it was impossible to get into direct touch, the idea suggested itself of putting a spoke in the wheel of the Triple Alliance by a *rapprochement* to Austria. Some efforts had already been made to get into communication with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, in whose foreign political views there had recently been an important change. Franz Ferdinand had seen that we should never be able to pursue an independent policy in Germany's wake, and that, in addition to this, an independent policy could not be carried out for want of an adequate army.

Professor Singer, of the *Zeit*, was asked whether he would speak in favour of an economic *rapprochement* to France in his paper, and it soon appeared that there was some

inclination in France to give the Monarchy financial assistance in the form of loans.

After consultations with the Prime Minister Stürgkh and the Foreign Office, Professor Singer was to go to Paris, to find out how far there was any prospect of being able to place an Austrian loan on the French Bourse. I was to join Professor Singer in order to arrange an interview between the Austrian and Hungarian Governments' financial delegates and Caillaux, whose acquaintance I had made when he stayed in Buda Pesth.

We had a friendly reception from Deschanel and Pichon, who were of opinion that the proposed transactions could be set on foot under certain conditions, and on such a basis as to enable France to quote the loan in the Paris exchange list without upsetting her existing alliance. At that time a loan of a milliard to Austria and five hundred millions to Hungary was spoken of.

During my stay in Paris I noticed two factors in particular; the first was that the leading statesmen distrusted and disapproved of Tisza's policy of the strong hand. Pichon, the Foreign Minister, told me plainly that so long as Tisza ruled autocratically in Hungary there could be no question of a Hungarian loan; and secondly, I saw that our Foreign Office had left its official representative, the Ambassador Szecsen, quite in the dark as to the aims and objects of our journey. For that matter, I noticed that Count Szecsen did not cultivate any relations except with aristocratic diplomats and the *haute noblesse* of the rest of the world. He was not in touch with the French Press and the leaders of Party policy. In 1913 the aims of the radical Socialists were absolutely pacifist. An obstacle was to be put in the way of Russia's military preparations by the refusal of further loans, and the object of the elections of 1914, for which great preparations had already been made, was simply to drop Russia. Caillaux advocated the introduction of a very severe tax on luxuries, with a view to hitting those who might benefit materially by war. If there were to be military preparations, they should be paid for out of the well-filled pockets of the *Schwerindustrie*, the great banks and leading capitalists.

Our Embassy had no idea of the evolution that was preparing.

I put myself in communication at once with the *Journal*, the *Matin*, and with Regnier, the very influential director of the Havas Agency, and tried to bring the journalistic world into touch with our Embassy. But my efforts were frustrated by Szecsen's refusal to receive the French journalists.

I spent the winter of 1913 in my own country.

In the spring of 1914 my French friends advised me that a great change was impending in French policy, which would find expression in the elections.

At that time Caillaux was generally regarded as the coming man, all the more as there was no essential difference between his and Pichon's programme. I went to Paris and had long conversations, from which I learnt the principles of Caillaux's domestic and foreign policy. He said that the supremacy of the *haute finance* was intolerable. In order to contend with this and break it down, he had thought out a great scheme to take financial control out of the hands of the great capitalists by monopolizing mortgages —immobile credit. By this means he would have been able to provide a State Bank he proposed founding with the secured income of the banks and private financial institutions, and in the second place would have obliged the financial institutions to compete against one another by offering trade credits, thus enabling French trade to obtain ready money more easily. In the course of the negotiations with him, which covered the most varied ground, and during which time I often had an opportunity of talking to Jaurès, I unfortunately discovered that I could not count on the smallest support from our ambassador. All the same, I made gradual progress with Caillaux, and the possibility of a loan seemed to be within reach. I had also the great satisfaction of finding that a man like Jaurès, whose purity of aim I profoundly admired and respected, was quite of my opinion that war ought not to be the outcome of secret diplomatic treaties between a few people, and that this idealistic Socialist thoroughly understood the essential conditions of a modern State.

Then came Madame Caillaux's revolver attack on Calmette—an event which swept Monsieur Caillaux off the political arena.

I went home.

In May the Delegations were convened to meet at Buda Pesth. The liquidation of the Balkan War and the Albanian question, which had been a good deal discussed recently, formed the principal subject of debate.

The discoveries I had made on the occasion of my stay in Paris, and my impressions from the utterances of French statesmen, were in general such that I could very well imagine an independent Austro-Hungarian policy, which would have been in a position to try to form a connection simultaneously with France and England. In England, in particular, there had been a feeling favourable to the Monarchy since the heir to the throne's last visit there. Equally, I had been able to ascertain that a great many of the Socialist Party in France were working with might and main against the avowed *revanche* policy of the Nationalists. It had become clear to many French politicians in the spring of 1914 that the Russo-French alliance was unnatural. The idea of bringing our own foreign political necessities into line with world policy, which should have been the consistent aim of those responsible for Austro-Hungarian policy, was the only thing lacking.

In considering the policy of the individual European States, it might be said that Germany's policy was one of economic expansion, which aimed at conquering the world for German trade; the idea underlying France's policy was to be the steadying element between Eastern and Western aims of conquest; England was entirely influenced by the idea of her world supremacy at sea; Italy's ardent wish was to acquire the irredentist territories. The policy of the Monarchy alone was never anything more than to go on vegetating without any conscious aim or fixed object.

On the whole, Count Berchtold's Balkan policy had never pursued a uniform plan. It was a series of petty trials and experiments, as had been shown during the last few weeks in the Albanian question.

The Peace of Bucharest, which did not satisfy Bulgaria, and which did Rumania a grievous wrong, had not contributed to raise the prestige of the Monarchy in the Balkans. The whole policy pursued in Albania was nothing but a very amateur attempt on the part of the Foreign Office to put its foot down in Balkan questions. In all questions concerning the events and demands of the day, my cousin, personally so charming, showed what, for a statesman, was crass ignorance of the facts.

Neither had the relations to Italy changed in the spring of 1914. The absolute lack of good faith in our policy towards Italy, and on the other hand in Italy's policy towards us, had only become still more complex in consequence of the unfortunate Albanian procedure. Anyhow, we were arming against one another, trying to injure one another as much as possible from a foreign political point of view, and assuring one another of our unalterable loyalty to our alliance on every public occasion. We were a laughing-stock in all the Cabinets.

The absolute failure of our foreign policy to recognize the essence of the Serbian question was positively classic. A friendly policy towards Serbia would not only have been of incalculable advantage to our trade and industry, but would, what was equally important, have been an invaluable support to our Serbian policy *within* the frontiers of the Monarchy.

To consider the opportunities missed in the distant past would lead too far. The fact was that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy's chances in the Balkans had diminished from year to year since the Murzsteg agreement. The whole Pan-Slav agitation in Serbia was really only a result of Aehrenthal's blunt refusal to embark on a policy of understanding in the Balkans, in agreement with Russia, which St. Petersburg had worked heaven and earth to bring about.

Under Germany's influence, ostensibly to please Turkey, we had refused to divide the spheres of interest between Russia and the Monarchy, and at the time of the annexation we had offended Turkey both inopportunely and needlessly. We managed to make an enemy of Serbia, our immediate

neighbour, which was already at our mercy, without summoning up energy to cripple this embittered enemy at the right moment.

In the course of the sittings of the Foreign Affairs Committee I often took an opportunity of pointing out the lack of co-operation between the common authorities. On every occasion it was clear that not only the Austrian and Hungarian Governments pursued different aims in all their measures and in the guiding lines of their policy, but that even the authorities appointed to represent the common interests, such as the Foreign Office, the common Ministry of Finance in Bosnia and Herzegovina and the War Office, pursued a different policy in everything. Even in peace-time the influence of the Emperor's Military Office, combined with that of the General Staff, was decisive in all questions of military policy.

As I have already said, it was possible for hundreds of millions to be spent by the War Office on military preparations against Italy, while at the same time the Foreign Office was pursuing a Triple Alliance policy friendly to Italy.

Since the Khuen-Hedervary régime in Croatia and Slavonia, the Hungarian Government's policy in the South Slav question had been absolutely friendly to Serbia, whilst the Foreign Ministry's whole Balkan policy was working against Serbia.

I had had an opportunity in Paris of noting how carelessly and superficially the representatives of the Monarchy in foreign countries discharged their duties.

In the course of the winter and spring I had made the acquaintance of the most distinguished French journalists—Letelier, Tardieu, Regnier, Philous, Bunou-Varilla. None of them were received at our Embassy.

Further, the fact that there were more South Slavs living within the frontiers of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy than in the adjoining Balkan States, Serbia and Montenegro, necessitated the Monarchy's pursuing a South Slav policy. This policy should, however, have been based on a programme of fixed principles, for nothing short of this would have enabled us to outrival Russia's preponderating influence in the Balkans.

As long ago as during the mobilization in 1913 there were increasing indications of the existence of secret agreements between Italy and Russia with regard to the Austrian coast of the Adriatic. Since our refusal to pursue a policy of understanding with Russia in the Balkans, Russia had done all she could to inflame the Balkans against us.

It was only thanks to the ability of our minister in Sofia, Count Tarnovski, that the Balkan League, which aimed, *au fond*, at breaking up the Monarchy, was dissolved in the autumn of 1913. At that time it would have been possible to inaugurate a clear-sighted South Slav and Balkan policy.

I could not get any answer from Count Berchtold to my many questions on this subject.

In my *brochure, Austria-Hungary's Armament Policy*, I had shown clearly that our military equipment not only made an aggressive policy out of the question *ab ovo*, but that our present army was not even strong enough to defend our frontiers. The intention of my memorandum was to point out that our military organization is complicated and expensive, without constituting a military power proportionate to the cost.

I gave plain statistical figures showing that, in case of a European conflict, we must either be defeated within a very short time or we must be dependent on our allies for protection, as a further result of which we must sink into being their vassals.

In the speeches I made in the Army Committee of the Hungarian Delegation I had pointed out more than once that the economic position of the Monarchy did not justify the maintenance of an uneconomic military organization, namely, the expensive and unnecessary three-army system : a common army, an Austrian *Landwehr* and a Hungarian *Landwehr* (Honveds), a system which merely originated in our inner political dissensions and was kept up by Court particularism and stubbornness.

The absolute mismanagement of our foreign political affairs and the lack of co-operation between all the leading factors were evident on every occasion. Most of the posts in the army, as well as in the Foreign Office, were filled by

incompetent people with influential friends. Ambassadors and ministers were mostly Court flunkeys without ability, who were quite at sea as regards the development of economic life, which is decisive nowadays.

I mounted my hobby-horse again and again and rode to the attack. The minutes of the meetings of the Delegation and of the Hungarian Upper House can bear witness to my persistence.

My reports on the Balkan campaign and on Serbia's military preparations had been acknowledged and accepted with thanks by the Intelligence Bureau of the General Staff, but none of the information was turned to any practical account. The reports sent by our Legation in Belgrade at the time of the Balkan War, and up to quite recently, denied that there were any serious military preparations. The only diplomat in the Balkans who gave a perfectly clear idea of the situation at that time was Count Tarnovski. As long ago as in the winter of 1912–13 he foretold with absolute certainty that Serbia and Rumania were lost for good and all, as far as the policy of the Monarchy was concerned, but that Bulgaria's siding with Austria-Hungary would depend on the foreign political constellation.

The only result of any remonstrance on my part, however, was that the tiresome preacher was represented as unpatriotic. I have ever since been regarded as one of the worst of revolutionaries, against whose attitude every kind of insinuation has been made. Count Tisza and Count Berchtold vied with one another in stigmatizing the steps I took in this respect as being merely Party policy.

When I attacked Count Tisza again in May 1914—for the hundredth time—on the subject of army reform, and pointed to the storm-clouds all over Europe, he answered sarcastically: "Of course, the young delegate sees the world war already at our door, therefore he wants guns, guns!"

The domestic political situation in Hungary, in the spring of 1914, was entirely dominated by the autocratic system of the National Work Party, which exercised absolute power under Tisza's leadership. His policy in foreign questions affecting Hungary, as well as towards

Austria, might be described as a policy of splendid isolation.

Tisza's drastic measures had succeeded in carrying the alteration in the army law into effect in the preceding years. This was done against the will of the Hungarian national elements, who would not have thought of opposing a reorganization of the army in general, but who demanded that it should be reorganized on Hungarian national lines.

By his suppression of the Hungarian obstruction, Tisza had succeeded in appearing to Vienna circles the sole supporter of the connection with Austria. Count Tisza's political power had been based from time immemorial on his position at the Vienna Court, to which the school of Hungarian national thought had always been a thorn in the flesh.

For many years war to the knife had been carried on in the Hungarian Parliament against this system, which drove the best abilities of the country into the Radical camp by its corrupt practices. There can be little doubt that the first seeds of the Revolution were, to some extent, sown during that period.

It was also the period in which Tisza had to fight a succession of political duels. With the impetuosity which was characteristic of his combative nature, he had already drawn the sword times out of number, in attack or defence. In these months and weeks of extreme political tension, this clash of opposed temperaments and views, he was all the more exposed to fierce attacks from all sides as the most stubborn spoke in the national wheel. He fought duels with my father-in-law, Szechenyi, with Pallavicini, with Michael Karolyi and half a dozen others. But the most interesting duel was the one with the former President of the House of Deputies, Stefan Rakovsky, an old adversary with whom he had already crossed swords twice. It took place in a fencing saloon in the town. Baron Vojnics and Baron Uechtriz seconded Tisza, Pallavicini and I seconded Rakovsky. The pugnacious old fellows—both were already past sixty, this is what was so remarkable—attacked one another furiously. They fought one round after another. Blood poured down their bodies and over their brows and arms from cuts and slight wounds; but still they fell on

one another again and again, and fought eleven rounds, puffing and blowing, till at last both laid down their arms, exhausted and disabled. (Old Rakovsky would not be dissuaded from going to the front, a few months later, as a Lieutenant. He rode meekly in the squadron of the 6th Dragoons commanded by his son, who was a Captain. It is well known that Tisza also spent some time in the trenches as a Colonel. Hungary . . .)

Andrassy, undoubtedly the most far-seeing of the Hungarian statesmen, had invariably tried to bring the Hungarian national policy into harmony with Austria's policy. But this had now become impossible, owing to Tisza's régime; consequently the Opposition *bloc*, under the leadership of Andrassy and Apponyi, was always against the Government policy.

In those fateful days, when a heavy storm was threatening the Monarchy from the East and South, and when all the forces in the country should have been united, the best elements in Hungary were restricted to the trivial Party policy of opposing the Government proposals.

In Austria Count Stürgkh's Cabinet was carrying on the everlasting struggle for existence, which was merely a question of satisfying the Czechs.

The heir to the throne paid my sister-in-law, Countess Jella Haugwitz, a visit at Schloss Namiest in June. She had arranged a pigeon-shoot there in his honour. Besides this she proposed to try her hand at a little diplomacy and policy. In plain words, she had long intended to arrange a meeting between me and Franz Ferdinand and bring about a reconciliation. Now, I had often wondered what the position between us would be when once he came to the throne, but I told my sister-in-law plainly that, in view of his disgraceful behaviour to me, I would never go near him. My sister-in-law, however, thought that the Archduke wished the way paved to a reconciliation, as he often spoke of me and of my political activities, which he now saw in a different light to formerly, and which seemed to him

to necessitate a thorough explanation. I maintained an attitude of reserve. I knew that ever since Franz Ferdinand had been in the Military Office we had had two Court *camarillas* instead of one ; I knew that he employed unscrupulous agents, informers and spies, who had to make out lists of trustworthy and untrustworthy persons for his office, and that he had no mercy on those who were obnoxious. A secret and most dangerous secondary Government had come into existence, which created unhealthy conditions in every direction, for naturally the highest officials, every General and many politicians kept one eye on the old man, but, in order to pursue their tactics with some security for the future, they cast furtive glances at Franz Ferdinand with the other.

I did not want to have anything to do with that, and refused to meet him.

My sister-in-law came to see me at Sarospatak and told me that the heir to the throne had just left Namiest and gone straight to Bosnia ; he was in low spirits, pessimistic, and had spoken of having a presentiment of evil. In spite of this he had refused a strong bodyguard of detectives which the Hungarian Government had offered him.

The following Sunday I went for a ride with some friends. As I passed the church in Sarospatak on my way home I suddenly felt, without being able to account for why and wherefore, that the heir to the throne was dead.

In the afternoon I had a telegram from Buda Pesth telling me that the heir to the throne and his wife had been assassinated. I started at once for the town.

I found the whole political world of Buda Pesth as though freed from an incubus. Tisza's party made no attempt to conceal their joy. There was a feeling of relief throughout the country. Vienna Court circles are said to have rejoiced ; the dual Government had ceased to exist. With the exception of a small circle of personal friends, the heir to the throne had been disliked and unpopular among all classes in the Monarchy.

Hardly was he in his coffin before all his protégés, all his creatures, friends and officials were swept out of their

posts and offices. The Court clique and also the military authorities, who had been continually harassed by the heir to the throne, saw to this being a clean sweep. It could safely be assumed that henceforth the old system would be firmly and immovably established until Francis Joseph's death.

It is well known that all sorts of excuses were made—sparing the old Emperor, the fear of attempts on their lives, etc.—for not allowing foreign Potentates and Princes to attend the funeral, and that the murdered Archduke was altogether denied the great funeral with military pomp befitting his position.

I was indignant that every ass should now give the dead lion a kick. He had been my enemy during his lifetime, but we had one or two points of contact: his strongly marked individuality was bitterly hostile to the existing Court and bureaucratic system, and secondly, he was a mortal enemy of Tisza's régime.

Accordingly, I decided to accompany the man I had never intended to go near again, as long as he lived, on his last journey. Other aristocrats, too, chiefly members of Hungarian families, felt driven to protest and demonstrate against the narrow-minded bigotry of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. The result was the revolt of the nobility against Prince Montenuovo.

On the day of the funeral about sixty demonstrators assembled in the large coffee-room of the Hôtel Sacher, and proceeded from there to the outer Burghof. When the funeral procession passed, we all fell in and followed the coffin on foot—an unprecedented infringement of the prescribed ceremonial, of which the old Emperor himself was finally guilty, for he insisted, contrary to the strict letter of the programme, on several battalions of the Vienna garrison turning out while the body was being conveyed to Arzstetten by night.

The Serajevo murder had unquestionably a stimulating influence on the domestic policy of both States of the Monarchy.

The feeling rife throughout the Monarchy in the July

days of 1914 arose from conviction that the assassination must really be an indication of serious external dangers and a result of the political mistakes which had been consistently made in all the past years. All the leading circles now became suddenly aware that there was a South Slav question, which must be solved.

But at a time when the destiny of the world was decided by the various Cabinets and Parliaments, at a time when the Press of all countries interpreted the feelings, wishes and plans of the individual peoples and States, people both in Austria and Hungary were quite in the dark as to what the military authorities and a few responsible Austro-Hungarian statesmen behind closed Ballplatz doors were planning and deciding.

The attitude adopted by Austria-Hungary in the Serbian conflict, which was to be solved by the well-known ultimatum, was not the choice of the peoples of the Monarchy or of their representatives, but the conclusion of a few short-sighted statesmen and military men, who decided on measures which were to seal the fate of the many millions of the population, in accordance with their narrow logic, which always misjudged the actual political conditions.

The news that the ultimatum had been presented reached me in Carlsbad. I had followed the French, English and German Press in the preceding weeks, and I had seen clearly that the conflict which had broken out between the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and Serbia was of European importance.

During the first days of July I went to see several of my friends in the War Office on my way through Vienna ; conversations with them confirmed my opinion that, from a military point of view, we were not at all equal to a European conflict.

But to my great surprise I saw that no steps whatever had been taken in any responsible quarter—neither by the Foreign Office, the military authorities, the Press, nor, last but not least, the Austrian and Hungarian Governments, to prepare for a war which was possible, and of which, according to Germany, there was every prospect. And this although, as seems to have been established since by the publication of the correspondence, Germany took diplo-

matic and military steps deliberately aimed at bringing about war in 1914, immediately after the assassination.

Whilst—as now seems proved—Count Berchtold and the leading circles of the General Staff were unconsciously making straight for the world war, in Germany's wake, the great general public of the Monarchy, the responsible representatives of the people, and above all the Governments both of Austria and Hungary, were left quite in the dark as to the policy which was to develop into a world drama.

The only paper in the Monarchy which had seen and spoken the disagreeable truth plainly for weeks past was the *Zeit*.

When I learnt the text of the ultimatum, I saw at once that this step must necessarily result in war, first of all with Serbia. I assumed that, as a matter of course, we had taken every measure to follow up the diplomatic step by military action within twenty-four hours.

Unfortunately, I was unable to obtain accurate details in Vienna of the preparations made by the Supreme Command.

But when the ultimatum was rejected in the form in which it had been submitted, I hastened to obtain my military dispositions, so as not to miss the fighting, which, in my opinion, must begin at once. Before I started for Buda Pesth, where I was to join the Headquarters of the IV (Buda Pesth) Corps, I went to look up the Prime Minister, Stürgkh, to discuss the situation with him.

I knew Stürgkh through his brother, the Captain commanding the Radkersburg district, my last garrison when on the active list. I often met him later on in the company of Professor Singer, with whom he was on friendly terms. He did not give me the impression, at first, of a reactionary, but rather of a professorial, very cautious bureaucrat, by no means without ability, to whom the rash idea of disregarding the settled limits and many conventions of his office would certainly never occur. He was not familiar with foreign policy; he did not concern himself with it. That did not surprise me, however. Under the old régime there was no occasion for a Prime Minister to know anything about the internal activities of the Foreign Office; what is

more, he was, as it were, prohibited from knowing anything about them. Francis Joseph did not allow any of his functionaries or statesmen to see or think beyond the limits of their responsibility, still less to express any opinion on what they might have seen. Francis Joseph honestly believed he was a Liberal ruler; he equally thought that a departmental Minister must stick to his job. If the Minister for Home Affairs had ever ventured to speak to him of foreign policy he would have broken off the conversation.

That was Spanish etiquette of the spirit. It was one of the chief characteristics of the old system.

Consequently Stürgkh admitted that Germany was feverishly taking steps which must be regarded as preparations for a European war, but he said he could not conceive that it would actually come to a world war.

The official view in influential circles of the Monarchy, after the events of the last few weeks, was that, protected by Germany's being prepared, we should be able to keep order in Serbia for a long time to come. With regard to Austrian domestic political conditions, Stürgkh was of opinion that there was no likelihood of there being any trouble during the few months—perhaps, indeed, few weeks only—of the war.

The assassination of the heir to the throne had, to a certain extent, had the effect of uniting all the Austrian Parties and nationalities. The greater part even of Bohemia was now loyal to the State, and a general outburst of popular enthusiasm might be counted on.

My reply to Count Stürgkh was that, according to this, it would be a very good thing to try to come to an agreement with the Czech Parties just at this moment, so that this war, even if it were only to be a small war with Serbia, would yet have the full parliamentary sanction of the people. As the general feeling was favourable, on his own showing, there could be nothing to prevent the Austrian Reichsrat from being won over to unanimous support of the steps the common authorities proposed. This was in my opinion all the more important as the Hungarian Parliament was actually sitting.

Stürgkh was rather alarmed at the boldness of the idea, and thought that in Austria this would really be too dangerous an experiment; moreover, he was firmly convinced that the fighting would not last long, and that there would very shortly be an opportunity of turning the military successes to political account.

I asked Stürgkh if he had read my speeches in the Hungarian Delegation.

"Unfortunately I have not," he said.

"That is a pity," I said, "for I spoke strongly against military action, for reasons which are clearly given in my *brochure* on the Austrian and Hungarian defensive forces. You have read that, your Excellency?

"Unfortunately I have not," said Stürgkh.

"That is a pity," I said. "Instead of turning our back on Serbia, we ought to have taken her to our heart. Instead of rejoicing that we shall soon be able to send a Governor there, who will paint all the guardhouses black and yellow, we ought to have tried to conquer the whole of Serbia by giving her our *Kultur*, a gift Russia could never have offered our neighbour. We ought to have been the most civilizing element in the Balkans, only it was essential that we should learn to appreciate the vital conditions of the Balkan nations. Essential. For the Monarchy is called on to be the friend of the Balkan peoples by the categorical imperative of geography."

"Of course," said Stürgkh, "of course; that must have interested Tisza very much, and certainly Berchtold; it is not my affair."

Buda Pesth was enthusiastic. It was an outburst of patriotic feeling, in which all political differences were forgotten. It was a national demonstration. The masses shouted: "War! Hurrah for war!" A miracle was accomplished: "God save" was sung in the open streets as well as the Hungarian hymn; black and yellow flags were hoisted; the whole political bitterness of the past years had vanished at a stroke.

I can only account for the enthusiasm by the fact that the misguided policy of the last few years had weighed so

heavily on all classes of society, and Tisza's rule had caused such great anxiety, that the country now hoped for an improvement from a change of any kind. Of course, under the influence of mass suggestion, no one paused to consider whether *war* could bring about an improvement. Not only were the Press, political circles and even the leading statesmen in the dark as to the actual foreign political situation, and equally as to our strength, not only compared with the enemy, but—and this I should like to emphasize particularly—they had just as little idea of our strength as against our allies.

On the 26th July, after the memorable sitting of the House of Deputies, when all the Parties declared themselves in favour of war, I had a long talk with Tisza. I asked him whether we really knew what we wanted in Serbia. Had we a definite programme? Should we be more than a match for the Serbs or have to face about again after defeat? Could we govern Serbia? Did we want annexation and still more discontent in our Empire? [1]

"You are quite right," said Tisza, "but Berchtold thinks it will come to nothing; at the last moment everyone will be afraid."

"Germany seems to know very well what she wants," I replied. "She is fully prepared for war, and is pursuing an open policy of annexation."

"Yes; but we must pursue a policy of alliance," said Tisza. "Germany's being so well prepared secures our rear against Russia; in the meantime we shall very soon settle Serbia. I am in constant touch with Berchtold. He believes in a peaceable solution, in spite of the German inclination to embark on a European conflict."

In the meantime I had joined the General Staff division of the IV Corps, which was at that time quartered in the Buda fortress; there I learnt that when sending the ultimatum no military measures of any kind had been taken

[1] It has since been ascertained that at the Privy Council which decided on the ultimatum to Serbia, Count Stefan Tisza strongly opposed the provocation to Serbia. He further only agreed to the declaration of war on condition that, as far as the Monarchy was concerned, there should be no intention of making any annexations.

on the Serbian frontier by the military authorities. Everything was on the lowest peace footing at Zimony, in the VII Corps, along the Danube and in Croatia and Slavonia. Nor had there been any concentration of troops of any kind.

I spoke to Tisza about this at once. Tisza replied that it had been impossible to carry out any military measures on account of the opposition made by Conrad, who had declared that he could not expose the army to the risk of a third mobilization, which—like the previous mobilizations in 1908 and 1913—might again end in nothing. Moreover, the military measures were the business of the army authorities and not of the Hungarian Government.

Long, long afterwards—in the interval the war had been lost and the Monarchy had fallen to pieces—my cousin Berchtold told me at my villa at Clarens of an important episode which had occurred at that time, that is, 30th July 1914. Bethmann-Hollweg had been asked by the English Government to forward Grey's proposal to the Austrian Foreign Minister, and to try to persuade the Ballplatz to modify the ultimatum.

Berchtold was lunching with Tschirschky, the German ambassador, when the telegram arrived. Tschirschky was not enchanted with this proposal, nor was Berchtold; they would rather have compelled Serbia to capitulate unconditionally—Berchtold admitted this quite calmly. But this request of Grey's could not be refused without further ado. Berchtold therefore went at once to the Emperor, who said: "Yes; but I must first ask Tisza."

Tisza was asked by telephone, and gave his consent. The note went to Berlin in the evening.

In the meantime, Berlin was already far advanced with mobilization—Francis Joseph's conciliatory attitude was inopportune. In Berlin they wanted war. And the note was *not* forwarded to England.

Of this, however, neither I nor anyone else knew anything on that evening of the 30th July 1914. On that evening I had supper at the National Casino.

Several Generals who were in Pesth came in. This had

never happened before since the National Casino had existed. At any other time it would have been high treason to the black and yellow Colours, and would have meant the loss of their gold collars. Now black and yellow flags were being waved in front of our windows by excited crowds of people, the whole town was aflame. I sat at the same table as General Terstyansky; gipsies were playing; a procession of twenty thousand people was just streaming past. "Hurrah!" rang out. Bands accompanied the procession. Officers were carried shoulder-high.

Then Terstyansky urged me to address the crowd—I was in uniform; I climbed on to the window-sill and spoke to the people—made an honestly enthusiastic speech. Between their roars and shouts of joy, the crowd kept breaking into cheers for the King, for Kaiser Wilhelm, for Victor Emmanuel, for Carol of Rumania, for the Mikado.

Revenge, pride, power, glory, manhood—love of country, the intoxication of the hour, the flame of national instinct, the magic of an inspiration: in this tremendous whirl of spontaneous feeling the Hungarian took the field

AT THE FRONT

On the 5th August I went to Stara Pazua, north of Semlin, as Commandant of the automobile detachment of the IV Corps. My orders were to place myself at the disposal of the Officer Commanding the 14th Brigade, with a view to organizing an espionage service in Belgrade. The drive through the south-western counties of Hungary was a thrilling experience. In every village reservists crowned with wreaths marching in, everywhere music, fluttering pennons and flags, wild enthusiasm. On crossing the Croatian frontier, much the same conditions in general, except in a few Serbian towns, where stones were thrown at our motors.

Assembling the army which was to march on Serbia was a slow process, seeing that up to the 26th July no preparations had been made for mobilization.

The operations were to be conducted by the Supreme Command in Peterwardein. The plan of campaign had been drawn up by General Potierek, who had a great reputation as a tactician. It provided for the invasion of Serbia from west to east, and consequently necessitated forcing the Drina to begin with.

Contrary to the principle, renowned since the days of Prince Eugène, of advancing on Serbia along the line of the river, an attempt was to be made to accomplish the difficult strategic feat of forcing the crossing of a succession of rivers and mountain chains. The army was to have been assembled by 14th August. It is due to Conrad's refusal to allow any measures to be taken before war was declared that it was possible for the whole Serbian Army to be mobilized down to the last battalion before hostilities commenced.

I very soon discovered, through an espionage service I had hastily improvised on the spot—no preparations had been made in this respect either—that our ultimatum, and particularly its drastic form, had taken Serbia by surprise. When we declared war, there were not more than two thousand rifles in Belgrade. If the Supreme Command had decided to occupy Belgrade, which had been deserted by the authorities and was absolutely undefended, by a *coup de main*, as General Terstyansky advised on the 10th August, in all probability unspeakable disaster would have been averted. But the Supreme Command persisted in carrying out the original plan of forcing a crossing of the Drina from Bosnia. (The operation—begun on the most approved scientific principles—was a brilliant success, but the patient died.)

As Berchtold did not grasp the foreign political situation, and Conrad (in spite of his assertion to the contrary !) did not appear to have considered all the possibilities of a world war, for otherwise the measures taken, or rather the omission to take any measures at all, would have been quite inexcusable, the mobilization ordered was solely from the standpoint of a war with Serbia. The fatal mistake of this soon became obvious. Early in August, the VIII (Prague) and the whole of the IX (Leitmeritz) Army Corps were in process of concentration towards the southern theatre of war. In the midst of this critical railway operation, the far more difficult operation of a counter-move towards the northern theatre of war was suddenly necessitated by the course of events. Simultaneously the bombardment of the undefended capital of Serbia—a disgrace to any serious conduct of war—was begun by our heavy artillery, which had arrived in the meantime.

This is how our war began.

The divisions between the Supreme Command and the Foreign Office had borne their first fruits. The differences went so far that strict orders were given at the Headquarters of the Supreme Command not to give the representatives of the Foreign Office any information as to victories or defeats, or measures and operations proposed, beyond what was contained in the *communiqués* specially concocted for

these functionaries. Consequently, it was impossible for the men who had to give information to our ambassadors to form any clear idea of what the military position really was.

Sabac was our first great event. It was here that our inexperienced troops came into action for the first time. I could have foretold from the beginning that they would get the worst of it. It is true that amongst my intimate friends there is a saying: "A Windischgraetz always knows best"—but this time I really did know best. I was one of the very few officers of our army who had seen the innovations and ruses of modern warfare *in natura*. During the Balkan War I had taken part in innumerable actions with a machine gun detachment; my circumstantial reports of the details of modern infantry fighting could have given the authorities a certain amount of information—if they had been read. It was well known that I had studied the war in the most advanced fighting-line, and that I had been in Serbia and Bulgaria, but no one consulted me. I was furious. The officers of the General Staff all thought themselves Napoleons, but they generally kept to paper; I only saw these gentlemen at the front on very rare occasions.

The only shining lights among the leading men of that period, and in that department, were the Cavalry General Terstyansky and his able Chief of the Staff, Colonel Dani. Terstyansky was called a bloodhound, and he talked a good deal of his bloodthirstiness and made a joke of it. He was just a soldier, both in a good and a bad sense—his nature carried him into extremes both of good and evil; but he was a man, a splendid fellow, who never lost his head when it was a question of anything serious. War is terrible, but when once the Fury has broken loose, then men of iron are needed to take the command. Dani had been in the Russo-Japanese War; I made his acquaintance at that time. He was one of the most able and experienced of the higher grade Staff officers, but he did not belong to the clique in the Supreme Command, and therefore, even later on, he was never given any post of importance on the General Staff during the whole campaign.

Much that is untrue has been written of the cruelties

on our side at Sabac. I should like to relate what really happened.

The first time we crossed, we simply marched into the undefended town. The inhabitants behaved quite peaceably. It was only two nights later that the Serbians began to attack from their outer ring. During the fighting by night, troops which were resting in the principal square were fired on from the windows. A good many were wounded and two officers were killed. In consequence of this, Terstyansky had the houses cleared out; the male occupants were brought to the church and the women and children shut up in a café; there they remained till the next day. Our black and yellow flag was now flying on the church tower. The Serbian artillery had a good target and trained their guns on to the church tower, as a result of which many of their own countrymen were hit.

The next evening the Serbian encircling movement became more and more definite and more and more menacing. At one point several Serbian companies succeeded in forcing their way into the town. At this moment the Serbians who were shut up in the churchyard made an attempt to disarm the detachment guarding them and to rush to meet the Serbians who had got in. A panic ensued in the town, which, however, quickly subsided when the invading Serbians were taken prisoners and cut off by our own Serbians. A company which had hurried to the assistance of the guard drove the prisoners back into the churchyard, on which occasion some of them lost their lives. In the early hours of the morning the artillery fire on the church and churchyard became heavier, the tower took fire, and towards midday the greater number of the Serbians shut up there were dead. Some of them were brought to the field hospital which had been organized in Sabac, where they were attended to.

The dead lay in the burning sun for two whole days, until the stench became unbearable and lime was poured over them.

There were a few other cases of people losing their heads We, the IV Corps, had been withdrawn to the other side of the river; only a division of the IX (German Bohemian)

Corps remained behind to defend the bridgehead. Two days later these troops were thrown into disorder by a violent Serbian attack. We were ordered to cross over again to support them. We arrived just at the moment of the enemy assault and saw an officer running towards us from the town, on foot, without cap or sword. It was Herr Lothar von Hortstein, the Corps Commandant, in person. Distracted with fright, he had left everything in the lurch and run away; crossed to the other side in a boat, and was, of course, immediately dismissed from his post and sent home.

Terstyansky, who was of lower rank, then took command and, regardless of the heaviest firing, led our corps over the Save bridge, which was being violently shelled. Hungarian battalions of the 31st and 32nd (Pesth) Division stormed the heights south of the town and held three Serbian divisions in check which were trying to prevent our crossing the Save.

But even in the IV Corps we had adverse experiences in the first few days of the war. I was marching with an infantry regiment, and halted in a village right and left of the highroad. Nothing had happened on the way, except that we were worried by a few *Komitadjis* firing from trees along the roadside. The horses of a machine gun detachment were frightened by the shots and ran away. The whole regiment was thrown into a commotion, and a panic ensued. The men began to run, the officers did what they could: it was no use; they all took to their heels and ran without stopping—ran and ran for six kilometres. Then they all stopped suddenly and saw that nothing had happened. The remarkable thing is that this very regiment fought brilliantly the next day.

The two armies under Frank and Potiorek had crossed the Drina at two different points. I was selected by Terstyansky to establish communications.

I took a detachment of Uhlans and the former trumpeter of my squadron, Corporal Gaspar Kovacs, who had undergone his training as a recruit in my squadron and was one

of my grooms at Sarospatak later on. There were already five enemy divisions in the neighbourhood, which were marching from the south and east against the IV Corps, fighting before Sabac. Terrible cruelties were practised on our troops. Captured patrols were massacred at once, their stomachs were ripped open and the intestines hung on the bushes. This is how our men found them. The Hungarians were infuriated.

I rode slowly, feeling my way round the left Serbian wing, and fell in unexpectedly with an enemy advanced guard. In the little fight that ensued I lost a couple of Uhlans, but took the horses belonging to the Serbian patrol. We rode on, but could not find the advancing columns of our army. It was getting towards evening, and I saw that it would soon become impossible for us to turn back, as Serbian advanced guards had already cut us off at several points. So we rode westwards, and it was dark when we came across the transport of our 21st Division. The transport was ahead, and no division came behind it. Nothing but the remains of defeated formations, isolated artillery units, routed troops and Windischgraetz Dragoons, whose fathers had been led by my father in 1866. I had a talk with the men, and at last found the Staff on the heights of Cer. There I heard that the 21st Division had been almost wiped out the night before by the Serbians. The disaster was in part due to the Prague *Landwehr*, who had surrendered to the enemy.

The most absolute anarchy reigned in this Staff. The Commandant of the Division insisted that he was in command, his Staff insisted that Frank had relieved him of his post, and it required all my powers of persuasion to induce the officers to come to an agreement and obey a Commandant. By this means dispositions for the next day were eventually issued, to the effect that, with the forces collected in the meantime, a position was to be taken up to hold the Cer heights. It was now my duty to take these dispositions to Sabac, which was assuredly already invested by the Serbians.

I left my tired-out Uhlans and the hungry horses behind and was given twenty-one dragoons. Gaspar and I took

fresh horses. Towards eleven o'clock we were riding towards Sabac, directly in the rear of the Serbians. Suddenly we were fired on by an ambush. We took the *Komitadjis* and hanged them. Every half-hour we came across Serbian outposts. Each time there was a little fighting and firing, and on each of these occasions some of my dragoons bolted in the darkness. The further we rode through the night, the smaller my little detachment grew. One of them would disappear unexpectedly behind a clump of trees and gallop back in the dark. It was very sad for me. My father had ridden a successful charge with this regiment at Trautenau, and now these men left me in the lurch at the very beginning of the war. Again and again my faithful Gaspar called my attention to a defection, and finally there were only six of us left—four dragoons, my hussar and myself. We had absolutely lost our way. We were hung up in the middle of fields of Indian corn the height of a man, riding backwards and forwards, looking for a way out, but we could not find our bearings.

Gaspar said: "Sir, you have gone the wrong way to work. Officers always think they can manage best." "Show that you can do better," said I; "but if you don't find the way, I shall shoot you." Within half an hour Gaspar had put us right. We trotted along on the road to Sabac on tenterhooks, always expecting to be attacked or fired on from one side or other. It began to be lighter; we could distinguish the lie of the ground: we saw villages and continued to ride on towards Sabac, which we thought we could see already in the grey of the morning. But an iron ring lay before us, the Serbians.

"What is to be done?" I asked Gaspar.

"We must get through the Serbians," said he.

"Of course, but how?"

"Ride through," said Gaspar.

We now rode very slowly, very cautiously. We came across a Serbian boy in a field and interrogated him. He told us that there were Serbian soldiers in the village in front of us, but that he would bring us into the village by a back way, as the road to Sabac went through the place. A heavy morning fog still hung over the Indian-

corn fields, and under cover of it we rode slowly into the village. We were now in a farmyard, and took counsel together as to what was to be done.

We looked out at the street: Serbian soldiers were encamped all along it; I even detected a battery. Should we fight our way through on foot? None of my men would dismount.

Then Gaspar got down and calmly opened the large gate, as though we were going out for a ride. He let the five of us pass through at walking pace; remounted his horse with as much self-possession as though he were on the parade ground. . . . I gave the signal, and away we dashed up the street at a gallop. The Serbs were apparently in doubt as to who the riders could be—probably did not recognize us in the dim morning light; for when at last shouts were heard and a few shots came flying after us, we were already outside the village. We rode for our lives. In half an hour we were in Sabac.

Terstyansky had already given me up for lost, and the information I had brought was no longer of any use, for in the meantime the evacuation of the south bank of the Save had been ordered. I received the Military Cross for merit with the war ribbon, however, and was promoted to be a Captain out of my turn. My hussar was given the silver medal for valour.

I left Serbian territory and went north with the IV (Terstyansky's) Army Corps, the only one that had never failed to distinguish itself in the south. We were to be posted on the south wing of the great battle front, to retake Lemberg. The victories at Krasnik and Komarov were literally thrown away. General Brudermann's army was destroyed.

The gentlemen of the green table had vast ideas and dreamt of a march on Kiev; but they really must have known that we could only act on the defensive against the numerical superiority opposed to us. Neither the War Minister nor the Chief of the General Staff had ever had the courage to say plainly that we were too weak for it. Conrad himself said later on that he had been afraid to

make such an admission, lest it should be put down to cowardice. Consequently the gambling began at the very commencement of the war.

I organized the espionage service here in the north, just as I had done in Serbia. I saw the misery of the refugees and lived in the midst of cholera; I acted as administrator, had to give legal verdicts and have enemy spies hanged. I took part in the fighting at Turka and Stare-Sambor and in the ghastly retreats, saw our frightful losses and learnt to know the splendid, magnificent human material we had, and the unaccountable ways of the Supreme Command.

As early as on the 17th September I wrote in my diary: "Even Conrad seems to be a failure." It was certainly painful to me to have to make this entry, for Conrad owed his career to my father, who had made his acquaintance on the occasion of an inspection. He spoke to Franz Ferdinand about him, and when he was actually on his deathbed I took down a letter he dictated, in which he recommended Conrad to the heir to the throne as the most suitable Chief of the General Staff for the future. But, clever as Conrad might be as a strategist, he was just as weak as a soldier. When all is said and done, he was not a soldier at all, for there was nothing stern about him; he was too ethereal, too much of a philosopher, and the army was really commanded by a few Generals who were with him at General Headquarters. Conrad probably knew nothing of the goings on, of the favouritism, of the intrigues of these gentlemen. He worked day and night with the greatest devotion, thought out grand plans and dreamt of great battles, whilst those about him were engaged in petty, infamous and criminal manœuvres. I often talked to Terstyansky and his Chief of the Staff, Dani, about the clique at General Headquarters, and even at that time Terstyansky said he had had enough of it and would retire on a pension as soon as the war was over. It was not an unknown thing for contrary dispositions to be sent out by the Supreme Command. Arrangements of all kinds were made at the green table, in the most unscrupulous way, and our troops were foolishly sent here, there and every-

where, and tired out, till they entirely lost the " character " of the detachment which has confidence in its command. And without character the soldier ceases to be a soldier.

Even the Lines of Communication service did not work properly. I saw dead lying at places near the road and the railway where there had been fighting, wounded men dying without being attended to, cholera and dysentery cases for which no sanitary measures of any kind were taken ; and more than once I have told the General Staff very plainly by telephone what I thought of this scandalous state of affairs.

At that time I would willingly have mixed myself up in everything. I should have liked to have the disposal of the divisions, and at the same time I wanted to ride out on patrol duty ; but even as it was, I said too much—I was always *en évidence,* more so than was compatible with my humble position. And I often wondered what inquiries these gentlemen made about me and what they were told.

My resolve to devote myself seriously to politics, in order to turn all my experiences to account for the general good, if I came safely through the war, took more and more concrete form.

After the victory at Komarov, when Auffenberg was making a turning movement towards Rava Ruska–Lemberg, Terstyansky pushed on his troops from the south. The Hungarian regiments of our corps, accustomed to victory in Serbia, were irresistible. The Russian masses were routed at that time in open fighting, without wire or trenches ; village after village was taken ; 25,000 prisoners and 58 guns were captured by our corps alone. I once had the good fortune to be allowed to charge with the 44th Regiment—an experience never to be forgotten. The wildest enthusiasm, notwithstanding heavy losses; the Hungarian peasant delirious with victory. The regimental band played. The glorious setting sun illuminated the shattered Russian batteries and the headlong flight of the few of the enemy who had escaped. On we went—full tilt. We were approaching Lemberg, we had already come up with the Russian transport; then came the defeat of the extreme northern wing. Everything that had been won

was sacrificed, and we had to turn back. We crossed the Carpathians in forced marches as far as Hommona ; the Supreme Command's order obliged us to retire behind the mountain passes, which the enemy were not attacking at all. The result was that shortly afterwards the Uzoker Pass had to be retaken at enormous cost. If we had halted there, we could easily have defended the pass. This experience of blundering on the part of the General Staff reduced us to despair and impotent wrath.

One thing is true in spite of everything, and must not be forgotten—the greatest possible credit is due to two men, the Archduke Friedrich and Conrad, for what they did at that time. Our armies had been absolutely broken up in the north, and the defensive force had literally to be reconstructed. After a few months of indefatigable toil, on judicious and practical lines, the great work of regeneration had been accomplished. It proved to be a masterpiece, for which no admiration can be too great.

During the whole time that I spent at the front, I made notes every day. Perhaps my impressions will have some documentary value in later years, as they were formed in the atmosphere of reality. I will only give a few samples here, selected at random, omitting military experiences and descriptions of battles as far as possible.

31*st August*, 1914, PRZEMYSL. G.H.Q.—Meet the German General F. L. at G.H.Q. ; he criticizes our military strategy severely, and complains of the bad faith shown by the Austro-Hungarian Command. Most of the measures are bluff on the part of our General Staff. The Germans have taken two Russian Army Corps in East Prussia. The Germans want a war indemnity of a hundred and twenty milliards, which must be paid by France, Belgium and Russia.

3*rd October*, HAJASD. HEADQUARTERS OF THE IV ARMY CORPS.—General Karg, commanding the 38th Hungarian *Landsturm* Division, asks for reinforcements. Terstyansky refuses. Request renewed after a time. Terstyansky replies

that he has no troops available. Later comes a third desperate appeal. Terstyansky sends him word: Dig in—await bayonet attack—die.

10*th October*, TURKA.—Ride with twenty hussars to Javora, a Ruthenian village, whose peasants have devastated and sacked Turka. Innumerable outraged women and girls come to complain. At last I have got hold of the five chief criminals. I have one, the eldest of them, hanged by the hussars and Victor.

Victor and Gaspar were grooms on my property at Sarospatak. Two fearless fellows and absolutely devoted to me; jealous of my favour, they could fight one another to the knife in spite of their friendship. Victor is the son of one of my father's orderlies, who rode the famous charge with him in '66. He was first kitchen and then stable boy—an exceptionally good rider. Was a remount rough-rider in my regiment, later on orderly and my chauffeur. Joined my "Tiger" battalion, where he rose to be acting officer. He has a fierce Mongolian face, and would go through hell for me without hesitation. Gaspar, the trumpeter of the squadron, is a typical Hungarian peasant. He was a recruit in my squadron, then a groom in my service. Once, when I was playing polo at Buda Pesth, he brought me three ponies, all badly saddled. I abused him before everyone. In the evening he came to my room and gave notice; he said he had no honour left, because I had abused him in public. I saw that I had done wrong, begged his pardon, and held out my hand. He saved my life at Sabac He is a gentleman.

Both are still with me, married, at Sarospatak. I have given them land, and they are my most faithful friends.

In October I was sent for to work in the Operations Department, was attached to the General Staff and belonged to the Evidence Section. It was intended as a distinction, but really meant the grave of my hopes, for I wanted to be given a squadron.

In November we were engaged further north. We were

to fill up the gap between the German armies in the east under Mackensen and General Woyrsch's army in Poland. Why we had to help the Germans when we were in danger lower down, I could not understand.

15th November, ROSENBERG.—Sent with Captain Count Belrupt to the German frontier command at Rosenberg. We are commissioned to see General Backmeister, the Vice-General Commandant of Breslau, the next morning, to obtain information as to the desired offensive. We are not admitted, and return to the hotel.

We call at the office of the administrator of the district at eight o'clock the next morning. Backmeister receives us very stiffly and tries to get rid of us at once. But we say that we are here to discuss the offensive. He thinks we had better concern ourselves about our own offensive ; on which we become still less civil, and pointing out that our *Landsturm* men always fight magnificently (? !), we demand that Menges' German *Landsturm* Division shall march on Wielun, in order to draw the Russian forces and thus facilitate our advance across the Warthe. A few more unpleasant things are said on both sides. At last he promises to push forward nine battalions towards Wielun on the 17th November. It is amusing that Backmeister tells us of 40,000 prisoners from East Prussia, without knowing that we had seen Ludendorff's telegram, which only speaks of 20,000, before he saw it himself.

19th November, SZCEPANE. HEADQUARTERS OF THE IV ARMY CORPS.—Any amount of people come to complain that our troops have taken their carts, horses, oats and bread from them. They took us for Prussians. Anyhow, it is an illusion to suppose that the Poles throw in their lot with us.

25th November, WAZOS. HEADQUARTERS OF THE IV ARMY CORPS.—To-day the 2nd Reserve Guards Division, which is now put under our Army Corps, marched through here. Comparing these fresh, well led giants with our poor, badly clothed men, who had been driven from pillar to

post and had not washed for three months, it might be supposed that our troops were not soldiers at all; and yet I, who have seen both under fire, know that the intrinsic value of our troops is unquestionably higher. For, badly and weakly led, without driving force or rational authority, our soldiers, as such, achieve far more than the German soldiers; but our whole machinery is inherently rotten. Our State is governed by a combination of loyalty, humbug, ante-chamber administration and a tissue of lies.

28*th November*, PAJECNO. HEADQUARTERS OF THE IV ARMY CORPS.—Long talk with Terstyansky about our State and army system. If I have anything in view now, it is to carry on a ruthless fight in future against the rottenness which has brought our Monarchy into this position. The espionage service I have organized here works without a hitch now. The name of one of my spies is Feinbube. I have interesting threads extending to Warsaw, which enabled me to report the whole advance of the III (Caucasian) Corps in the direction of Novo-Radomsk a week ago. Of course, no one at the Headquarters of the II Army believed it. A Russian attack yesterday brought confirmation. Also learnt from Warsaw how stupidly we carried on propaganda there for Austria-Hungary; the really important labour and peasant organizations, which influence feeling in the country, were entirely disregarded, and any amount of money was spent on political adventurers who have no influence at all.

29*th November*.—Innumerable prisoners come in. The Prussian Commandant wants the whole transport to be accommodated in the Catholic church. Terstyansky quite rightly forbids it. Both here and in France the Germans seem to make themselves specially unpopular with the people by their tactless and inconsiderate behaviour.

Journey by night to the Army Headquarters—very difficult, our maps quite useless.

1*st December*.—In the afternoon, Captain N., of the General Staff, who is attached to us, arrives. He is coldly

received by Terstyansky, as everyone blames him for not having known of the Russian mobilization in St. Petersburg. It is discussed at once. He defends himself like a true diplomat, aristocrat and General Staff Officer.

2nd December.—News that Belgrade is in our hands—now, after four months' fighting; and we could have marched in without loss of life in August. But Potierek wanted to force the Drina and acquire fame as a military strategist from his drawing-room.

7th December, Szcercow. Headquarters of the IV Corps.—Prince Max Fürstenberg and Colonel Bardolff received at Koschentin by the German Kaiser, who is said to have been charming. Forty of our men of the XII Corps were presented to him, in their grimy uniforms, straight from the trenches; the German soldiers had, of course, been put into new full-dress uniforms.

8th December.—The Germans treat the officers they take prisoners most roughly and rudely.

12th December.—The Jews here know of all our successes and failures in the most astonishing way long before we ourselves, who hear nothing but the lies we are told by the Army Command.

Army Chaplain V., from Pesth, comes to visit the military hospitals and is very badly treated by Terstyansky. He does not like parsons in the field, and is really right in this, as most of them only care for eating and drinking.

13th December.—Now that I have an insight into the inner working of our Command, I often reflect on how injurious the truly Austrian *noli-me-tangere* policy in our army is. Mistakes and blunders could never be exposed, because it was disloyal.

15th December.—Have been at General Woyrsch's Headquarters to-day. The German leadership really brilliant. All the authorities at home and the commands at the front work together harmoniously. Mutual confidence every-

where, from the Imperial Chancellor to the German Supreme Command and down to the trenches. With us just the opposite. Of course, we cannot look after our own interests as against our allies under these circumstances. Nor are these interests safeguarded by our leaders, as none of them want to fall out with the all-powerful German Supreme Command, and all the men of high position (except men of Terstyansky's stamp) want the order *Pour le mérite*. The result is that the poor Hungarian *Baka* pays for it.

17*th December*, GORZKOVICE.—Motors remain here under Desfours and Auersperg's command, until we get back to the road. It was most difficult to explain to the General Staff Officers that motors cannot fly in mud and slush.

20*th December*, STARA.—News in the evening that Belgrade has been evacuated again and we have lost 15,000 prisoners and 28 guns. Had a heated conversation with the General Staff Officers. Very sad evening.

Our Army Command gave a whole series of absolutely confused orders to-day, which we had already received in proper form direct from Woyrsch.

It is characteristic of the state of affairs there that a day or two ago a spy dressed as a German flying officer obtained access to Bardolff, who had all the positions marked on his map for him, on which, of course, he disappeared. The greatest secrecy observed towards their own people, but when a stranger comes, no inquiry is even made as to who he is.

This is typical.

27*th December*.—The Army Command made it impossible for the troops to have any rest during the holidays. Three divisions marched backwards and forwards, doing as much as 35 kilometres a day, only to establish communications which were completely severed, without even having fired a shot.

29*th December*.—Once more with the 31st Division after a long interval. Felt wretched during the action taking

place before my eyes. Things were going very well; suddenly, without our knowledge, the Army Command withdrew the order to attack given to a flanking group, which consequently did not advance. Terstyansky was furious. Result, 1,000 men and 14 officers of the brave 3rd Bosniacs killed, quite uselessly sacrificed. Probably a "slight mistake" at Headquarters. Possibly his coffee had disagreed with one of the gentlemen of the II Army Command. Our ill-starred system must break down before other conditions can be hoped for, and the saddest part of it all is that, *if our cause is victorious, everything will be certain to remain as before.*

31*st December*.—The year 1914 is at an end. If I must say something comprehensive about my experiences, I can only say: All that the Monarchy is going through now is owing to the self-deception which was ingeniously practised and fostered in all quarters.

On New Year's Day the Corps Headquarters were shifted to Sulejeva.

3*rd January*, SULEJEVA.—It is a fundamental characteristic of this world war that all the States, without exception, underrated their opponents. This applies particularly to Germany as regards France. Truly, the reasons for this mistake were different; in the case of Germany, for instance, it was overweening vanity; in our case, the criminal stupidity of our leading circles.

5*th January*.—Long talk with Hohenlohe about the system of our various representatives. When driven into a corner, all these diplomats admit that they really did nothing, only each just shifts the blame on to the other.

6*th January*.—Ordered by Terstyansky to ride out to survey the positions with the Army Commanders, General Böhm-Ermolli and Colonel Bardolff. Bardolff tells me he remembers having seen me on the occasion of the launch at Trieste. I reply: "I really don't remember." Here

a characteristic scene is enacted. Our Second Army is composed of purely Hungarian regiments. The General in command of the army wants to make a speech to the men. In the whole Staff, including divisional, brigade and regimental commanders, there is no one who can speak Hungarian, so I have to interpret what he says. And without knowing their language, they ask these men to allow themselves to be led into a running fire! The remarkable thing about it is that in spite of it they fight like heroes.

7th January.—The old priest has a quantity of national pictures in his room, which anyhow leads to the conclusion that the Russians have spared the Poles' national feeling. I have not found pictures of the Tsar anywhere here, as yet.

To-day I have seen the first female soldier, Corporal Mariska B. She was in the Serbian fighting, and has been wounded five times.

9th January.—My wife arrived at Piotrkof as a nurse in Field Hospital 3/IV. We meet once more after anxious months. Excellency Giesl, the former minister in Belgrade, has arrived. With him is Councillor Wiesner from the Foreign Office, who appears to be a very intelligent man —on that account he plays no part at the Ballplatz. Giesl tells us that, as representative of the Foreign Office at G.H.Q., he is given no information, and is compelled to sit as though behind a high wall. Complains bitterly of the absolute lack of co-operation between foreign and domestic policy as well as with the military operations. Learn from him that Tisza had been to see the German Kaiser, to dissuade him from the idea of ceding Transylvania. I ask him whether any agreements with Germany exist, as in my opinion it would be better to conclude peace without Germany even now, before the Monarch loses as much as a foot of his own territory. If Germany generously wishes to give away Transylvania, that is really no reason why we should be generous. And if Berchtold forgets to look after our interest, he ought to be hanged on the highest gallows.

10*th January*.—Terstyansky has had the parish council convened, to give it a lesson, as he says. A company turns out. The Rabbi, priest, eight Jews and eight Christians await him in the town hall. Then I have to translate a great deal of abuse lavished on them by Terstyansky because his orders were not carried out. Prescribes a contribution of 3,000 roubles, which must be paid by to-morrow evening. Loud wailing and lamentation. In spite of it the whole is paid by the evening.

13*th January*.—Prince Joachim of Prussia paid a visit to the 31st Division to-day, and then to Terstyansky, whom he induced, after much persuasion, to accept the Iron Cross. I myself reserve my final verdict on our allies till after the conclusion of peace. A State so badly ruled in every respect as ours will play the worst possible part as against the allies, as well as against the enemy—whether victory or defeat.

14*th January*.—The female corporal has already been packed off home, it having turned out that she is in the family way.

23*rd January*.—Terstyansky tells me he has been severely reprimanded by the Army Command, on account of the Hungarian speech he made not long ago. Of course, the Army Command is envious of his success and his popularity, and will now take every opportunity of injuring him.

I really seem to myself a very poor creature here, eating and drinking and revelling in the dainties brought by Peter S., while such serious things are going on.

24*th January*.—The German military attaché came to-day with eight officers from the neutral States. There was a great display for their benefit, but they were really shown nothing. Rules of conduct for meals have been issued by the Supreme Command. Hungarian is not to be spoken! Terstyansky says we are just to do it, and he himself ended his toast in Hungarian. "I am proud of my Hungarian Corps," he said, "which was always victorious; proud of

my Staff and of my men, who go through thick and thin! Windischgraetz, no obstacle is too great for you!"—and clinked his glass with mine.

In the afternoon I met W. F., shirt manufacturer from Buda Pesth, volunteer, Jew, with a large gold medal for valour.

27th January.—Terstyansky talks of his position towards the heir to the throne. I reiterate my point of view, that, in our Monarchy, it is only the people that are of any use; the upper classes and the Government are no good to anyone.

30th January.—To-day great dinner with Böhm, Bardolff and Jelensics. When the officers were introduced, General Böhm said: "I dislike shaved moustaches, a detestable custom." Characteristic, that the Commander of an army, who comes for the first time to visit a corps which has been under fire without intermission for six months, can find nothing else to say.

2nd February.—We are to move on to-morrow. Thank Heaven! Here we are nothing more than a club, with plenty to eat and drink. It would be a good thing if a few shells fell. Discussed reform of the common Constitution for three whole hours with Niky Desfours. He is certainly a sensible man, although very mischievous.

16th February.—Made the journey to Vienna via Dresden in one day. I wore my big fur coat and, like all officers at the front, a red cap, the same as that worn by the men. A Captain stopped me on the Graben, found fault with my turn-out and abused me, as he took me for a sergeant-major. I opened my fur coat and let him see my rank. He apologized at once, and said the *Platzkommando* did not wish that—and so forth. I was in a hurry, and said: "Hang the *Platzkommando*!"

22nd February, HOMMONA. HEADQUARTERS OF THE IV CORPS.—Terstyansky commands an army group of nine divisions. We are to attempt a break through in the general direction of Lisko–Przemysl.

23rd February, Cisna. Headquarters of the IV Corps.—Immense numbers of friends and enemies are being buried in great pits. How many men disappear in this way, without their belongings ever discovering when and where fate overtook them!

27th February.—To-day Alfred Ringhofer succeeded Kinsky as orderly officer. Is not recognized as one of themselves, however, by some of the orderly officers, as he is only a baron.

1st March.—I am now sitting here in a farmhouse by the crackling fire, marking the enemy movements on the map, whilst the battle rages four kilometres away and thousands lose their lives. In modern warfare this is called directing battles.

In the evening General Kreysa tells us that three Czech regiments were disbanded which had mutinied. This must not be mentioned, however, before His Majesty. It ought not to be, and consequently does not exist. This ostrich policy of concealment from a senile man is what controls all our measures, through which millions perish.

3rd March.—It is characteristic of our strategy that the same point where we are now attacking with almost 100 battalions was held in the retreat for several months by one infantry division, and then given up without any reason.

Terstyansky was to force a break through to Przemysl, but it was the depth of winter, and there was only one road over the Carpathians, no railway. It was impossible to send on the artillery by the frozen roads. The infantry advance, the fighting in positions in the snow, already imposed the severest test on human powers of resistance. Terstyansky looked after the comfort of his troops, although he was the strictest disciplinarian. He lived with them at the front, he was often in the front line, he never spared himself, and he did everything to make life and fighting easier for them. He was even harder on the officers than

on the men. He never left his troops in the lurch and thoroughly appreciated them. Colonel Dani was his complement in every respect, and understood, moreover, how to deal with Terstyansky. He sat down now and wrote a report to the Supreme Command in which he pointed out that to risk the loss of further human material in frontal attacks on both sides of the road from Baligrod to Zisko would be absolutely useless. The answer came, to continue the offensive day by day. Terstyansky obeyed. Our regiments took one position after another; there were always fresh inexhaustible Russian lines behind them. Our losses were enormous. Then Przemysl fell, and now, we thought, there will be an end of the senseless bloodshed. But the insanity of the Supreme Command went beyond what was normal. The object of our enterprise had ceased to exist: but, notwithstanding this, the Supreme Command sent us two fresh divisions and ordered us to continue forcing the road. We were to attack and attack. Terstyansky was seized with fits of madness. It happened that a lateral operation, a break through on the left wing, had succeeded, and naturally Terstyansky wanted to turn this success to account. He did not trouble himself any longer about Böhm-Ermolli's orders, and acted on his own authority. He cut off all the communications with Ungvar, where the Army Command had its Headquarters, and carried on his operation successfully—only for two days. The Army Command insisted on the action being broken off and on the attacks on the frozen positions on either side of the road being resumed.

In this fighting we lost 80,000 men to no purpose—that is, eight whole divisions.

(When Conrad planned the break through at Gorlice, the Germans sent him five divisions. If we had still had the eight divisions that had been senselessly sacrificed, we should not have been obliged to accept the German help, and Gorlice would have been an Austro-Hungarian and not a German feat.)

But the most disgraceful part of it was still to come. The Commander of the II Army held Terstyansky responsible for the heavy losses, and reported in that sense to Vienna.

21*st March*, CISNA.—The Army Command has quite lost its head. Telegrams and orders tumble over one another, and we are asked the most stupid questions. What they have done appears to be dawning on them.

28*th March*.—Russian attacks continued on those points at which our troops had been taken from the front by order of the Army Command. The order to withdraw the 27th had been so given as to preclude any remonstrance on Terstyansky's part. What was the result? That a report had to be sent in the course of the afternoon stating that the forces were not strong enough to hold the positions. Terstyansky very angry, and says that from now on he will do nothing more on his own account, and will only obey blindly as a soldier. Thus even our very best Generals are demoralized by the stupidity and want of comprehension shown by the higher commands.

At two o'clock in the afternoon General von Kronpa reports that he has retaken the lost position without help, and will continue to hold it. The honest Bohemian says: "I need no Staff and no commissariat officers; I have my own cattle for slaughter."

1*st April*.—As usual, now that we have to retreat in consequence of the senseless offensive, the Army Command puts everything on to *our* shoulders. The order is given: Terstyansky's Army Group Command is to make all arrangements for the retreat over the Carpathians *at its own discretion*. Capital! Only no one knows how we are to get back this transport and the masses of material by the only road, when our front line is so weak and the Russian attacks are renewed almost every hour.

3*rd April*, ROSTOKI VENDEJI. HEADQUARTERS OF THE IV ARMY CORPS.—The Chief of the Staff of the 13th, to whom I showed the order, said: "I don't at all wonder that our regiments (Vienna *Landwehr*) begin to murmur and revolt; I should do it myself."

4*th April*, SZINNA.—We have now reached the most southern spurs of the Carpathians—the last position before

coming to the plains—with the remains of our Army Group (11,000 rifles out of the 97,000 with which we had begun the operation). We hold 35 kilometres, from Cziroka to east of Szinna, with 11,000 rifles in nine divisions. We have strong artillery here, and with our troops, led by Terstyansky, we shall hold the line stoutly, thin as it is—but will this be the case everywhere?

As a matter of fact, our divisions in these positions stemmed the main Russian offensive towards the south. During the attacks I was often with the battalions in the trenches. We had no reserves—a man to every fifteen paces; the Russians sometimes in seventeen successive lines. Piles of corpses in front of our trenches!

On the 18th April, a Royal autograph letter came to all the Commands, which convened Parliament.

Böhm and Bardolff were here; at dinner both were very smiling and agreeable, but there had been a very heated discussion between them and Terstyansky; the latter gave me his letter to Conrad and the Archduke Friedrich to read. After dinner, Bardolff took me aside and, with regard to the meeting of Parliament, said: "Everything that has happened can safely be upheld—of course the general public must be shown the necessity of making an attempt to relieve Przemysl." I replied: "One can uphold anything with words, if one wishes to do so."

I found a very depressed feeling in Pesth. Marmaros-Sziget was in the hands of the enemy. The Russians were advancing to the lowlands. With one powerful thrust they could have reached Buda Pesth. I myself was almost without hope; I thought all was at an end.

I looked up all my political friends, and had daily intercourse with Andrassy, in particular. I respected Andrassy, in whose circle of ideas my political ideas had been formed—respected him as a father, as a teacher; I admired his insight, his judgment, his chivalry. If ever there were a gentleman, Julius Andrassy was one. Wilhelm Vazsonyi, the witty leader of the Democrats, characterized him once

as follows: "If Andrassy were to discover in the course of a game of cards that his fellow-players were cheats, he would say: 'Gentlemen, this is the last time I shall play with you.' But he would play out the game most punctiliously, and pay his fellow-players their winnings."

Andrassy is a man who lives his theories; he leaves their technical execution to others. He will never go a step out of his way to attract people by personal influence; he is indifferent to the outer world—an absolute Conservative, an aristocrat to his finger-tips; moreover, the only broad-minded, far-seeing statesman we had and have. But his great defect as a politician is his lack of ambition. He is not struggling for position. Passionately as he defends his views, he is proportionately reserved when his person is in question. He had frequently held office, but had never accepted any distinction; the Golden Fleece is all he possesses. The Monarch bestows this as his prerogative, and no one can refuse it.

I told Andrassy all I had experienced and seen at the front. I implored him to intervene, to bring about an improvement in the conditions. I went to all the Opposition leaders, but no one made any move. No one could venture to oppose Tisza. It was at this time of terrible national depression—for there was a strong feeling that everything was giving way—that Tisza showed his strength. He had convened Parliament with the intention of publicly upholding all that had happened. No one found courage to speak up boldly against him. The House of Magnates was not the place in which to pursue Radical policy, to propose radical changes, and it proved impossible to criticize military measures in the House of Deputies. There was open rebellion in the clubs, but nothing could be said in Parliament. Tisza did not allow anyone to take part in the Government; he ruled as an absolute absolutist. The whole management and administration of the war was in the hands of the members of his Work Party. A man like Andrassy, for instance, eminently suited to be Foreign Minister, had nothing better to do than to organize a civilian defence force in Buda Pesth.

The convocation of Parliament was pure humbug, a stage performance to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

I went to Vienna to find out what was going on. I found that the Press was systematically deceived and kept in the dark. The military departments in Vienna and Buda Pesth were nothing but offices where the Supreme Command carried on its intrigues. In Croatia, the Supreme Command pursued a Greater Croatian policy; Tisza's régime, on the other hand, favoured the Serbo-Croatian coalition. Instances were not unknown of Tisza's having the officials appointed by the military authorities arrested and imprisoned by his police. In fact the Austrian and Hungarian Governments kept perpetual watch over one another through secret service agents; millions were expended on this espionage. The Supreme Command deceived the Foreign Office, and the Ballplatz deceived the Supreme Command.

It was in this atmosphere that the Auffenberg affair took place.

General Auffenberg, who had been sent home after the battle of Rava Ruska, was in Vienna as Inspector-General of Army troops, but had nothing to do.

Auffenberg had won the battle of Komarov in virtue of his own dispositions—an important success which could not be turned to account, because one of his divisional commanders, the Archduke Peter Ferdinand, had not obeyed his orders. In consequence of this Auffenberg relieved him of his post. Then came the Rava Ruska operation, which the Supreme Command had planned and which failed. But Auffenberg had to go.

When I went to his office, he showed me an autograph letter he had just received from the Emperor, creating him Baron von Komarov. Auffenberg was in high spirits, and said: "I am no Benedek; I can prove everything, and I will soon show the gentlemen of the Supreme Command how much harm I can do them." He invited me to come and see him at his private house the next day, to talk over our military experiences. I was to bring my diaries with me for this purpose.

The next day I went to the Metternichgasse. His wife

received me in the drawing-room, which was full of war trophies and orders. She apologized for her husband, who had just been sent for by General Uexküll, and said he would be back directly. While we were talking—the Baroness's brother came in too—the bell rang. We heard voices in the entrance hall, there was a knock at the door, and, led by General Schleyer, a number of men came in: Councillor Stuckart, of the police force, a military auditor and two Civil Service officials; through the open door I saw police standing in the ante-room. It looked very uncomfortable. I noticed that the Baroness turned pale, but she stood up and tried to greet Schleyer, with whom, of course, she was personally acquainted, as a friend. Schleyer was embarrassed, and said: "I have come on a very serious matter." He led her into a corner and whispered a few words in her ear, on which the Baroness burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. I did not know what it all meant, but I trembled inwardly, for I feared fresh blackguardism of some kind. (I also knew from the Delegations that Schleyer was one of the departmental heads who carried a dagger concealed against his own chief.) Schleyer went into the other room with the Baroness and her brother. Immediately afterwards the brother came back and said: "You must excuse my sister, Your Highness; Auffenberg has been arrested."

I took leave. One of the policemen in the ante-room had already taken possession of my pocket-books and would not give them up. I told him who I was, and finally received back my property.

I drove at once to His Majesty's Military Office and asked to see General Margutti. I had talked to him about the Terstyansky business two days before, and had told him how senselessly and shamefully the Army Command at Ungvar had behaved to the IV Corps. Now I hastily told him what had occurred at Auffenberg's house. Margutti was dumbfounded; I could see that Auffenberg's arrest had taken place without the knowledge of the Military Office—that consequently it was a case of the Supreme Command having acted on its own responsibility.

From Margutti I drove to the editorial office of the

Zeit. There I found Baroness Auffenberg in a state of great agitation, in tears, in despair. Her husband was in the garrison prison with criminals and men guilty of high treason. Amidst her sobs she told me that they had broken open everything in her house in the rudest way, searched through all papers, and taken the Emperor's autograph letter with them. On the other hand, they would not even tell her why her husband had been arrested. I comforted her and promised to help her in every way I could.

In the meantime it had grown late. I was staying at the "Bristol" at that time, and was just dressing for dinner, when a Colonel from the *Platzkommando* was announced.

"Captain Prince Windischgraetz?"

"Yes," I said.

"I have come to obtain your word of honour that you will never tell anyone of the scene you witnessed at Auffenberg's house to-day."

I looked at him, he looked at me. I drew my sword and said calmly, but with emphasis: "You are mistaken, Colonel; I am not Captain Windischgraetz now, but a member of the Hungarian Parliament," and began putting on my tie. "No one has any authority over me for the moment but the President of the Hungarian Upper House. And if I think fit I shall give an exact account of the whole from the tribune of the House; you can report this."

The Colonel tried to look pleasant and adopted another tone, that of a comrade, addressing me familiarly as "thou." "Thou surely wilt not—thou must surely understand——" and so on.

I said: "Pray don't trouble; it is outside the scope of the military authorities."

He resumed his original formality and hastily took his departure.

I was inwardly raging.

Late as it was, I drove quickly to the War Minister, Krobatin, and insisted on seeing him. He was taken aback, too. I asked him what Auffenberg was accused of. He admitted that his arrest had nothing to do with his conduct of the war, and said: "He is charged with having betrayed

State secrets and speculated on the Stock Exchange on the strength of various secrets known to him in his official capacity."

As a matter of fact, the whole trouble was that Auffenberg was in possession of memoranda and evidence which might turn out to be very compromising for the Supreme Command. Consequently he was to be made a scapegoat, and the strongest measures were taken to silence him. He was very badly treated ; while in prison he was presented with a document in which he was to pledge himself never to reveal any of the circumstances ; in this case he was assured that he would be honourably acquitted of the charge against him. Auffenberg stood firm and refused. A few days later he found a revolver in his cell—a plain hint of what was expected of him. He did not give the gentlemen this satisfaction.

This was the most scandalous instance of the rottenness of our State, of our military control, that I had yet come across. I considered what I should do. Any protest I made in the Upper House would only have been received with a shrug of the shoulders—of this I was pretty sure—so I went to Buda Pesth and looked up my friend Vazsonyi.

Dr. Wilhelm Vazsonyi is a Buda Pesth advocate and Member of Parliament ; the most eminent lawyer in Hungary. He won his spurs at a time when he carried on a bitter and unrelenting fight against corruption of any kind in the municipal council. He himself is absolutely incorruptible, cannot even be influenced by an ingratiating manner.

A fascinating speaker, whose ardour carries him away, and his audience with him. He is short and stout, has a bulbous nose and clear, blue, intelligent eyes ; a pronounced Jewish type ; his manner is offhand to an extent the ultra-Tories of the Buda Pesth National Casinos don't always consider suitable for the drawing-room, but in true nobility he assuredly surpasses the most aristocratic among us. He is perhaps the cleverest man Hungary possessed at that time, and the most honest democrat.

I entrusted Auffenberg's papers to this man. He made a speech in the House of Deputies which created a sen-

sation. He exposed the whole plot. Auffenberg was provided with a legal adviser at once. A Court of honour considered his case. Regular proceedings were instituted, the result of which was that the victor of Komarov was acquitted and had to be set at liberty.

And therewith judgment was pronounced on the Supreme Command. But we were at war, and the general public heard nothing. The hydra had many heads, and continued to exist.

My efforts in the Terstyansky affair were of no avail, I egged on all my friends in the House of Deputies, but Tisza was stronger than them all. The more so owing to the fact that he was able to make an announcement to the country at a public sitting which swallowed up and swept away all that had been unpleasant and depressing with the force of a cataract: an unprecedented victory had been won at Gorlice.

At first no one would believe it, for Tisza's effrontery in misrepresenting the facts, when he thought it necessary in the interest of the country, was well known; this time, however, he had spoken the truth.

On this I went back to the front.

Across the Carpathians, which, when I had last seen them, had been buried under snow; now it was May, the snow had gone, the Russians were gone. I breathed freely again, as we all did. But as I journeyed over the beautiful deep mountain gorges, in which the red tinge of the beeches showed up against the green of the pines, a strong, penetrating smell was wafted to my nostrils by the spring breeze. Hundreds of thousands of corpses lay there, barely covered by the earth.

I rejoined Terstyansky and told him how matters stood as far as he was concerned, and of the intrigues that were being hatched against him. He wrote at once to General Margutti and applied to be put on the retired list.

21st May, 1915. BRZESCIANY.—Terstyansky has refused to let me join the troops. I have now sent in a written application to the Supreme Command.

23rd May.—Receive news that Terstyansky has been appointed to command the Balkan forces in place of the Archduke Eugen and takes me with him. Departure for Peterwardein, the Headquarters of our southern frontier Command.

25th May. On the Way through Buda Pesth.—Went in the morning to see Hazai, the Minister of Defence, who is aghast at Italy's declaration of war. He thinks Burian's incapacity is to blame for it. As a matter of fact, he negotiated with Italy, but never knew what he ought or ought not to cede. But the Italians knew that, in case of our being victorious, what had been promised would very quickly be taken back from them.

The great mistake in this matter was, as ever, our want of any fixed plan and our absolute lack of honesty. Had the position towards Italy been made clear in good time, as I urged in the Delegations—had we understood how to inspire confidence, and seized the right moment to make the sacrifices which were inevitable—the political school of thought which had even then recognized what was equally the fact in 1919—that Italy's real interests lay on the side of the Eastern Powers, both geographically and economically—would have been able to gain the upper hand in Italy.

(I said in the *Zeit*: "It is possible to play cards without money, but no one can play cards without cards.") Hazai went on to tell me that "they" were very angry with me in the highest circles in Vienna on account of the Auffenberg affair.

2nd June, Ujvidek. Headquarters of Terstyansky's Armies.—Terstyansky read me his letters to Conrad, Bardolff and Tisza. The letter to Tisza is very, very strong. My impression is that they only want to reassure Terstyansky now, that this post is only a sop to keep him quiet, and that they really mean to drop him entirely. The methods of this Metzger and Kundmann gang are all-powerful, the more so as the *mafia* is said to have already caught the heir to the throne in its toils through Colonel Hoor.

12*th June*, UJVIDEK.—Incredible how well everything works here from a military point of view, and how all these Jewish reserve officers of our *Landsturm* formations have mastered the routine.

26*th June*.—Take a walk along the Save; see the ingeniously constructed heavy iron military bridges on the Line of Communications, supplied by Nicholson, which have been twice rebuilt and twice pulled down in the last four weeks by contradictory orders from the General Staff Subdivision of the Supreme Command, at a cost of two million crowns.

10*th June*.—Dani sends for me in the afternoon and informs me of the result of my application to be allowed to join the troops at the front. "Every officer employed on the Staff is to serve where he has been appointed. Requests to be sent elsewhere will not be considered." This is the reply made by the Supreme Command to my application.

I now apply to F. to help me to get to the front somehow, as I cannot stand being here any longer.

20*th July*.—Colonel Salis, who is now *sous chef* at the South-west Front under the Archduke Eugen, is talking to Terstyansky on the telephone. I hear Terstyansky say: "My dear Salis, inform the Headquarters Staff that, now that you have also taken the 59th Division from me, I am prepared to send my breeches as a last reinforcement to the Isonzo Front." I asked laughing, what Salis had answered. "He was pleasant, as usual," said Terstyansky; "he thought the Headquarters Staff always reckoned on Excellency Terstyansky's devotion."

23*rd July*.—Our Chief of the Staff has been looking frightfully mysterious the last few days. There has also been active Hughes communication between this, Vienna and Teschen—the whole dealing with questions of competence and personal questions, which of course keep everyone in a state of excitement. It is again the moment when

we need a few volleys of shrapnel fired into our Headquarters, to bring home to us what war really means.

25*th July*.—Receive Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief's plan of attack to examine. Eminently cleverly and clearly written: must be a genius of the first rank.

Terstyansky frightfully nervous; all the higher military men seem really to have been seized with a fit of craving for power, for even Dani, ordinarily so sensible, talks at great length on the necessity of militarizing the Monarchy.

How badly the military and public authorities work together! The Supreme Command prohibits the employment of Labour detachments to carry the harvest; Russian prisoners are no longer provided for the purpose either; just as though the food supply were not the economic question on which the Empire's power of resistance mainly depends.

1*st August*.—Ask for leave, as my wife is ill.

5*th August*, BUDA PESTH.—Andrassy is very anxious that I should be with Conrad at Headquarters, as he fears much for the future from there. Certainly the many successes, which are really owing to the Germans, are very much going to the heads of the military men. Well, I wish I were with a regiment at the front, a thousand miles from the pack which peoples the Staff. Long talk with Khuen over the one essential policy of the future: all the peoples must be given full scope for independent development, and we must break with the Court policy. All the same, I think this war cannot be traced to Court motives, even though the Courts had a hand in it.

24*th August*, BACK AT UJVIDEK.—Should very much like to raise a raiding party for Serbia, possibly jointly with another officer. A proposition to which Dani does not agree, for he says: "Who is to be decorated, if the thing succeeds?"

19th September.—Motor in the evening to Werschetz. Report to General Mackensen, who is very kind. Then talk to German Staff Officers, who are very sympathetic. So little paper to be seen, and so little mystery made.

26th September.—I am to go to Teschen at once ; shall probably be sent on to Bulgaria.

In the train on the way to Teschen, I learn that Terstyansky and Dani have both been superseded.

27th September, TESCHEN.—I am received in the Intelligence Section by Colonel Hranilovic with the news that I am ordered to Bulgaria. He tells me what I am to lay stress on to the King of Bulgaria—at first he talks to me without being quite candid as to the situation. It is only on my remarking that to lie with success I really must know the truth that I am given the necessary information.

29th September, UJVIDEK.—Terstyansky was recalled in the mean way that is typical. When he returned from inspecting the 57th Division, he found a telegram in which the arrival of the new Commandant of the Army was announced for the next day without comment.

(Terstyansky was dismissed three days before the commencement of the offensive against Serbia, which he had been preparing for two whole months, and which was worked out in accordance with the plan drawn up by his Chief of the Staff, Dani. His removal had long been planned in Teschen ; a conflict with Tisza over administrative and South Slav questions brought matters to a head. Tisza had demanded his recall from the King. Terstyansky was Military Governor of the whole southern frontier district. All the authorities were under him so long as there was no war. At the very moment when war broke out again, he was sent away. Austro-Hungarian system !)

I motored to Temesvar ; there report my departure at Mackensen's Headquarters, where I receive instructions, and General v. Seekt, the famous Chief of the General Staff on the occasion of the break through at Gorlice, orders me to smuggle the attack orders for the I Bulgarian Army

through to Sofia. Characteristic, the rapid simplicity with which I am given this highly important order. "If you are caught, we are done," said Seekt.

2nd October, VIENNA.—King's Messenger gives me the order for Bulgaria at the station; I sew it into my waistcoat.

4th October. ON THE WAY TO SOFIA VIA RUMANIA.—Very strict examination at Predeal. Any number of detectives and soldiers at the station. In order to divert suspicion, the military attaché, Colonel Randa, treats me ostentatiously as a Prince, whom he is accompanying as *chevalier d'honneur*. From time to time I feel my waistcoat to make sure that the plan of attack is still there. My trunks contain apparatus for wireless telegraphy, intended for the Bulgarian Army.

I brought everything successfully over the frontier.

9th October, SOFIA.—Standing before the monument to the Tsar Liberator, I wondered whether a monument would ever be put up here to Wilhelm II?

11th October.—News comes in the afternoon that in order to give Serbia a *casus belli* and do justice to the military treaty, troops of the I Army stormed various frontier heights last night.

23rd October, BELOGRADSIK. HEADQUARTERS OF THE I BULGARIAN ARMY.—Learn interesting details of the German Headquarters from the German Captain Schubert. Everyone there delighted with Conrad. He is considered the most able army leader of the campaign. As to all the others, only one opinion. . . .

28th October.—Ride to Krajoveselo. All the Serbian villages burnt down. In one of them we see a poor Serbian woman searching for a cottage among the ruins, weeping and singing a loud lament as she searches. It is a funeral dirge, such as I have heard sung by Hindu women. A few poor people are already coming back—poor people!

On the slopes of Krajoveselo we come right into the middle of the fighting.

7th November, NISCH.—Go the round of the hospitals in the morning, to find the prisoners we left behind. In one hospital a Russian lady doctor, Dr. Chaletzka, is looking after our men, and it is only thanks to her that some of them are still alive.

8th November.—Have taken over the Red Cross depots, which were not handed over to our prisoners by the Serbs. Thousands of consignments of clothing, food and hospital supplies are lying here, whilst thirty thousand of our men died of hunger and typhus.

19th November.—Tschapratschikoff found an interesting telegram in Pashitch's house here, from the Tsar to King Peter, in which the Emperor of all the Russias promised the King, two days before the fall of Nisch, that Russian troops would march into Bulgaria on the 15th November.

20th November.—Come to the conclusion that German troops, like our own, are far less considerate than the Bulgarians. We requisition against written promises to pay which are never redeemed, and take from those who refuse to give. The Bulgarians are quite incredibly fair in this respect.

24th November.—A squadron of German hussars was attached to the II Bulgarian Army, with the object of showing the German uniform here.

Now that the Duke of Mecklenburg has heard (through me) of the assassination of our officers and reported it in Sofia, there is suddenly great excitement in our Supreme Command, and it telegraphs to me what I had telegraphed to Teschen myself a fortnight ago. Can there be anything stupider in the world than our General Staff?

4th December, USKÜB.—Found 850 released Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war here, who live in a Serbian

barrack under the command of a very smart Lieutenant Halasz. For ten whole months of imprisonment Halasz feigned madness so cleverly that all the doctors pronounced him incurable.

7th December.—One feels fed up with the war and the horrors everywhere. The only comfort is the knowledge of having done the best one could. Another large consignment of released Austrian and Hungarian prisoners arrived early this morning. What these poor men have suffered is indescribable; many have had nothing to eat but a couple of pieces of bread for thirty days.

9th December. — Sommerfeld's German detachment marched in here to-day. Splendid troops, who marched through the town as though on parade. In the evening the good impression was somewhat effaced, for the honest Germans break in and steal everywhere, and simply thrash the Bulgarian sentries. I adjust the whole matter personally with the Bulgarian town commandant, who is very conciliatory.

14th December.—Met Lady Paget, the wife of the former British minister in Belgrade, who is here with her hospital; a very noble-hearted woman, who has saved thousands of our soldiers and fellow-countrymen from a most miserable death. A number of nice English doctors. It seems so strange to me to look on the English as enemies. The Bulgarians had commandeered the English hospital; but the "mad" Lieutenant Halasz, who had had his hair cut and his untrimmed beard clipped directly the Serbians were driven out, put on his uniform, which had been hidden, took the marauding Czechs prisoners, and protected Lady Paget from the Bulgarians. The curious thing is that even Lady Paget, who had nursed him for almost a year, did not recognize him in his altered character.

I wrote on behalf of this excellent woman to His Majesty's Military Office, to Tisza and to the Supreme Command to secure her being allowed to go back to England with her staff. The Bulgarians would only allow Lady

Paget personally to go—but the courageous lady declared that she would not on any account desert those who had come out under her protection. Later on I had the satisfaction of succeeding in obtaining the release of the whole staff by my repeated and very strong representations to King Ferdinand.

By rail to Veles.

29th December.—I have words at the station with a German Staff Officer, who refuses to make room for me in his carriage. At last I found a seat, and I make the acquaintance of a small German professor, Dr. Ponten, who is travelling in the Balkans on behalf of the German Ministry of War, in the uniform of a non-commissioned officer, to make biological investigations for use later on. He explained the whole organization by means of which Germany was working, even now, with a view to future exploitation of the prestige she had acquired in the Balkans.

In the course of the advance the Bulgarians had overstepped their line of demarcation. I knew the Bulgarian military authorities and their obstinate, not always straightforward methods, and knew they loved power and would never retire from where they had once established themselves. Consequently I apprised our military authorities of the position, and advised Line of Communication troops being sent to occupy the territory in our sphere of interests. No notice was taken of my suggestion; but shortly afterwards I received orders from Headquarters to try to arrange with the Bulgarian Headquarters Staff for the evacuation of Prisrend, Pristina and Ferizovic by the Bulgarians. I was really the only one of us on good terms with the Bulgarians, but as a liaison officer I could not possibly carry on diplomatic transactions. I therefore advised Mackensen's being asked to settle the matter. The answer I received was: "The Germans must not suspect that Albania is of any consequence to us." After a time another order came from the Supreme Command about the same thing. I had again to insist that the Bulgarians could not carry on diplomatic negotiations with me, an officer on

the active list, and I added: "Have the matter adjusted by Tarnovski, the Minister in Sofia." Whereupon I received the classic answer, which must be handed down to posterity: "The Foreign Office must not learn what policy the Supreme Command is pursuing."

What the Supreme Command wanted was that I should win over the Albanian tribes in East Albania, who had been won over by the Bulgarian military authorities to the Bulgarian cause, to our own. But the Bulgarians suspected something of the kind, and tried to shake me off and keep me out of their expedition. In which, however, they did not succeed.

A little competition began now for the favour of the Albanians. Their fighting value was *nil*; they were only on the spot when money was to be had. They came to terms with the Greeks, with the Entente, with us, with the Bulgarians, with everyone who paid them. A policy of intrigue at the Headquarters of an ally was very distasteful to me—assuredly the idea of a misguided General Staff Officer of the Supreme Command; but I had the order, and consequently I joined the Bulgarian Commission (whose intentions were the same as mine). I was in possession of a telegraph line and a cipher. The line would have been at the disposal of our Supreme Command if I had been sent a Hughes apparatus. This was not agreed to at Teschen. Accordingly, I made over the line to the Germans. The Supreme Command used this line and abused the Germans in their telegrams. The latter, of course, had our cipher too, and therefore could read all that our Supreme Command thought of them.

I had already seen the frightful misery of our liberated prisoners when we marched into Nisch on the 6th November the year before. No less than 34,000 out of 66,000 Austro-Hungarian prisoners had died of spotted typhus and other diseases the previous winter, for want of attention. The Serbians had also practised terrible cruelties when removing those who were still alive; but in spite of this, hundreds came from Nisch to Monastir daily, to the Bulgarian Headquarters, half-naked and starved, only to find

there was nothing available for them. I had begged at once that a Red Cross detachment might be sent. For three months there was no answer—on the 18th February a complete ambulance train reached Monastir from the joint Ministry of War, with ten truckloads of supplies, six nurses, doctors and hospital orderlies. I had just taken over the last seventy out of 7,000 prisoners I had sent home.

I was ill with typhus fever, but in spite of this I travelled through Albania. We visited all the powerful Princes and Chiefs, and dragged ourselves up all the crags on which their castles were built. One of the most influential of them was Achmed Bey Zogolaj. We reached his castle at night. It was built into the rock, and constructed of massive blocks of stone, quite in mediæval style. The castle had two forecourts, which were lit with torches; there about a hundred Albanians were camped round the open fire, in military equipment, bristling with arms. It was romantic and weird. We had to climb a wooden staircase, and then await the mighty Achmed Bey Zogolaj by a stone balustrade. We pictured him as fierce and martial as his warriors in the courtyard, but we were conducted further, and arrived in a carpeted boudoir. It might have been the abode of a *demi-mondaine*. Then a slight young man in a smoking suit came in and spoke to us very pleasantly in French. It was Achmed Bey Zogolaj. Black coffee was handed round; the Bulgarian Colonel negotiated with him first, offered him 40,000 *levas*, and went to bed. I had 50,000 *levas* handed to the powerful Prince, on which he promised to help Austria-Hungary. Of course he has never kept his promise.

I went, still in disguise, to Florina, which was already occupied by the French and English, to try and establish a secret service there. That, however, was the end of my Balkan activity. I did not want to take any further part in this game, and asked the Supreme Command to accept my resignation.

I was attached to the Staff of the 4th Mountain Brigade, which was defending the Görz bridgehead. Dani was in command, and I was delighted to be able to assist this fine

fellow and soldier as his Chief of the Staff. Unfortunately he was away on sick-leave. On the journey south-west I reported myself to the Commandant at the Front, the Archduke Eugen—a first-rate man, a shrewd, keen soldier, aristocratic both in appearance and at heart, without the usual airs of an Archduke. His Chief of the Staff, Alfred Kraus, was worthy of him. The few words of greeting and encouragement this remarkable man addressed to me were never absent from my mind in the midst of the deafening fire of later weeks: "You are going to where every man does his best—good luck." And there, where I went—into the mouth of hell—every man was a true man.

On the 11th March 1916 I reported myself to Field-Marshal Boroevic at Adelsberg. He spoke of the absolute necessity of annexing the conquered territories from the purely military point of view.

14*th March*, Görz. 4th Mountain Brigade.—Went to see Berchtold, His Majesty's Lord in Waiting, who is now serving here as orderly officer, and who of course has everyone at his feet. Began at once to talk of his Bulgarian policy having been the best, and said he had foreseen everything. Well, I did not want to argue with him.

15*th March*.—In the evening Colonel L. describes the visits of some very distinguished officers of the Supreme Command. I am struck by the fact that even this absolutely loyal old Austrian soldier, a Colonel who has been wounded twice, abuses them. Apparently everyone at the front complains of this carpet Supreme Command, which sometimes comes here from Teschen and graciously receives men who have looked death in the face a hundred times in the course of the week. I fear there will be frightful anarchy after the war; as to this I cherish no illusions.

16*th March*.—I only get accustomed by degrees to the heavy artillery fire here. Heavy shells are perpetually falling close to where I live, particularly in the night, and once or twice they have even fallen into my house. Our evening meal was destroyed yesterday by a 21-cm. shell

which fell right on to the kitchen hearth. Rank is of no account here, because no one wishes to be anything but what he is. The best among us are the rank and file, for they do the most; this we, the Commandants, recognize unreservedly.

24th March.—I have taken all my ribbons off my uniform to-day. No one wears any decorations here. So many injustices have been done, the present system of awarding decorations is so much merely a matter of successful toadying, that all at the front, from the General to the youngest cadet, have discarded their ribbons of their own accord.

26th March.—The day of the action which had been prepared for weeks past to occupy the church ridge in front of Peuma. As General Staff Officer of the Brigade, I was to direct the operations with Colonel Petzold, in accordance with dispositions worked out by Captain Junger, the first General Staff Officer. I had taken up a post of observation in a trench quite at the front and laid my telephone lines, when the Italians suddenly poured a tremendous fire on to our most advanced heights. I had already been under heavy artillery fire, but this cascade of fire was new to me —a heavy shell fell almost every five seconds on a space of not more than 25 metres. After half an hour I was a wreck. The men alongside of me were quite cheerful, as though a popgun were going off. I shall get into training too, but at present my nerves are affected.

I endured this hell for two hours. Two men beside me, who were serving a trench mortar, were blown up by a heavy shell. When I groped my way to the regimental Headquarters as night fell, I hardly knew whether I was dead or alive.

Much more might be said about this action, the first I had been responsible for conducting. The great thing is never to work in accordance with one's own feelings; decisions must be based solely on cool pencil and compass calculations. Everyone in an action, even the bravest, is unconsciously untruthful in the statements he makes.

The very best Commandants are not in a position to report correctly on the situation, for each is merely under the impression to which he was directly subjected. An opinion can only be formed from the total result. All night long, the most varied Italian counter-attacks, all of which are beaten off with hand-grenades and bombs.

1st April.—Unfortunately our artillery fire on aeroplanes is always ineffective, and even in air fighting we have very little success.

4th April.—A Serbian regiment of Austrian *Landwehr* infantry (No. 37) was very well led and did brilliantly. Morale: Serbs fight brilliantly, just as do Hungarians and Germans; whether they will fight in future for the Habsburgs, depends on the Habsburgs. If this suicidal policy is continued after the war, then certainly not.

In the afternoon I hear that I have been unanimously elected Deputy at Hommona.

14th April.—The whole of this part of the country is an incredible mass of mud, wire entanglements and weapons, and covered with corpses from the recent battles. How many thousand human beings have disappeared here, without leaving a trace behind! Hopes and ideals which are now dust. All is *vanitas vanitatum*, and there can be only one religion; this consists of love, charity and compassion for all men. Everyone must cultivate this religion and try to help his fellow-men. All other doctrines and teachings are idle talk and trash.

3rd March.—Met R. and L., General Staff Officers at G.H.Q., in the trenches this afternoon. These gentlemen, who always talk so big, are there *for the first time*. On my way home, three heavy shells fall quite close to the path and knock me down. Am delighted to find that I am hardly even startled. Nerves get accustomed to everything.

6th May.—Corps Commandant Wurm was in the Podgara trenches this morning.

Had a talk with Colonel P., who wants Parliamentarism to be limited in future. Looks at life from point of view of service rules and regulations.

7th May.—I expect Fräulein Alice Schalek, the well-known writer, at five o'clock in the morning. Tells me a good deal about her experiences in all the theatres of war. It is interesting to see how all the higher Commandants grovel and make up to her, they are so much afraid of the *Neue Freie Presse*, whose correspondent she is. Happen to be heavily shelled in a communication trench. Fräulein Schalek takes it with great *sang-froid.*

On the 17th May I returned to Buda Pesth from the Isonzo Front by way of Vienna.

The situation in Buda Pesth had not changed in any way since the preceding year. The autocratic régime of the Work Party under Count Tisza's leadership was as unshaken as before. If this Party absolutism had been irksome even in times of peace, its practical results were still more intolerable under the pressure of war conditions. It was due to the general bitterness, the want of freedom from which all suffered, that the Opposition Parties, whose principles differed so fundamentally, joined forces and showed a united front against Tisza.

The Hungarian Parliamentary campaign commenced under the impression of the first great Tirol offensive which had been planned, and its sudden end, in consequence of the destruction of our front in the north at Luck. Public opinion was, however, almost equally engrossed, both in Hungary and Austria, with Baron Burian's foreign policy, which was characterized from the very first by undiscriminating and slavish recognition of German control.

A further consideration to be taken into Parliamentary account was the fact that an absolutist régime had been in force in the sister State, Austria, since the commencement of the war. The military administration was now interfering seriously in economic questions. The Supreme Command's system had laid hands on every branch of industry, even on finance. The occupied territories were

governed by administrations responsible solely to the military authorities, and whose main object was to subordinate every complex solely and absolutely to the political views held by the responsible Supreme Command. All this was productive of the greatest discontent among thinking politicians in Austria and Hungary.

On my return to Vienna from the front, I went to see Count Stürgkh, who explained to me, on the 20th May, that a revival of the Parliamentary system in Austria now would make it impossible to carry on the war. I reminded him (a man I respected very highly as such) of our conversation at the commencement of the war, on which he said: "Yes, if we had only known then . . ."

On this, I came to an agreement with my Vienna friends and political acquaintances, chiefly members of the German Party. I found the greatest indignation everywhere against Count Stürgkh and the Supreme Command's interference. I had opportunities of discussing the question of convening the Austrian Parliament at repeated interviews with Prince Max Fürstenberg, the then Home Minister Prince Conrad Hohenlohe, Dr. Gross, Urban, Bärenreiter, Langenhan, and also with Dr. Viktor Adler, the leader of the Social Democratic Party. It was agreed that on returning to Buda Pesth I should raise the question of convening the Delegations, and thus leading to a revival of Austrian Parliamentarism, with such vehemence as to give the Austrian Press occasion to comment on our demands, and perhaps produce an agitation which might ultimately lead to the restoration of Parliamentary conditions.

Recognition of the fact that Burian's policy would always follow in Germany's wake, even in matters of vital importance to us, finally convinced the German Parties that nothing short of a radical change in our foreign policy would secure a solution of the numerous questions of war and peace.

The only man who might be able to steer us in a favourable direction, the only one who viewed the chaos impartially and without Party spectacles, and who had a perfectly clear opinion on the subject, was Julius Andrassy. He was convinced that the World War would not tend to

strengthen the Austro-Hungarian State idea, unless North and South Slav grievances were disposed of in good time, and with as little friction as possible. At the very commencement of the present campaign he took active steps in the direction of setting up an independent Polish kingdom and, as far back as the early summer of 1916, the fundamental ideals of his foreign policy reckoned with the necessity for setting up independent States in the territories occupied by our troops.

The confidence, or the levity, with which the gentlemen of our Ballplatz danced airily over the most important problems arising out of the various phases of the war (they apparently misunderstood the *raison d'être* of their official abode) was perhaps the most disastrous mistake of which those who controlled our destiny were guilty.

There was no doubt in the minds of all our leading diplomats, military men and politicians, that the territories conquered in the course of the war must be "annexed," but, under the pressure of immediate exigencies, no one but Andrassy seemed to have seriously considered in what practical form these "guarantees" were to be secured. Andrassy was our only constructive statesman. He knew that we ought to have made it our first business to create political organizations in the occupied territories of such a nature that their existence alone would have afforded the necessary future guarantees for the Central Powers.

Immediately after the occupation of Poland and the Baltic Provinces, and of Serbia, Montenegro and Albania, political foresight would have suggested their being made autonomous States, whose Constitutions might have become the most powerful supports of our own and German policy. Nothing could have more clearly revealed the political incapacity and impotence of the Central Powers than the disgracefully high-handed and stupidly short-sighted procedure which changed foreign conquests into domestic losses within a few weeks.

Count Andrassy demonstrated the necessity of setting up an independent Poland in a brilliant article in the *Neue Freie Presse*. At that time, Germany was inclined to agree to a reorganization of the Polish State under Austrian pro-

tection. Burian was too supine to turn this opportunity to account, and both Poland and the occupied territories in the Balkans continued under the military administration whose methods recalled German colonial rule in the Cameroons, and which was regarded by the "liberated" peoples as tyranny and slavery.

The Parliamentary session commenced just when efforts were being made to set up an independent Poland. The combined oppositional Parties first tried amicable means of inducing the Hungarian Government to bring about a change in Burian's foreign policy. When this failed, other more radical methods were brought to bear, to pull down the triple star Tisza, Burian, Stürgkh from its celestial height.

I myself came into personal conflict with Tisza at the beginning of the session. He had been interpellated on a matter connected with the conduct of the war. His answer was ambiguous, and I interrupted him to point this out. Tisza got up and said: "The gallant Captain may perhaps have been very brave out there, but I know more about these things here." There was instantly a movement of indignation, and I jumped up. "I have only been in this House a short time," I exclaimed; "I did not know that an officer who has done his duty at the front would only be considered worthy of ridicule by a Hungarian Prime Minister." The House took my side against Tisza. Tisza was much embarrassed, came over to me and apologized.

One of the more radical methods adopted by the Opposition was appointing leaders, who demanded an insight into the conduct of the Foreign Office affairs at one of the July sittings. These leaders were Andrassy, Apponyi and Rakovsky. They were even received by the Monarch, and had a long audience, in the course of which they explained their objections to Burian's procedure, or rather his passivity.

In the meantime, however, the failure of our offensive in Tirol and the collapse of our front at Luck had caused a serious military crisis. The fall of Görz and the defeat at Luck completed a cycle of uninterrupted disaster, a *circulus vitiosus*. In order to achieve successes in Italy without Germany's help, the Teschen Supreme Command

had denuded the North-east Front of all fighting material. Not only was this done without the knowledge of the German military authorities, but they were actually deceived. The Russians then began to smash the thin wall to pieces. Desperate and bewildered, the Supreme Command ordered all the heavy artillery to be transported back from the south to the north in hot haste—of course, as usual, without consulting the Commandants on the spot. It came too late to save the situation at Luck, but the result of its being taken from the Isonzo Front was that we lost our mountains, which until now the enemy had been attacking in vain for months, and that through this our position became hopeless as far as the Adriatic. Whilst the enemy forced his way into our positions from above and below, our 30-cm. mortars and 15-cm. howitzers were *en route* right across the Monarchy.

Germans from the West Front again had to strengthen our line.

Simultaneously—and the connection was clear—the German Government changed its mind as to the solution of the Polish question.

Andrassy and I then went to Berlin, to confer with the German statesmen. The ambassador, Tschirschky, had been won over to Andrassy's programme, and at that time even Francis Joseph did not seem to be antagonistic to it.

Just then Baron Burian had, strange to say, succeeded in falling out with the German Foreign Office. That is to say, he had thought out a point of view of his own, differing from the German view, which he took great pains to explain to himself and others, as becomes the nature of a professor, in a thick book of about 1,000 pages. (The German Kaiser admitted to me at Spa later on that he had not read the book ; it had been too thick for him.)

Before the break through at Luck, the Germans had agreed to Poland being set up, conditionally on Austria-Hungary undertaking the organization of the Polish army and Poland concluding an economic agreement with the German Empire which would guarantee Germany the policy of the open door towards the new State. Burian's

answer, astonishing to relate, was that Austria-Hungary could not now allow the conditions under which she would take part in the re-establishment of Poland to be dictated to her, and "contemplated possibly returning to this question later."

Andrassy's programme (which had loyally been communicated to Tisza) comprised, even at that time, the cession of Galicia to Poland and the erection of an independent State through the instrumentality of Austria-Hungary.

I had an opportunity of meeting the Imperial Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, and the Secretary of State, von Jagow, in Berlin. The Chancellor said to me then: "No sensible German statesman can contemplate conquests in the West. The great sacrifices this war has cost Germany must be made good by economic compensations. This can only be done by making the great conquered districts in the east subservient to Germany's interests."

This afforded us the possibility of solving the Polish question at once.

It was interesting to me to notice that both Bethmann-Hollweg and Herr von Jagow complained of the increasing influence of the German military authorities, who even at that time exercised the strongest influence on all the administrative functions of economic life.

A few days after our return from Berlin, the Opposition leaders resigned their mandate to supervise foreign policy, at a public sitting of Parliament. Of necessity. For Burian had declared that he would not show them his various secret documents. That was his secret; he was the responsible Minister and would not submit to control. This secrecy, a characteristic of all our officials, was misplaced; for Tschirschky had lifted the veil of his own accord, and allowed us all to look into the documents respecting the differences between the German Government and Baron Burian at that moment.

I found silent wrath and despair in Vienna. Of course, no one knew what was going on behind the scenes, but everyone felt the bitter reflection of it. Vienna was like a wretched dog, so tightly muzzled by the Supreme Com-

mand, Burian, Stürgkh and Tisza, that it could not even whine.

I went to Stürgkh and tried to preach sense to him. I propounded the most primitive truths: that Parliament was a safety valve; that an overheated kettle must have some means of letting off steam; it was better that ten Deputies should punch one another's heads in Parliament than that ten thousand people should fight in the streets. Nothing was of any use. He was quite unable to cope with the position. I implored him to relax the Press censorship, to permit some possibility of ventilating public questions; he maintained a negative attitude. "In any case," he said, "the question of the war must very soon be settled"—at this time of political and military tension he could not make any concessions. He also complained bitterly of the *Zeit*. He had proposed to the publishers that they should work hand in hand with the Government; the *Zeit* had refused. At that time it appeared that there were great abuses in the military establishments and centres. The *Zeit* was offered half a million by the Government if it would adopt a tolerant attitude in discussing these circumstances, a proposition which the publishers indignantly rejected. The result was that the *Zeit* was all the more severely censored. This was how Stürgkh's terror worked. We in Hungary were also muzzled, but we could at least bark, and this we did with a will. Andrassy and I and our people demanded the convocation of the Austrian House of Deputies. We were in close touch with all the right-thinking elements in Vienna, and, with united forces, we hoped to be in a position to free ourselves above all from Stürgkh and Burian.

I discussed the subject quite openly with Stürgkh; I warned him. I had drawn up a memorandum, in which an analysis of the present strength of our defensive force revealed the perilous position of the Monarchy incontrovertibly. I showed him this memorandum. It had not the slightest effect on him. He knew he was strong, because he had Tisza at his back, while Tisza again felt he had Francis Joseph behind him. Thus Stürgkh, Burian and Tisza worked together—allowed no one to look into their

work—while Bolfras, the head of His Majesty's Military Office, and the Supreme Command gave a helping hand from time to time. This ring terrorized and scotched every sound idea, every attempt to act sensibly.

In Buda Pesth we cried: "The Delegation must be opened! The Austrian Parliament must meet!" Timidly one and another Vienna newspaper ventured to repeat the cry. After my last talk with Stürgkh even these voices were silenced. Then I tried something else: I set up a small private printing press in my house in the Prinz Eugen Strasse. For a whole month I had the Hungarian Parliamentary reports translated, hectographed and sent under sealed cover to all politicians and influential personages. It was an expensive and somewhat dangerous amusement. But at that time it was the only way in which it was possible to let people in Austria know what was said in open session in Hungary.

It was then that the bullet was cast, so to speak, which was to compass the Austrian Prime Minister's death a few months later.

Tisza, however, had got wind of the fact that Andrassy's influence with the Monarch was increasing, and as it seemed possible that he might be appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs, he did all he could to prevent this.

Towards the middle of August the German Imperial Chancellor arrived in Vienna with the Secretary of State, Jagow. The conditions were to be fixed, on general lines, under which Austria-Hungary would continue to take part in carrying on the war. Andrassy, of course, was not at that time in a position to enter into unofficial communication with the German statesmen. I, however, went to Vienna, where I had a long talk with Jagow, who now told me definitely that, as matters stood (after Luck-Asiago), he would not agree to an Austro-Polish solution. On the other hand, he would leave Baron Burian a free hand in all questions concerning the Balkans. It cannot exactly be said that Burian seized and made the most of this opportunity of doing something great.

It was at this period that an interesting attempt was

made at the Headquarters of the Supreme Command at Teschen to conspire against Tisza's Government, which had given offence. At a moment when Andrassy's appointment to be Foreign Minister appeared probable, I met the then all-powerful head of the Intelligence Service, Colonel Hranilovic, in Vienna. I knew him to be an absolutely unscrupulous intriguer, but also an extraordinarily able man; a Croatian by birth, he was a valuable personality at a time when an attempt was being made to solve the South Slav problem. We had a talk, and agreed to put Conrad in touch with Andrassy. Conrad was at that time on very bad terms with Tisza. The Supreme Command had interfered in Hungary's domestic political affairs, and Tisza did not take this kind of thing as a joke. There was open warfare. To the honour of the Generalissimo, the Archduke Friedrich, it must be said here that he always represented the conciliatory element and tried to come to terms; nor was Conrad ill-disposed or quarrelsome; it was the Staff Officers of his entourage who were spiteful and who thirsted for revenge—Messrs. Metzger, Slamečka, Christofori and other highly placed military men, who up till then had hardly ever been at the front, and who wore all the military decorations on their hitherto unwounded breasts.

What the military authorities wanted at that time was to drive Tisza, who had already grown too powerful, from office. And no means of accomplishing this would have come amiss to them; but when Andrassy's chances of coming into power vanished, the connection with me was hastily broken off.

Till now, Baron Burian had never succeeded in gaining a clear insight into the military situation of the Monarchy. Teschen Headquarters continued its sovereign activity, without obtaining the consent of the Governments of the two States, as factors of equal importance, to its decisions and measures. In one of our anxious talks, Andrassy called my attention to the fact that the bands which held the Monarchy together were already so dilapidated and rusty that its individual parts must fall asunder within a space of time which could be determined with mathematical precision. And no one did anything to prevent this.

It was absolutely necessary, however, that something should be done; it seemed high time. The war was going badly: even Rumania turned against us and obliged us to extend our front by 500 kilometres. I therefore undertook to give all the responsible quarters and factors a clear insight into our military and political position. I drew up a synopsis of the war strength of our army, which was intended to give a general idea of what further strength the Monarchy would be in a position to raise. The data were partly at my disposal as a Staff Officer, and the remainder I was able to obtain through my friends in the Ministry of War and in other offices.

I gave the number of our regiments and the recruiting districts from which they were fed; the numbers added to them every month, and the numbers which had to be written off each month, according to experience hitherto; the number of batteries of artillery and the monthly output of guns; the expenditure on munitions and the (quite inadequate) additional supply of munitions. I outlined the military events of the past year and the causes of success or failure. I showed up the want of unanimity between all our governing circles, their antagonism, the shocking inefficiency of our Intelligence Service. (As a piquant detail, I quoted the fact, for instance, that the head of the Military Intelligence Service of our Northern Front, Colonel Hranilovic, had whiled away his time as a brigadier in South Tirol during the whole period before the Italian offensive until the Russian break through at Luck, in order to obtain the military decoration for gallant conduct in the face of the enemy, which he still lacked.) I criticized the lack of a uniform plan, and ruthlessly attacked the five or six officers of the Teschen Supreme Command who had been promoted from the General Staff, pointing out that the Chief of the Staff and a Generalissimo with no influence whatever were their blind tools. I explained that all these circumstances had naturally reacted on the morale of the troops; the soldier who has been fighting for two years discovers for himself the lack of any definite plan on the part of the leaders; all the advantages gained with trouble and loss of life had to be abandoned, because

those in command had neither strength, character nor ideas. I showed the inevitable fate of our troops at the front, from demonstrable figures and evidence. The only question was whether Germany's position on the Western Front would remain so favourable as to warrant our persevering. Under the existing circumstances, however, the wicked waste and sacrifice of our human material precluded the resumption of any kind of offensive. In conclusion, I demanded the disbandment of the Teschen Headquarters Staff.

I sent this memorandum to Tisza, to His Majesty's Military Office, to the Ministry of War, to Stürgkh and to the leaders of the Opposition.

The effect was *nil*.

I had asked permission to resign my appointment on the Staff some months before, and had at last received it. The Rumanian declaration of war was imminent. I asked to be appointed to the branch of the service which had the most onerous task in this war, to the infantry, that I might go to the Rumanian theatre of war as a simple officer at the front.

But before going I wanted to fire a last shot at home from the heaviest mortar at my disposal.

I got twenty of my colleagues in the House of Deputies to summon a *secret sitting* of Parliament, and announced that I was going to speak.

There was great uneasiness, as was immediately reported to me, in various spheres. Hazai, the Minister of Defence, expressed his anxiety to me, and Tisza, who had talked over my memorandum with me, shrugging his shoulders—"What can one do!"—also showed signs of nervousness.

But I made my speech on Friday, the 15th September, 1916. The House was packed. I spoke for two and a half hours and said all that was in my heart. Almost all.

I instanced all the mistakes that had been made since the beginning of the war, so that we might yet recover our senses in time and prepare the remedy on the basis of the mistakes;

I threw light on the "system" practised by our military authorities;

I attacked our system of marching battalions, which led to senseless waste of human material;

I went thoroughly into the behaviour of the Czech and Ruthenian regiments and the causes of their having been found wanting—causes which were partly to be put down to the credit of our political mistakes;

I criticized the strategy which repeated the same mistakes and acts again and again, in spite of the most deplorable experiences, and pointed out concrete examples;

I broached the Auffenberg question again, and informed the attentive audience that in searching the house nothing compromising had been found, but the letter creating him a Baron had been taken away and had not been returned to this day;

I stated that Auffenberg's documents were in my hands, to prevent the Supreme Army Command from appropriating them;

And I announced that I would lay documents respecting the battle of Komarov on the table of the House at a future date, when it would be seen who was to blame for the loss at that time of nearly 100,000 men;

I pointed out how our prestige in the Balkans had been craftily destroyed;

I spoke of the trips taken by our heavy artillery; the fall of Görz, the catastrophe of Luck;

I commented on the folly of our military authorities, who fortified the Danube line from Belgrade to Krems the first year of the war, at a cost of 450 millions—the Danube line from Belgrade to Krems!—whilst no practical steps were taken to defend the crest of the Carpathians;

I spoke of our appalling losses, and of our having just sacrificed half a million men in the Bukovina and at Luck;

I laid stress on the traditional discord between the Supreme Command and the Foreign Office, and the bad faith of both towards our Allies;

I spoke of the four different tendencies of our Intelligence Service—that of the Supreme Command, that of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and that of the separate Austrian and Hungarian Government organizations, which were all working against one another;

Finally, I attacked by name the Teschen Headquarters Staff Officers, who had entirely usurped the executive power of the Chiefs, men tired out by the superhuman work they had to do.

They it was who showed great courage at the green table, instead of sticking to their pencils and leaving the valour to the officers at the front;

They it was who committed wholesale murder, for it stands to reason that strategic actions can only be the outcome of political views which it is the business of strategy to carry out, and, under present-day conditions, strategy with no policy underlying it is nothing but wholesale murder;

They it was who, conscious of their own inefficiency, and jealous of the success of others, suspended Schemua, Auffenberg, Terstyansky, Dankl and many others of lower rank, one after another, in such a way as utterly to discredit them;

They it was who had put the young heir to the throne in an impossible position, by making him Commander-in-Chief of an army which was working under purely German Staff organization, whereby he was perpetually exposed to the risk of being an object of friction between the Teschen and the German Headquarters.

In particular, I contrasted our splendid, incomparable troops and our able, self-sacrificing officers with men like General Metzger, who, in conjunction with his relations and friends, who had been put into the highest posts through shameless favouritism, had repeatedly done the greatest harm, as had also the Staff Officers Christofori, Slamečka and Hranilovic, of whom Hranilovic in particular meddled in foreign and domestic politics in the most officious way.

I predicted that even the appointment of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to be Commander-in-Chief of the whole Eastern Front, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm throughout Austria-Hungary, would not be any advantage to us so long as the Teschen clique continued its disastrous activity.

And in conclusion I said: "I must lay stress on another, in my opinion, very important point. It is connected with the social changes we must expect after the

war. I think we must honestly admit that the poorer classes of the people have unquestionably made the heaviest sacrifices. The men in the skirmishing line and in the trenches were for the most part representative of the lower classes, who earn their daily bread in peace-time by the labour of their hands. If we wish to be frank, we, who mostly belong to those classes of society whose daily bread is earned by brain work, must own that the poorer classes did better in this war than we did; we must not forget that the bayonet charges were always successful. Mistakes were only made by the leaders, by those who have the government of the Monarchy and the ordering of its fate in their hands. Do you believe, gentlemen, that those men who have made the heaviest sacrifices and who know quite well that they are in no way to blame for the catastrophes, that those classes will continue to trust themselves to our guidance after the war? I can assure you, gentlemen, that there will be no more talk of Party differences then. The peasants and working-men, who have lost their property owing to mistaken steps being taken, whose innumerable fellow-countrymen have been left on the field of battle or maimed, will hold *us all* responsible for the *system* we have tolerated, have supported by our silence. Gentlemen, the Government has adopted a very churlish standpoint in the matter of extending the franchise to the soldiers returning from the war. This is all the more incomprehensible to me, as at one time the Government proposed to extend the franchise a great deal further. One thing, however, is certain, that the masses returning from the war will not be satisfied even with this franchise, that they will no longer silently submit to the guidance of a short-sighted policy and put up with this thoroughly corrupt system. And those masses will not distinguish between you, my honourable colleagues of the Majority, and us! They will sweep *us all* away! And I shall be the first to admit frankly that, if they sweep us away, they will have right on their side!"

I think I may say that my speech had the effect of relieving the tension. I heard loud applause from all parts of the House. The Minister of Defence rose and said;

" The speech contains nothing to which a patriot could not agree ; I have no comment to make on it."

The whole Work Party stared at their leader and waited for him to jump up and call me to account : but Tisza remained seated and said not a word.

Some of my friends had taken down the speech, and I had eighty numbered copies made, which I sent to all the quarters concerned and to all the people I had attacked.

A fortnight later the Military Office approached me and asked what my object was in reopening the Auffenberg affair and disclosing the documents. I knew that the gentlemen were uneasy; they were afraid they might be seriously compromised, and I replied : " My object was to secure the Royal autograph letter and the patent of nobility being returned to Auffenberg."

Upon this, Auffenberg's documents were returned to him. I also learnt through an aide-de-camp that the Monarch had discussed my speech with old Bolfras, and had said : " How can the son of old Windischgraetz make a thing of this kind public ? And the worst of it is that it is all true."

Krobatin, the War Minister, asked me for an interview ; Conrad was very much annoyed ; the Supreme Command was furious.

I had thought it necessary to send a copy of the speech to the heir to the throne and subsequent Emperor and King as well. He let me know that he fully appreciated all I had said.

A year and a half later—I was already a Minister—the King happened to speak of my speech, and said that I could regard what had occurred months before as a satisfaction and the best answer to my statements and attacks in Parliament. This referred to his having in the meantime scattered the Teschen Headquarters Staff to the winds and shown the first signs of a hopeful peace policy.

Baron Hazai behaved very decently. He came to me and said : " My dear friend, I know you want to go to the front ; but I shall not let you go haphazard. The Teschen clique is so furious with you, that it will put you into a bad regiment and do everything possible to bring discredit on

you. I am just now raising Transylvanian volunteers; if you like, you can take over a battalion."

I was very grateful to him. That appeared to be a task which would enable me to achieve something on my own account. I accepted, and started at once for Nagyvarad.

Of course I took Victor and Gaspar, my bodyguard, with me.

While I was raising my battalion at Nagyvarad—it consisted of quite young fellows of sixteen to twenty—the heir to the throne came to this town, which was now the Headquarters of the General commanding on the Rumanian Front, with the German General von Seekt, whom I had met during the Serbian campaign, and with whom I had since kept up a friendship. I hoped to make the personal acquaintance of the heir to the throne, in order to enlighten him verbally as to the state of affairs in the country. An order came, however, from His Majesty's Military Office in Vienna which forbade his meeting or speaking to me.

I often met Seekt, who was now the heir to the throne's Chief of the Staff, and learnt to appreciate him more and more. He was one of the few who fully understood our complications, and not only thoroughly grasped our weaknesses, but recognized their causes.

In November my battalion went to the front. I shall never forget our departure from Nagyvarad. It was the first Hungarian volunteer formation to go to the front. The whole sympathy of the Hungarian population, the war enthusiasm which had revived at that time, went with us. My officers were of the best—all of them men who had spent the years of the war in the trenches. I had also a personal friend with me, Lieutenant Count Sigray, one of the few of my equals in whom I felt perfect confidence. Although he had never served in the infantry, his company was the best in the battalion. Always in the most dangerous spot, a good friend to every one of his men, always ready to take the most disagreeable duties on himself, he was the ideal Hungarian soldier, as the representatives of the Hungarian nobility had been from time immemorial.

It was at this period that the declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare was made by Germany and Austria-Hungary. It is of interest that the Prime Minister, Count Tisza, the energetic and relentless champion of the foreign war policy, should have been perhaps the sole responsible statesman the Central Powers had who recognized clearly and unmistakably the incalculable consequences of a failure of this gigantic undertaking.

As appears to have been since established by the documents and protocols of the conferences which took place at the time between Germany and Austria-Hungary, Tisza had protested in the strongest possible way against the introduction of this ruthless form of war, and had insisted on his protest against the proposals made as regards this by the German Supreme Command being entered on the minutes. It must be admitted that at that period the influence of the German Supreme Command was such that Austria-Hungary, which was dependent on Germany in almost all economic and military questions, could not exercise any authoritative influence on the decisions of those responsible for the conduct of the war.

It is nevertheless characteristic that Tisza, who was repeatedly and mercilessly attacked during the course of the war, and to whom the burden of carrying on the war fell, never publicly mentioned the weighty arguments he had adduced at the time, but preferred to take the whole odium of the war and the intensified conduct of the war on himself, rather than allow the "system" to be weakened.

26th November, 1916, KOLOZSVAR. ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.—Francis Joseph I is dead. His death was an infinite relief here, as everywhere. Every one had felt the frightful weight of the *camarilla*.

29th November, SEGESVAR.—Report myself to the Command of the Rumanian Front, which has now removed here. Old General Kövess, who represents the Archduke Joseph, was at supper. He and Seekt, who is also Chief of the General Staff of the Rumanian Front, receive me very kindly. Seekt tells me that he wanted to attach my battalion to

a Bavarian column which is marching on Bucharest, but the Teschen riff-raff prevented it, in order to deprive me of a possible opportunity of achieving something great with the Hungarian volunteers. Seekt was very indignant, and said: "You may be proud of being hated there." He also told me that he had strongly advised the young King to cede Galicia. He said: "Karl is very suspicious, no friend of Tisza's, and at all events loyal at heart to Germany." He also thinks that Andrassy's hour must come now.

1st December, CSIK-SZEREDA.—I march singing at the head of my thousand men. A feeling of exultation. My battalion is called the "Tiger Battalion." At one of the last sittings of Parliament, Michael Karolyi made a fine patriotic speech. "If the Rumanians invade Hungarian soil," he said, or something to that effect, "we Hungarians shall fight like tigers." I caught at this saying, and called my young warriors the "Tigers." My wife designed a badge, and every man wore it in bronze on his cap.

I discovered that, a short time ago, Tisza too had been intriguing against me in conjunction with the Supreme Command. The heir to the throne had expressed a wish to inspect my battalion. My young fellows were enchanted. The battalion turned out; everything was ready and waiting. But the Archduke did not appear. At the last moment a telegram had come from Vienna which actually forbade his making this inspection. My men looked disappointed and Seekt was indignant.

2nd December, CSIK ZSÖGÖD.—I see from the attitude of the Generals here that they think I have great political influence. Anyhow, they are very glad to have found some one at last with whom they can exchange truths about the Supreme Command.

After the review, General Arz, the Commandant of the I Army, to which we belong, makes a stirring speech in Hungarian, of which he has very little command. He speaks of the "Hungarian State"; he gives me quite an unusual degree of praise; it is obvious that the old Emperor is dead.

6th December, Hosszu Havas.—After a march of 37 kilometres we reached the Headquarters Detachment, where we were to relieve a German regiment at the front. It was six o'clock in the evening, and my men had had nothing to eat yet. In spite of my request, orders were given to make the ascent the same evening to the position to be occupied. There was a snowstorm, 15 degrees of frost; my little fellows were exhausted. Orders are orders, therefore up the frozen mountains we went; from six o'clock in the evening till one o'clock in the morning we climbed up by a roundabout way which was quite superfluous. On the way, 340 men suffering from exhaustion and severe frostbite fell out and were left behind; I only got back fifty-eight of them fit for service later on. Arrived at the top with a loss of one-third, we were to take over the position in the dark. My officers were grumbling and growling. I ordered the men to fall in on the edge of a snow-field. I saw clearly that the intention was to give them an impossible task. I spoke to the battalion of the soldier who has to obey. We are Hungarians . . . I knocked down an old sergeant-major who had thrown away his knapsack. . . . The half-frozen boys broke into interminable yells of joy. Two hours later the position was taken over and properly consolidated.

Now I too command a sector in the great front from the Baltic to the Danube.

11th December, Commandpost of my Sector.—Receive orders to send strong reconnoitring detachments to the Balvanyos. Want to go with them, but regimental Commandant forbids my taking part in patrol work, as Commandant of a battalion; I have always done this, as I don't like sending my men to posts of danger without being there myself.

14th December, Meleghavas.—Newspapers and letters come. My Buda Pesth friends strongly urge my coming to Pesth for the Coronation. Perhaps I may have an opportunity of speaking to the King there; will complain of the unworthy treatment accorded to my battalion.

When I went to the Rumanian theatre of war, I thought my battalion would be sent to fight in the Rumanian plains with a German Cavalry Division. This would have been a suitable way of employing my very young soldiers, of whom 60 per cent. were insufficiently trained. Yet, just as the little " Tigers " were to start for the front, a fresh order came from the Supreme Command. I was drafted off with my men to the very worst terrain in the east, without winter equipment, without being suitably provisioned, without appliances for war in the mountains. Here my battalion was left in the depth of winter at a height of 1,600 metres, without my being able to obtain the necessary supplies. Out of 1,350 men nearly 1,000 fell victims to the exhausting work and intense cold. All this was by express order of the Supreme Command, the intention being obviously to abandon my battalion to destruction.

On the 19th December I left the front and went to Schäsburg. Talked to Seekt, who again told me of King Karl's plans for the future. " He is too obstinate in his ideas," he said; " to judge everything from the standpoint of the masses is a danger for a ruler."

There I also met the Archduke Joseph, who had now taken over the command, and who was idolized by the Hungarian troops. A General of noble simplicity and goodness, who looked after his men like a friend, and was always to be found in the front line in times of danger. No other General possessed the confidence of the Hungarian soldiers to the same extent as this modest, courteous Archduke; and it was remarked with great satisfaction, that he was the man the young Monarch consulted in all questions that concerned Hungary.

At that time the Archduke Joseph was engaged in a conflict with Tisza.

An acting Palatine had to be elected to crown the King. Tisza had offered himself as a candidate. The acting Palatine is elected by Parliament, and as Tisza was Prime Minister and leader of the strongest Party, there could be no doubt that he would be elected. The Opposition Parties

under Andrassy had proposed the Archduke Joseph; of course, Tisza won by a large majority. It was rumoured that the King was also annoyed; he had seen that his Coronation was an excuse for political machinations, but as a constitutional ruler he could not do otherwise than give his consent.

Everyone was charmed with Karl. His youth, his smile, his open, cheery and frankly unaffected manner won him friends everywhere. That was a genuine feeling, which was not affected by the shameless competition which began at the same time for the Monarch's favour, to secure orders, titles, appointments, advantages of every kind. The endeavours to get into touch with the King by some means or other were almost grotesque. Aunts, relations, friends, all available agencies were brought into play to obtain an audience. One of those who made the greatest efforts to secure a Privy Councillorship was Michael Karolyi. He not only made efforts, but definitely demanded it, on the ground that he was a Party leader. There was a general national crawling competition, in which even the Opposition Parties took an active part. In view of this undignified behaviour on the part of many members of the Hungarian aristocracy, of the Hungarian political world and of Hungarian society, I did not try to obtain an audience in Buda Pesth. There was only one occasion on which my indignation at the abuses obliged me to intervene and bring influence to bear myself.

The way in which the so-called Coronation Knights of the Golden Spur were chosen was also characteristic of the Hungarian Government's absolutist effrontery. In accordance with an old Hungarian custom, twenty deserving men had to be chosen to receive the honour of knighthood at the coronation. This time, as we were at war, young officers who had distinguished themselves at the front were to be proposed. But what happened? Preference was given solely to men who had relations in the Government. Fifteen of the new knights were sons and nephews of Ministers. There was a murmur of dissatisfaction throughout the country. Among the infantry officers in particular, who had had the hardest work, and done the most in this

war, there was great indignation at this shameless favouritism. With the help of the Archduke Joseph I managed to get at all events *one* deserving infantry officer selected for knighthood of the Golden Spur. This was Lieutenant Ver, of my battalion, who had been severely wounded three times, and had the Iron Crown, the Military Cross for Merit, the *Signum Laudis*, the large gold and the large silver medal with three bars, as well as the small silver and small bronze medals for valour. He had more decorations than any other officer in the army (and had failed when he went up for the volunteer examination).

After the Coronation, I went first to Prague, to visit a relation who was seriously ill. I had hardly arrived there, when an official from the Foreign Office was announced. I was surprised, but curious to hear what the Foreign Office wanted and had to tell me so suddenly. I was informed, with such caution as to emphasize the confidential nature of the communication, that Czernin, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, had selected me for a very difficult mission. He sent me word that he could not give me any particulars yet; for the present, the question was whether I should be willing to undertake a very important journey which must be kept dark. Of course I agreed to do so. A few days later Czernin wrote to tell me there was no further object in it. And to this day I am not sure what it was about.

(I imagine, however, that Czernin had originally selected me to take the Imperial peace offer to Paris, which later on acquired painful notoriety as the "Sixtus letter.")

On this, I went to Vienna for an audience with the King in a more peaceful atmosphere. I first tried the usual course of sending in my name officially; it was no use. I was told that the Emperor was not receiving people now; he was not well, he was just going away. I applied to all my friends, but they could not do anything. I asked Prince Hohenlohe, the Chief of the Cabinet, Polzer—nothing was any use: they would not let me see him. They. Who were "they"? I had already seized the hydra by the throat on one occasion—when I made the speech; but it

had many heads, and would not allow me admission. It was absolutely impossible for me to gain access to the Monarch ; he was surrounded by a high wall, a ring which closed firmly like wet indiarubber to which suction is applied, or slipped through one's fingers like a jelly-fish when firmly grasped. Ring, wall, hydra, it was a system.

I left Vienna and went back to Transylvania, to the Rumanian Front, to my " Tigers," who were fighting for the system.

I met Michael Karolyi in the train on my way there. I had already heard in Vienna—I think at the Hôtel Sacher, where a great deal of the political and society gossip was always spread—that Karolyi had made friends with Polzer ; of course, to get more in touch with the King. I saw nothing extraordinary in this ; for I knew Karolyi was ambitious, and I also knew that the Monarch's former legal adviser was trying his ready hand at politics.

Karolyi was in uniform, and was going to join some Staff or other. He had already shown signs of being a Pacifist at one time. But there was no Defeatism in Hungary when the Rumanians were menacing Hungarian soil ; every Hungarian had to wear uniform and join up then. Karolyi had said himself : " We shall fight like tigers " ; anyone who had spoken otherwise would have been torn to pieces alive in Parliament.

I asked Karolyi whether he would not join my battalion ; he would have an opportunity of distinguishing himself there. But he refused. He preferred going to his safe Staff.

3rd March, 1917. On the Way to the Front.—On the journey from Pesth I met Captain Schunkel, going to join Seekt ; told a good deal of news from Berlin, where they are not quite satisfied as to the U-boat success. Would agree with Professor Singer's view.

4th March, Csik-Szereda.—Report to the VI Corps. The poor " Tigers " have been badly off—bad weather, inadequate winter equipment, insufficient commissariat. There are now only 350 men at the front, who have to hold the

right wing towards Magyaros. The Supreme Command has intrigued in every possible way against the sole Hungarian volunteer battalion. The holy dread and awe of me as a politician in which all here stand is characteristic. And the way in which they all pretend to me that they too would hate the General Staff and the clique. Everything is suddenly to be done now to make much of my battalion.

6th March, HEADQUARTERS OF MY BATTALION AT THE MAGYAROS.—We have occupied the Magyaros. We had lost it; but the mountain had been described as of the utmost importance, and had to be won back. The attempt had already been made three times with two divisions; in deep snow, in bitter cold, all without success. In the course of the operation two Divisional Commandants, a Corps Commandant and several Commandants of lower rank had been sent home, and we had to deplore the loss of 13,000 men. On this the German General Litzmann came without troops, with no one but his very able Chief of the Staff, looked at the mountain, and said: "We shall do it all right."

He made a thorough study of the mountain, had the conditions of the ground and of the heights ascertained, sketches made and paths drawn in. Then he looked for a similar mountain behind the front and copied the Magyaros defences on this. Every day three Hungarian Territorial Infantry Battalions and my "Tiger" Battalion had to carry out an attack on this dome-shaped unoccupied summit, with heavy preliminary artillery fire, and then with hand-grenades and trench mortars. Each man was allotted his special part, each man knew his way and his job. It was simply a theatrical performance, with stage management of the first order. It is true that the rehearsals cost thirty-nine men their lives.

When all went without a hitch, the four battalions were tried against the real mountain, the Magyaros. Everything went off according to programme. In three hours it was taken. We had seventeen killed and forty wounded, had taken 3,000 prisoners and captured many cannons and machine guns. That was the German method.

At German Main Headquarters the word of the officers at the front was respected ; with us it was just the opposite. The most impossible orders came from home, and the officer at the front had to submit to being abused as a coward if he was unable to carry out the operations which had been worked out at the green table without knowledge of the actual conditions.

9th April, MAGYAROS SARKA.—Telephone message that the King and Queen are coming from Zsekafalva the day after to-morrow, and I am to go with four men as a deputation. I said at once that I would send another officer in my place, and appointed Lieutenant Bokor ; he has the large gold medal. The King won't see me as soon as all that, unless he sends for me. I shall not ask for an audience again.

Victor has been promoted to be a warrant-officer ; he has the silver and bronze medals for valour. Gaspar is brimming over with joy at having me back. I am delighted to hear the good old growl of the guns again.

16th April.—In the night, radio telegram about outbreak of revolution in Russia. Do not altogether believe it.

19th April.—Very long-winded orders come from the I Army Headquarters about behaviour in the most advanced lines. Am really curious to know whether these gentlemen will *ever* try staying here themselves.

21st April.—I think the good God must be lenient with us poor human beings in this terrible war.

22nd April.—Long talk with Wodianer about the contrast between our splendid soldiers and the villainous higher grade Officers' Corps (see all my father's notes). I don't know what others think about it, but I can hardly believe that the decent men, large numbers of whom have taken part in the war, are not all filled with hatred of this absolutely rotten lot.

25*th April.*—Father Herodek was with us in the evening. Are all very cheerful. For every unseemly joke made, the little, but typically brave and devoted priest levied twenty crowns for the regimental orphan fund. By midnight he had taken 1,600 crowns.

14*th May*, MAGYAROS SARKA.—In the afternoon a Russian Staff Officer arrives and announces a visit for Easter Sunday from a number of officers, who are to negotiate an armistice, in case of need. In the evening we receive instructions from the Corps Commandant to enter into negotiations. (We had been trying for some time past to corrupt the most advanced Russian lines by manifestos, money and rum.)

19*th May.*—To-day the Russians have told us that, from now on, they will give us due notice of all changes in their positions, and asked if we would let them have daily newspapers, which we promised.

22*nd May.*—Various news about peace. Here at the front only one wish: Peace, *in order to show the traitors at home who is master in the country.* One thing is certain: if the great reforms take place, then there will be a good deal of hanging after the war. I am easy in my mind; I shall not be amongst those hanged, but amongst those who hang.

About this time, after the Russian Revolution under Kerensky's régime, fraternization at the front had already become very general. We had provided the Ukrainian infantry regiment facing us with food and rum, and now we were to try whether a peace treaty could be made with the higher Commandants. Major Hempel, an Austrian of Russo-Polish extraction, was selected by Rohr, the Commandant of the Army, to take a letter to the enemy camp, and I was to accompany him.

We crossed the line and met with a friendly reception from the officers. (The Circassians, who held the adjoining sector, were not to know anything about it; they were

still bent on fighting, and their methods were ruthless.) An answer in the affirmative came to our inquiry whether our letter would be received by the Commandant of the Russian division, and we were taken down the hill blindfolded. We marched for four hours, accompanied by soldiers on our right and left, but our guards loosened our bandages themselves, and I could see the positions of the batteries. All said they were tired of the war. In the meantime, we had reached the regimental Headquarters. There a Russian of the old school was in command. A crucifix hung over the domestic altar in his shelter. He apologized for not being able to give us his hand: we were enemies of Holy Russia. "Sad conditions prevail," he said; "there is no discipline, no God." Then we marched farther, and arrived at the position of the 48th Division, where we were hospitably received, and where we saw English and French officers with the front-line batteries. We were now taken to the Headquarters of the Corps, escorted by two evil-smelling police in a motor ambulance, the windows of which were pasted over, and in about two hours we were driven up to an old Boyar castle.

The Corps Commandant, General Nekrassoff, received us with the manners of an old courtier. A typical Russian General: brilliant uniform, whiskers, his breast covered with orders; spoke excellent French, knew Vienna Court circles and asked after our Emperor and Empress. Invited us to have a cup of tea with him, and told us that the state of affairs was mad. He himself was dependent on his Soldiers' Councils. While we were having tea, soldiers in fact came in with red bands on their arms and spoke to him in the tone of equals. Then a Staff Officer came in and reported stiffly, quite in the old fashion. It seemed to be an interim position—the old army no longer existing and the Soldiers' Councils not yet established. At four in the afternoon we drove on farther. We were not allowed to see much, but all the same we saw an uncommonly fertile, beautiful district. Towards midnight we arrived at Roman, a flourishing town, 20 kilometres south of Jassy. We were conducted at once to an officers' mess, where we found a select company assembled—Polish princes and Russian

nobles; one of them, a Guard Cavalry officer, was the Commandant of the Russian position facing mine at Magyaros. We found a delicious meal prepared, the best of hors-d'œuvres, the oldest spirits, French wines and excellent cheer. Speeches were made about our army, "our best enemies." After a time, in the early hours of the morning, all the Russians were drunk; under these circumstances we learnt that the Russian Army was falling to pieces. But at ten o'clock in the morning we were requested to appear before General Stupyn, who wished to receive us in the presence of the Soldiers' Council in the large hall of the town hall. On either side of the General stood a soldier with a red arm-band; one was a mujik with an absolutely expressionless face, the other an intelligent student. We handed over the letter and the General read it through. A general discussion ensued, in which the soldiers interposed. Then came the great surprise. The General said to us: "Gentlemen, your conduct is unworthy of a soldier. You want to negotiate with me, and are corrupting my troops at the front. Those are not civilized methods; I can have nothing more to do with you. I also beg to inform you that I shall have every officer and every man of yours we catch, with any kind of proclamation in his hands, taken prisoner. You I will recognize as under a flag of truce."

I thought the man was perfectly right. But the student said: "Quite true; but all the same, no opportunity of bringing about peace ought to be neglected."

As the General declared that negotiations were useless, we beat a retreat. By order of the Chief of the General Staff we were closely searched on our return to the division, in spite of our protests. Hempel and I were convinced that a proclamation would be stuffed into the soles of our boots or into the lining of our caps, to give an excuse for taking us prisoners. But nothing of the kind occurred; the Russians were more honest-minded than we. In the night we were conducted back to our front, again blindfolded. On the way we met Austro-Hungarian men who had come over the Russian line to distribute propaganda and had already been taken prisoners.

Our expedition had lasted three days, and our side had thought we were long since imprisoned. We made a report. We had achieved nothing.

I remained at my post for another fortnight ; the fighting ceased altogether: not a shot was fired.

Then the news came that Tisza had resigned, stirring news for the whole of Hungary.

IN THE WAR CABINET

Tisza, the last of the dangerous triple constellation, had disappeared from the horizon. Only, indeed, behind the clouds. On the other hand, Friedrich Adler's bullet had extinguished the Austrian Prime Minister Stürgkh for ever the year before.

Burian, the insignificant planet, which derived its light and strength from Tisza's sun, had been driven, by a word of authority from the young Monarch, to give up old Andrassy's historic Empire chair at the Ballplatz. He was transferred to the joint Ministry of Finance, where he could not do much harm. Karl appointed Ottokar Czernin, the former minister in Bucharest, who was wandering about Vienna without any occupation, in his place.

By degrees King Karl got rid of the old pillars of the Empire very adroitly. He was kind-hearted, and moved up those he turned out. He wanted new and, if possible, younger advisers.

He made Clam-Martiniz Austrian Prime Minister, Czernin Minister for Foreign Affairs, and young Moritz Esterhazy Prime Minister in Hungary. Thus Franz Ferdinand may be said to have celebrated his resurrection.

Old Montenuovo, the Lord Chamberlain, had to make his last bow, and the King put cheery Conrad Hohenlohe in his place. He struck our furiously right and left with his royal sword on a few occasions to put an end to corruption and extortion ; and sometimes missed the mark ; and he took a final bold step : he broke up the Teschen Headquarters Staff.

The Commander-in-Chief, Archduke Friedrich, was superannuated. To avoid hurting his feelings the King took over the supreme command himself. Conrad went, laden

with honours, and Arz became Chief of the Staff. Christofori, Slamečka, Kaltenborn, Hranilovic, Bellmont, and a few other hidebound Staff Officers sank into obscurity ; General Metzger was given a division at the front, which, in justice it must be said, he led well and successfully.

This gives a general idea of the personnel of the new régime.

Tisza had refused to carry out the young Monarch's franchise scheme. It was not by any means a question of universal, equal and secret franchise ; it was merely a question of giving every owner of the Karl military cross, consequently everyone who had actually been stationed at the front for a time, the franchise. Tisza refused to consider the men who had really sacrificed everything in the defence of their country worthy of a vote. The King dispensed with his services.

A new Government had now to be chosen. A new Government has to secure a majority in the country. This majority can only be ascertained by elections. Consequently, writs ought to have been issued at once for fresh elections.

The most notable man on our side was Andrassy ; no one else in the Opposition was, comparatively speaking, worth considering as Prime Minister. But the young King wanted to have young people about him who could understand him and his ideas, and chose young Count Moritz Esterhazy. This was to prove a serious mistake. Moritz Esterhazy is a sympathetic, intelligent, very gifted individual ; good-natured, and yet with keen critical insight ; an absolutely kindly nature, which shrinks from responsibility of any kind ; easily influenced and no politician. Above all, he did not summon up sufficient energy to adjust the differences within the Opposition Parties and insist on a strong, united *bloc*. The Fraktions were just as divided among themselves, the moment they came into power, when their particularist aspirations were in question, as they had been united in fighting Tisza.

Esterhazy based his Government entirely on the franchise. He treated all the great pending problems of the war some-

what as side issues, and ignored the urgent necessity of an early conclusion of peace. He asked me to support him. I did so, for a time; but later on, his line of policy was no longer to my taste. I did not want to compete with a few members of a casino clique, who, apart from this, looked on me as a political rival. For an immense amount of bargaining was going on over portfolios and offices, and Esterhazy was incapable of holding his own against the bad elements. The favouritism in the capital and in the country assumed worse dimensions than during Tisza's dictatorship. A good many posts were given to Karolyi's adherents. Among them was one of the opportunist politicians, Count Tivadar Batthyanyi, who had boasted of his friendship for the Entente and had called himself a Pacifist and an anti-Imperialist in his former speeches from the Opposition bench, and who now immediately declared himself ready, in return for a Ministerial portfolio, to support Esterhazy's Government, whose programme crept along in Germany's wake with far less hesitation than Tisza's had ever done. Every counter-pressure we had ever tried to exercise on Germany ceased at that time. Almost all the earlier and later friends of peace, even the deputy Lovaszy, were satisfied to look on peace as an unattainable ideal, when they saw the possibility of coming into power.

But no progress was made even with the Franchise Bill, which was the essence of Esterhazy's policy; no majority could be secured for it. Of course, Tisza's followers opposed it (although, indeed, some members of the Work Party favoured extension of the franchise); but, even in the Opposition, there were important groups who took the rigid national point of view that the privilege of being allowed to vote ought to be dependent on ability to read and write the Hungarian language. The King's democratic soul was bent on the accomplishment of sweeping "liberalization"; his earnest desire was to secure justice and freedom whereby the classes which had made the greatest sacrifices in the war might express their opinion. But the franchise question had been turned into a most infamous weapon of political warfare, which the Parties, Fraktions and

individuals manipulated according to their personal needs and ambitions.

Esterhazy was nervous, weak-willed and touchy, and very soon left the real power to the ambitious dandy Pallavicini, but he had come to an agreement with the Socialists who were not represented in Parliament, which supplied the basis for dealing with the franchise question in Hungary. This agreement was known as the *bloc* protocol. Almost all the Fraktion and Party leaders tried to win the sympathies of Labour at that time. They courted the favour of the man in the street, on the one hand, and on the other they persisted in dragging the Monarch into the franchise conflict, in the interest of their own policy, while, as a constitutional ruler, he really had no choice but to recommend the acceptance of his Liberal programme on constitutional lines. And yet the Government had not the strength of mind to dissolve Parliament at the right moment. This would have been in the summer, when the harvest was carried and the peasants were satisfied and content. When once this opportunity had been missed, there was no longer any guarantee that fresh elections would pass off quietly and without conflict.

In order to keep in touch with the Socialists, Esterhazy requisitioned the good offices of the strongest man in his Cabinet, Dr. Wilhelm Vazsonyi, the self-made man with the headstrong temperament, the orthodox Jew whose remarkable intelligence and integrity, whose mere existence, indeed, had given Hungarian Jewish *bourgeoisie* cause for the pride to which, however, he became bitterly hostile as time went on, when he saw the inordinate self-sufficiency and materialism into which it developed. This consistent democrat, who had cherished hatred against the old régime for decades past, looked forward to the commencement of a new era in Hungary with the passing of the Franchise Bill, the drafting of which had been entrusted to his statesmanlike wisdom and fanatical sense of justice. But although he had studied all the existing franchise laws in order to produce the best possible Bill, he found himself hampered by the hundred reservations, alterations, protests and wishes proposed on all sides, by all the Fraktions

and all the Party leaders. And each proposal, each concession, each obstacle was nothing but a pretext for securing an equivalent: concessions were made in return for a paragraph; obstruction was threatened when the Government insisted on an obnoxious point; the individual clauses of the Franchise Bill almost became objects of litigation. Again and again the Government had to approach Vazsonyi and urge fresh alterations and fresh proposals. Thus the arduous work was continually delayed, and Vazsonyi was unable to lay the completed draft on the table of the House.

Count Karolyi suddenly appeared to take no further interest in universal franchise. Formerly, when Tisza was against it, he posed as the most zealous champion of far-reaching democratic ideas; now he said that he was willing to waive the inclusion of illiterates in the franchise, on condition of a member of his Party being taken into the Ministry of Justice as Under Secretary.

Even the members of the Cabinet were at loggerheads. Everyone saw the necessity of dissolving Parliament, but nothing was done. The Franchise Bill was dragged now this way, now that, delayed, pared down in every direction, chopped up, patched, and for the sake of personal interests pasted together again. It was the most miserable period in Hungary's political history.

Until the summer of 1917 I preached universal and secret franchise, not only in the town, but in the country, and I was able to appeal to the fact that I had already expressed myself strongly in favour of a liberal measure of franchise. On the strength of this community of ideas I had become well acquainted with Vazsonyi. I was really the only magnate of whom this could be said, for none of my peers associated with him on intimate terms. They needed him, and had political dealings with him, but he was nothing to them but the insignificant suburban Jew, whose outward bearing repelled them. They needed his help in solving their problems, they needed him because he was an expert on the franchise question, and they needed him as representing the Socialists. This was the highroad which led Vazsonyi to the Ministry of Justice. But when he received a Privy Councillorship automatically, after six months of

office, the Court set were horrified. A Jewish lawyer of the orthodox faith Privy Councillor! They were sure the world must come to an end before long!

(And yet a year and a half later the Jew Vazsonyi was one of the few who loyally observed the oath he had had to take to his King as Privy Councillor!)

In the autumn Esterhazy's health broke down altogether. The question again arose who should take over the Government.

Vazsonyi's Franchise Bill was still awaiting completion, because he could not satisfy all parties. The harvest was over, and the country was passing through not only a political but a serious economic crisis.

Esterhazy's régime had been absolutely disastrous. The supply of Hungary and Austria with cereals had become one of the most important questions, if not the most important of all. This supply could only be guaranteed by decreeing rigid expropriation of the harvest. Acting on his theories as to promoting the people's happiness and as a popular man who wanted to see all control eliminated from State administration, Esterhazy abolished the regulations dealing with State confiscation and left the peasants and *bourgeoisie* a free hand. What was the consequence? The excellent harvest of 1917 had disappeared from the market within a few weeks. Agents, usurers and war profiteers had bought it up; all doors were open to smuggling, illicit trading and speculation. The popular benefactor achieved the opposite of what he hoped; the people, the poor, received nothing, the usurers sold at enormous prices, the illicit traders profited. Esterhazy's procedure is an instructive example of how ill-timed kindness contains hardships and how theories of liberal origin may produce anarchy and chaos in practice.

It is Moritz Esterhazy's tragic fault that he did much to bring about the frightful famine conditions of the following year.

The Food Minister, Count Hadik, came too late to save the situation. We have only one harvest in the year, and the disaster had already befallen us.

The final shape in which franchise reform was to see the light of day was still undecided and writs for fresh elections were not issued. The deputies who sat in Parliament had been elected eight years ago, consequently long before the war, and in the meantime they had entirely lost touch with public feeling and opinion. A new Parliament, representing the masses, the people who had lived through the war, would have expressed new ideas, new points of view, and would have been able to avert the crises later on, and the final revolution, by what would undoubtedly have been its Radical composition. The most Radical proposals of reform, the wildest shouts within a Parliament, are preferable to the smallest tumult in the streets. Paradoxical as it may sound, it may safely be said that tumults in Parliament are signs of a well-ordered, peaceable State.

As economic difficulties had come to the front, and it had become a question of ordering our economic relations to Germany and the rest of our allies on a favourable basis, His Majesty appointed the most eminent financial expert in the country, Alexander Wekerle, Prime Minister, on Czernin's advice.

Wekerle is tall and stout; from his air anyone would take him for a lord. A man of the most finished society manners—a brilliant intellect, the personification of a delightfully agreeable old gentleman, one of Hungary's cleverest men. He told me that he had already remarked me in the Delegations, and certainly I had remarked him. We had many talks, and he seemed to find pleasure in teaching me to be an efficient practical and administrative politician. I was very glad to be taught. I admired his profound learning, and, above all, his parliamentary skill. He was an adept at compromise, and had raised bridge-building to a fine art. He controlled Parliament as a marionette player his puppets; he spoke with a passionate eloquence which, combined with the charm of his rosy optimism, was irresistible. He disarmed his fiercest enemies by his personal amiability. A born administrator, he was unrivalled as a departmental Minister. His relations to questions of foreign and domestic policy were in reality

never otherwise than Platonic. He was the most upright of men, and was not devoured by ambition of any kind; work was his joy, and at times he discharged the duties of three Ministries simultaneously—would shut himself up and be absorbed in a detail of difficult practical administration. The reform of administrative government, the system of reconstruction after the war, at which he was working, would have been epoch-making—and yet his lifework was a fiasco. Many people thought him false and untruthful, but he was not that. He only rarely spoke the plain unvarnished truth; he invariably temporized. He wanted to be agreeable to everyone, he promised everyone something—and then forgot it; that was what gave him the reputation of being untruthful. He did not like responsibility: on the contrary, he was always trying to shift the responsibility; he could never be induced to commit himself to a definite attitude; one left him feeling lulled into security by his friendliness and the magic of his charming personality, and unable to give any particulars of what he had said and what he intended to do. His discourses at Cabinet meetings were mental treats of the choicest order, invaluable lessons in statesmanship, and his dinners after each meeting were equally choice physical treats, masterpieces of culinary art. The fiasco of his life was a necessary result of his method of trying to attain everything by compromise, by a smile; whereas the times in which we live confront us sternly with the most acute problems, and demand decisions, demand strength and courage, and the application of force against the beliefs and activities which have been kindled. His idea was to calm and soothe, to conjure; he wanted to please everyone, and succeeded in making himself hated in the long run by everyone.

Andrassy and his adherents were annoyed at Wekerle's having been appointed Prime Minister, and had only promised conditional support. Nowhere was there any uniform programme to deal with the most important political questions, and Tisza's National Work Party, which was absolutely solid, stood, now as ever, like a great mountain,

an insuperable obstacle in the way of any agreement or possibility of putting things on a sound basis. The Monarch, whose sole wish was to put an end to the unhappy war, had no advisers to guide him out of the labyrinth. Wekerle hesitated to force the Franchise Bill through the House with one energetic stroke; he shirked having a frank explanation with Tisza; he hesitated to dissolve Parliament with a view to fresh elections.

I therefore formed a ring with forty-three of my friends, among whom there were also a few members of the Work Party, and we presented Wekerle with an ultimatum. We declared ourselves prepared to support the Government on condition of the Cabinet being reconstructed and the franchise campaign being set on foot at once; otherwise we should establish ourselves independently and oppose the Government. Wekerle promised us in the friendliest and most convincing way that he would fall in with all our wishes; he accepted our proposals all the more willingly as they were absolutely in keeping with his own plans. I now begged the Prime Minister to obtain me an audience with the King; for, secretly, I still wished to tell the King all about the intrigues of the Supreme Command, and to complain in particular of the treatment of my poor young "Tigers." Against the advice of all the higher officers at the front, I had sent a very strongly worded protest to the Supreme Command during the latter days of my command of the battalion. The only answer to it, however, was that I received the Iron Cross—to which God knows I had not aspired. But my wrath could not be appeased by this intended *douceur*; the King should be made thoroughly aware of my opinion of these gentlemen, at the audience.

On the 3rd October 1917 I went to Reichenau, where the Monarch was staying at the Villa Wartholz. This was his favourite residence, because he was able to indulge a little in his one amusement, hunting, in the short intervals between his arduous work.

When I got up there—of course I was in uniform—I was told to wait in the garden. It is a wonderfully beautiful park, laid out in terraces, facing which, in the

distance, the magnificent heights of the Semmering Pass are outlined against the sky. Sometimes chamois may be seen on the rocks from here.

Presently the Chief of the Staff, Arz, emerged from the villa. This did not surprise me at first, for, of course, the chief director of the army often had business to transact with his Kaiser. Arz saw me, assumed an air of surprise, came towards me and said very cordially: "Your first audience? Good luck, my dear friend." Then he went. I had everything prepared in my mind, and meant to tell the King at once that he had broken up the Teschen Headquarters, but that the *mafia* had re-established itself comfortably at another place, at Baden. What is more, one of the worst offenders, Colonel Kundmann, had succeeded by his ingenuity in retaining his post.

The King then came towards me and spoke in Hungarian, a courteous, kindly trait. Without giving me an opportunity of speaking, he thanked me for the plucky way in which I had led my battalion; my devotion had been an example to the whole army; he had been told how admirably all my dispositions had been made, and so on. I was petrified. To interrupt was out of the question. I saw at once what had happened. The King was quite ignorant of the facts, but the Supreme Command had got wind of my audience and suspected what I was planning. Arz himself had gone to Reichenau to frustrate my intention by a most discreet diplomatic move. The kindly disposed General, who disliked any conflict, prompted the King as to what he should say to the deserving officer who had raised a volunteer battalion, and the unsuspecting Monarch gladly undertook to say something nice to an officer coming from the front. For the moment I was checkmated.

I merely replied: "Your Majesty, we only did our duty." Thereupon a conversation of a general political nature ensued. It was prolonged over two hours. I heard that the King meant to conclude peace, I learnt that he was trying to recover the independence we had lost to Germany since the recent military events, and I heard of his efforts to secure working Governments in Austria and Hungary. I found that he looked on Karolyi as a useful

element in his policy, if he could be reconciled to Andrassy and Tisza and kept off demagogic ideas and acts, which he had begun to propagate recently. Tisza must be brought to see that, in the present day, no people can be governed without universal and secret franchise, particularly in a State which could only retain its independence as against Germany on the basis of satisfying the masses ; our watchword, as against militarist Germany, must be the most generous enfranchisement and the most ample satisfaction of the wishes of all the inhabitants of the Monarchy.

I explained to the Monarch that the greatest difficulties were caused by the personal antagonism of our politicians. The King asked me for details. Then he complained of the disappointment Esterhazy had been to him, but added apologetically that he had always been in bad health, and had not been able to talk to him for half an hour without having a glass of brandy. The King asked me what I thought about the South Slav question. I replied that it must be radically solved before peace terms were made ; my view was that all the South Slavs ought to be united under the Hungarian Crown. The King said that it would be difficult to break down the resistance of the German deputies, particularly as Germany's attitude towards the idea of a great South Slav block was also far from sympathetic. I was able to reply to this that, on the occasion of my last visit to Berlin, Bethmann-Hollweg and Jagow had assured me that we should have an absolutely free hand in the Balkans, on which His Majesty said that he would discuss this possible solution with Czernin at once. In conclusion, the King invited me to come and see him whenever I had anything I wanted to talk over with him.

The next day I went to see Czernin and told him what I had discussed with the Monarch. Czernin had already heard all about it, and reproached me bitterly for having broached the South Slav question. " The questions cannot all be dealt with simultaneously," he said. " Some peace or other must be concluded first, with whom is absolutely a matter of indifference. The fact of this conclusion of peace will be imitated throughout Europe. Russia will probably be the first to make peace, then Rumania, then

Poland, and after that we can deal with the South Slav question, but not before."

When I went back to Buda Pesth I found that Wekerle also was opposed to my attitude towards the South Slavs. He was against the idea of uniting the South Slavs to the bitter end.

A deadlock had been reached in Buda Pesth. The Ministers were conspiring against one another. The object of the action taken by my forty-three followers was a reconstruction of the Cabinet, with a view to setting energetically to work to carry through the franchise. In case of the Bill being successfully brought forward in Parliament in December there could be a dissolution in January, and it would be possible for the new House to meet at the end of February ; it might perhaps have been possible to form a united National Party. But difficulties kept on arising. The Socialists had long since seen that the franchise was made use of by all denominations in Parliament merely as a pawn with which to drive a bargain. No agreement could be reached about the Bill ; the year came to an end.

At the beginning of January 1918 a partial crisis occurred in Wekerle's Cabinet, caused by differences between the Food Minister, Count Hadik, and the Chairman of the joint Food Committee, General Ottokar von Landwehr. This crisis at last gave the final impetus to a reconstruction of the Cabinet. Wekerle sent for me and asked whether I would accept the very difficult, and at that time very responsible, post of Food Minister.

Of course the Hungarian Food Minister had to take steps to supply Austria too. That was not at all popular in Hungary. Every truck sent to Austria might mean a reduction of the quota per head at home. Again, State confiscation and control of the harvest cannot be expected to give satisfaction to any agricultural people ; it is a disagreeable war measure, the carrying out of which is attended with the greatest risks in a country in a state of ferment Count Hadik did not want to be exposed to this risk any longer ; he could also give popular patriotic reasons for his refusal. He declared, in the halo of Hungarian martyrdom, that he did not wish requisitions to be made in Hungary

under cover of his name. Then Wekerle proposed me. He was not unaware that the Monarch had spoken sympathetically about me and wished me to be given a post in the Cabinet. I had been in the army, knew all the leading men personally, and therefore he considered me the most suitable man to carry on the necessary negotiations with all the factors in question.

I was to go to Laxenburg to see the King.

A few days before I left I went carefully into the food question, having special regard to the army supplies and the help to be given to Austria. Count Hadik told me, when I introduced myself to him as his presumptive successor, that, judging by the present state of the stocks, it would no longer be possible to supply the army and feed our own country by the end of the year, under the existing system of levy. Help to Austria was quite out of the question.

When I arrived at Laxenburg I heard that the Turkish orchestra was giving a concert in the great hall of the castle. I found the whole Imperial family assembled. It seemed to me that the Emperor looked very overworked.

We were soon sitting alone in his study over a cup of coffee and cigars. I took a sip.

"Your Majesty, is that the coffee you drink every day?" I asked.

"Of course," he said; "why do you ask?"

"I only wanted to know," I said.

But I thought it over. I already knew how many hundredweight of genuine coffee beans the Royal Household had received, and what I was drinking was the filthiest stuff, made of chicory. There could be no doubt that some Court official or other had kept the genuine coffee for himself, or sold it illicitly at a high price, and the inferior substitute was served at His Majesty's table.

The King talked of the great difficulties with which he had to contend. "Count Hadik, an excellent man I value very highly," he said, "does not seem to appreciate the fact that the food-supply question is a vital question for Austria-Hungary to-day. Try your hand at it now."

I replied: "Your Majesty, I hesitated a long time before

making up my mind to accept this responsible post—the whole thing is in too great a muddle ; but if your Majesty wishes it, I will do my best. Whether I shall succeed I cannot tell ; if I fail, I beg you to lose no time in relieving me of my post, so that another, more capable man may take my place. I must, however, call attention to one point. I shall only be able to assure the food supply by employing draconian methods. Such compulsory measures can and should only be attempted in a country which has been satisfied as far as possible in other respects, in which all political differences have been smoothed over, and all whose factors will be interested in pursuing one great political aim." The King agreed, and promised to help me by expediting a solution of the domestic problems. Then he began to talk of foreign policy. Czernin was working hard to bring about peace with Russia. Czernin always said that this peace would be like a spot of oil, that spreads farther. Then he complained of Germany's intractability and annexationist plans. He thought Galicia ought to belong to Poland, and that the Poles ought to decide for themselves who they wished to have as their ruler.

The King had got rather heated and excited. He asked me to co-operate more closely with Czernin from now on. He was very anxious as to whether the negotiations going on at Brest-Litovsk would lead to a favourable result. And he dropped hints (the meaning of which I did not understand at the time) that he would like to take this opportunity of getting into touch with the Entente, in order to secure general peace. He also expressed anxiety lest Count Czernin should allow himself to be influenced by the Germans, who would not be satisfied till the Western Powers were crushed. " And we cannot go on fighting ! " he exclaimed. " I won't let my people starve ; they cannot be allowed to die ! " Again and again he exclaimed : " We can't go on ! We can't go on ! "

I was very much impressed by this outbreak, and I left, fully and honestly intending and absolutely determined to do all that was humanly possible to avert disaster.

I drove straight from this audience to Andrassy, who was then staying on the Semmering. He advised me at

once not to accept the post of Food Minister. "It is the most formidable job," he said. "No one can do it well. Have you the necessary expert knowledge, have you taken all the difficulties into consideration? The individual provinces have refused to contribute any longer to Austria's food supply. The Central Government in Vienna is powerless to take strong measures. You know what our people in Hungary say: 'First set your own house in order.' The Poles, the Croats, the Bohemians will give nothing more; there is probably abundance of everything in Croatia, but it is sold illicitly to Steiermark at extortionate prices. Peace and victory depend on the food supply; it is a matter of life or death. If you don't succeed you will be branded as one of the causes of the collapse."

I knew Andrassy was right; but I said I had certain ideas as to the organization, and at least I should not do worse than another.

With this resolve I returned to Buda Pesth and went at once to see Hadik, who assumed an injured air and received me in a most unfriendly way. He made no secret of his anger with Wekerle and Landwehr, who he considered were at the bottom of his dismissal. I begged him, however, to help me with his experience and to give me general instructions. He said: "There are no instructions; you are taking over a task which is insoluble. There are no supplies, and you will come to grief. The claims of the army and of Austria cannot be met." I tried to obtain definite data, but saw that he was too much put out, and that I should not be able to get anything out of him.

On the 26th January I took the oath as Hungarian Food Minister. The Cabinet was reconstructed. Esterhazy, the former Prime Minister, came in as Minister without portfolio, Szterenyi as Minister of Commerce; Janos Tot became Minister of the Interior; Batthyanyi, Ugron, and the Minister of Agriculture, Mezössy, whose mistaken harvest regulations had so intensified the food crisis, went.

When I became Food Minister the Monarchy was already breaking up. Andrassy was right: the food question was the pivot on which everything turned; unless it could be satisfactorily solved, not only could we not go on fight-

ing, but we could not continue to exist. Its satisfactory solution was the primary condition of all foreign policy. But the solution was inseparably connected with the domestic situation.

Internal confusion, foreign policy, food problem, these three were now one. And, *nolens volens*, the Food Minister had to bring this trinity into harmony, in a sort of unofficial capacity.

I had some previous knowledge of practical administration. I had watched the administration of offices very closely in the *Comitat*; my business experiences as a director of my Tokay Limited Company were also an advantage to me; as occasional commissariat officer I had had to master the functions of administrative service, and as a Staff Officer during the war I had learnt the routine of organizations on a large scale.

Before I began to act in my new capacity, however, I shut myself up in my office for three weeks, day and night, and studied the situation. I came across nothing that might have facilitated my work, and I had to inaugurate a new way of obtaining evidence. The Food Ministry comprised thirteen sections; Hadik had had every detail reported to him, and was always buried in documents. I saw the impossibility of this, and sent for all the heads of sections at once. I explained that from henceforth "documents" were abolished in my Ministry. Important matters must only be dealt with by telephone or telegraph; correspondence by letter between the individual departments and sections was to be discontinued altogether. I asked my subordinates what they thought of such simplifications; they were all against them. I said: "Thank you, gentlemen; things will nevertheless be henceforth as I now direct." (I succeeded, as a matter of fact, in accomplishing certain simplifications, and consequently getting things done quicker, but I was unable to remodel the old system entirely, as I had intended. Officials and bureaucrats remain bureaucrats, and the grey mare's trot is the only pace they know.)

I knew what the daily requirements of the army in the field were, but now I wanted to know exactly what the

actual consumption of flour was, in order to calculate what quantities might possibly be supplied to Austria. It was impossible to obtain a clear idea as to this. Equally, I could not obtain any authentic figures giving the effective strength of the army ; at first the military authorities would not give me these data, and later on they could not ; it had become mere guesswork.

My efforts to introduce order into the Centres very soon began. I saw that my office must be the sole authority above the Centres, if I was to succeed in reconciling the public transport policy with the military necessities. It was clear that the Supreme Command of the army in the field could not give the Centres any information as to the proposed offensives, but that I must be kept *au fait*, and I passed on corresponding instructions to the Wheat Office, the Pig Trade Office, the Fat Centre, etc. Unfortunately, the Centres were for the most part nothing but instruments in the hands of interested parties—the great banks, the associations ; I might give the orders, but their being carried out satisfactorily depended on the good will of the Centres. Whether they offered passive resistance or whether they carried out my measures promptly depended, as I very soon discovered, on political constellations. If my political position was strong, everything went off without a hitch ; if I were resigning, the machinery broke down.

There were different departments in my office corresponding to the different Centres (fruit, fat, potatoes, vegetables, wheat products, flour, etc.), but there were also departments which had to deal with depositions, evasions, smuggling and prosecutions in the police and criminal courts. I had to see to the requisitioning, expropriation and collection of the supplies, which I distributed to the Centres, from whence they were sent on to the mills and factories. (This, of course, gave opportunities for all sorts of sharp practices, against which I was powerless. It would have required a special Anti-corruption Minister to contend against this.)

The order in which I proposed to provide for the different requirements was as follows : (1) the army ; (2) my own country ; (3) Austria. Hadik had only provided for (1)

his own country; (2) the army; nothing more. Austria could only obtain help by means of pressure, entreaties or threats, according to circumstances. I had the area under cultivation ascertained, through the Statistical Office and the Ministry of Agriculture, and as early as in the winter months I let it be known that I proposed to commandeer *all* agricultural products, and had a calculation made and worked out of the quantities each county would be obliged to hand over, after deducting the amount required for the producer's own consumption.

Luckily, I found excellent officials in my departments, who placed their whole time at my disposal from the first moment. I had 400 employees and 400 assistants; two administrative under secretaries, each of whom had a large section under him.

I went to Berlin one day to introduce myself to my German colleagues and try whether we could not work hand in hand. Even then, in the latter half of February, it was evident that, even in Germany, not only were the supplies of raw material running short, but that the food supplies could not be considered guaranteed till the harvest. In the preceding year it had only been possible to avert a food crisis in Germany by turning Rumania's economic surplus to judicious account. While in Berlin I met Kühlmann, who told me of the German Government's firm determination to end the war this year, the reserves of food and raw material being absolutely exhausted.

Soon after I took office a Privy Council was held in Vienna, at which I submitted all my calculations. Cognizance was taken of my statements. Several days afterwards His Majesty telephoned to me to support my statements by data. I did this, but still waited in vain for any provisions to be made which would have backed me up in my far-reaching proposals of reform. I therefore drew up a plan of action of my own, and made it a rule to submit all fresh drastic measures to the Ministerial Council for approval and to provoke a decision. I soon ascertained that, in general, there had not been the slightest idea of the gravity of the situation; neither the Supreme Command nor the Austrian Government nor our own Cabinet knew how

matters stood. I sat down and wrote a detailed memorandum: amount of live stock, estimated results from the harvest, amount of fat in hand, etc.—figures, figures, figures; very tedious, and very, very interesting.

The Supreme Command and the Austrian Government, the Hungarian Government and the Privy Council held at the latter end of February were horrified. I also sent the memorandum to my colleagues in Germany, who opened a discussion on it in the German Federal Council. It laid bare the real state of our food supplies in all its meagreness, and gave the date when the Monarchy must break down for lack of bread.

The only two men in leading positions who fully grasped the purpose of my sedulous efforts were the Monarch and Czernin; everyone else looked on me as a pessimist.

The task of provisioning the Monarchy should, of course, have been dealt with conformably with the foreign political administration; but there was no central authority in the Monarchy. We had no Imperial Chancellor. The Hungarian and the Austrian Government and the Foreign Office mostly started from quite different hypotheses, and in the course of my whole ministerial life I never succeeded in getting all the authorities to act simultaneously and unanimously in the interest either of war or peace.

But Czernin, who went backwards and forwards between Brest and Vienna, and with whom I was in constant touch, induced me, under the impression of my memorandum and in support of his own policy, to write a letter to the Emperor, stating plainly that in case we did not succeed in obtaining food supplies from the Ukraine the result must be absolute collapse. I myself did not take the newly discovered State Ukraine into my calculations, and began my requisitions. Three infantry divisions of 60,000 men were, so to speak, under my command; I had divided the country into Government commissariats, to which several counties were allotted. Requisitions which took the economic personal requirements of the peasants into account were made in good earnest, and as far as possible without the application of force. There were occasional local difficulties and injustices, and some abuses, but on the whole the result

achieved was distinctly favourable as compared with the requisitioning of the year before.

In the course of the months of February and March I had innumerable audiences of the King, and had opportunities of seeing how hard he had to fight day by day for peace and domestic reforms. The leaders in Austria all pulled different ways—they called that *Viribus unitis*—and the only man who would, in my opinion, have been in a position to unite all the forces of Austria-Hungary under one flag, Count Julius Andrassy, had held aloof from active participation in foreign and domestic policy since the autumn of 1917, on account of personal differences between him and Czernin. There was a little newspaper in Buda Pesth, the *Deli Hirlap*, which made violent and low attacks on the Foreign Minister daily, and advocated Andrassy's being appointed in his place. Czernin was firmly convinced that Andrassy had instigated these articles. Anyone who knew Andrassy would have known how absurd this view was.

In the early part of February negotiations took place repeatedly in Vienna between the Austro-Polish and Austro-Ruthenian deputies and the Austrian Prime Minister, Seidler, the object being to discuss the methods of incorporating Galicia in Poland.

I had a conference at Baden on the 24th February, in the course of which the Monarch said:

"Recognizing that a strong and friendly Poland is essential in the interest of Austro-Hungarian policy, it follows that no other solution is possible than the incorporation of all parts of the Monarchy inhabited by Poles in the new Polish State.

"The question of the parts of Galicia inhabited by Ruthenians can only be solved by agreement with the Poles that, in case a Ukrainian State should come into existence on the conclusion of peace in the future, the purely Ruthenian districts of East Galicia shall fall to it.

"For the present there can be no question of this Ruthenian State coming into existence. If the Ruthenian State does not come into existence, the districts inhabited by Ruthenians will remain within the framework of the

Polish National State, in which they must be guaranteed far-reaching autonomy.

" Count Czernin's view is on the whole the same. The only question is how far Germany will promote the coming into existence of the Ukraine. The Ruthenian deputies from East Galicia and the Bukovina are taking up a strong attitude against transfer to the Polish National State, which appears to them to offer less guarantee for their national existence than the Austrian State. For all that, the possibility of the Bukovina remaining within the Monarchy must be reckoned with."

On the occasion of Count Czernin's spending two days in Vienna, I had an opportunity of talking over the peace negotiations in Brest-Litovsk with him.

He really is of opinion that if peace can be brought about in the East it will be possible to commence peace negotiations with the Entente.

One of his statements with regard to Serbia is characteristic. In answer to my question why an attempt had not long since been made to solve the South Slav question and prepare the way at the same time for a separate peace with Serbia, he said: " I consider it impossible to deal with the South Slav question at the same time as that of peace in the North-east; all the more as we must very soon consider how to secure our position as against the Rumanians after the war."

During a Ministerial Council in the month of March the Brest peace was discussed. No protest was made against the conditions. I must admit that I was of the same opinion as Count Czernin, that the chief consideration at the moment was the " bread peace "; I did not know what the conditions were in the Ukraine, and still relied on Czernin at that time. Vazsonyi then came into the room and took part in the conference. He was the only one who disapproved of the Brest peace, and he demanded that his separate opinion should be recorded in the minutes. He said: " Peace with a Bolshevist régime, which denies the existing world order, is not a peace a properly ordered State ought to conclude. The Entente will not recognize the Bolshevists and the peace concluded with them. Peace

with Bolshevist Russia will not bring us any nearer a world peace, but assuredly nearer the world of Bolshevism." Thus Vazsonyi was the only politician whose view of the future was correct and who had the courage to state his opinion.

Czernin had gone to Bucharest to continue peace negotiations with the defeated Rumanians. Before this he had made the worst mistake of his life: he had fallen foul of Clemenceau. The old Tiger struck out at him with his claws and stamped him before all the world as a liar. At that time the unreliability of Czernin's vacillating temperament became evident. Thanks to his inconceivably foolish tactics our Monarch's private negotiations with the Entente were dragged into the light of day, and this of course made any further discreet attempts to open up formal or informal discussions—to which, at that time, the enemy was not averse—or to throw out any peace-feelers, impossible. Not only this, but, in the half-light of the revelations, the Monarch's undoubtedly noble-hearted intention, inspired solely by humane motives, appeared in an unpleasantly disloyal, almost treacherous light. The amazingly harsh attitude Count Czernin suddenly adopted towards the Czechs also had a most bewildering effect in the country. These two great political mistakes made it clear that, with all due recognition of his frequently brilliant ideas, he was not qualified to hold the highest office in the State.

At our Ministerial Councils in the early days of April it turned out that Wekerle was neither familiar with the guiding lines of Czernin's Bucharest negotiations nor in a position to make the standpoint of the Hungarian Government quite clear. Repeated conferences between Wekerle, Andrassy, Apponyi and Tisza led to maximum wishes being laid down in the peace treaty, but not to the Hungarian proposals being brought into keeping with Czernin's procedure.

The franchise conflict came to the front again, after an interval in which there had not been much talk of franchise. The ration per head of all articles of food had been reduced to what was absolutely necessary; the shortage of flour and fat was making itself acutely felt. These were sufficient

reasons for limiting all the interests of the idealistic Parliament to material things.

At this period I came into conflict with my friend Vazsonyi. On the question of bringing in the new franchise I took the view that the chance of an immediate dissolution of Parliament had been missed, now that the first two months of the year 1918 had also gone by without a dissolution. An electoral campaign now would fall just at the time of the most oppressive requisitions. Vazsonyi took this apparent change of mind on my part very much amiss, but the reasons for my attitude were obvious.

I had always considered it unworthy of Hungary that the nationalities within our borders, who were certainly 40 per cent. of the population, should only be represented by ten to twelve deputies ; I had been in favour of as many Nationalists as possible getting into the House. Equally, I was a convinced supporter of equal, secret and communal franchise. The desire for expansion and development ought to have full play in Parliament, and not away on the borders of the Empire, not in the street. But at this latest and worst period of the war it seemed to me too late to attempt evolutionary tactics of that kind ; we had seen enough during Esterhazy's régime of where liberal-minded experiments lead in times of incalculable upheaval ; we were suffering from their effects now. The elections would have been a fight, and would have been fought under the influence of the bitterest class antagonism. I knew that I should be obliged to requisition the produce of the soil, to commandeer the whole harvest by armed force, the very last resort. To have competed at the same time for the votes of electors who had naturally been rendered open to every kind of demagogic idea by a disastrous war, which had now lasted for four years, would have been madness.

Andrassy, too, was quite convinced of the necessity of subordinating all interests to the food and supply question, but among those about him there were some who made my attitude towards the Franchise Bill the object of spiteful personal attacks. Count Hadik, in particular, looked on every step I took to commandeer supplies as a disavowal

of his food policy, and had violent attacks made on me in several Buda Pesth daily newspapers.

In the meantime Vazsonyi had as good as completed his great work, and negotiations had now to take place with the Parties, in order to ascertain what reception the Bill would meet with in the House of Deputies. These negotiations showed how immaterial my attitude towards the question of dissolving Parliament and issuing writs for a fresh election really had been, an attitude adopted purely on principle, and not in any way directed against the new franchise; for the chief opponent of the Franchise Bill was Tisza. Tisza was summoned by the Monarch, who represented to him that the rejection of his franchise programme would merely produce the opposite effect in the country; for if this programme fell to the ground, the working and all radical classes would only demand still further extension of the franchise, and fresh concessions every session. Tisza shook his head. The King urged him, begged him, implored him. Tisza said inflexibly: "No." The King threatened to dissolve Parliament. Tisza said calmly: "Pray do so." It was a serious crisis. Vazsonyi himself saw that under such circumstances this was not the time for an election. Wekerle's Cabinet was faced with an impasse and resigned.

On the 13th April I was summoned to an audience at Baden. At that time the King had already got into the habit of sending for me every week. As a general rule I was informed by telephone in the evening that His Majesty wished to speak to me; on which my saloon carriage was coupled to the train and I travelled by night to Vienna. I got into uniform at my rooms in the Prinz Eugen Strasse and motored to Baden. There the Monarch occupied a dwelling which consisted of three rooms. The first was an ante-room, generally full of Ministers, Generals, politicians, functionaries, orderlies, officials and footmen; the middle room was the study; the Empress, who had been confined, was in bed in the third. It would hardly be possible to live more unpretentiously. The cooking was the simplest imaginable. The Monarch drank a glass of

beer at his midday meal and smoked a cigarette. The Imperial family lived in this way for six whole months. Very often officers and officials of high rank stood in the ante-room and the nurse went through carrying the utensils of her office.

The King began to discuss our resignation directly. I admitted that quarrels and personal differences between the leading politicians and responsible statesmen were the chief cause of the perpetual inability to take the same view of urgent questions.

"Who can form a Cabinet?" asked the Monarch. "I should be in favour of Andrassy."

I begged the King not to think of this. I knew Czernin's position was shaky, and considered Andrassy's appointment to be Minister for Foreign Affairs an absolute necessity. I used all my powers of persuasion to win over the King to my view, and laid stress on the fact that in Hungary it was a question of forming a strong Ministry which would devote its energies to business, without making policy a matter of pure nationalism. The most suitable man at the head of such a Cabinet would in my opinion be Szterenyi, if he could reach any agreement with the Work Party and Tisza which would enable him to govern. The King sighed. He also inquired as to the state of the food supplies.

"Don't forget to provide for Austria," were his words.

"I do what I can, your Majesty," I said, "but it can't go on for ever. Your Majesty must make peace."

"Am I not doing what I can?" he replied in great distress. "You have seen that Clemenceau has published my letter. I cannot understand Clemenceau; he is incomprehensible to me," he jerked out, and walked excitedly up and down. "Of course, my object was to bring about peace quickly, and I meant to turn all the means at my disposal to account; but it was Czernin himself who advised me to try and get into touch with France through my brother-in-law. Has not enough blood been shed? Do they want to represent my letter as disloyalty to Germany now? Would not the fruits of this action have been just as advantageous to Germany as to us? Now I see that through Czernin's clumsiness the general public thinks

that there are differences of opinion between me and Kaiser Wilhelm over peace and war. I have ordered Czernin to return at once. I must talk to him."

Czernin had, in fact, been recalled from Bucharest to Vienna. In the meantime I had gone back to Buda Pesth, and I went to the station with Wekerle, to confer with Czernin. Czernin told us at the station that he had received news from Vienna which represented the situation there as desperate. The Austrian Prime Minister was no longer in a position to keep the situation in hand if the food conditions did not improve, and there were also the worst possible reports from the front.

"What can you do for Austria?" Czernin asked me.

"Every truckload that crosses the frontier from Hungary is used as a weapon for agitation," I said. "Come and hear the interruptions in Parliament for yourself. I started the compensation business almost solely as a means of saving Austria from starvation by a legitimate process. In the same proportion as Austria sends us industrial goods I send flour. There is no longer any other way of doing it." Wekerle poured out a few drops of oil and tried to calm the troubled waters. "Windischgraetz is always pessimistic; it will be all right. Just tell the King all the necessary steps have been taken to provide for Austria."

"You know, Excellency," I said, turning rather ironically to Wekerle, "it is no longer a question of steps; it is a question of carrying them out. We have no support either in the country or in Parliament; all the factors ought to be brought to see at last how serious the position is."

"My dear friend," said Wekerle, "everything will be seen to. All will be well." And he spread out his large fat hands soothingly, in his characteristic way.

"I tell you what!" said Czernin; "come straight to Vienna with me, and let us both discuss the food situation and the general political position with the Emperor."

I got into the train and went with him without any preparation. A long conversation with Czernin was exactly what I wanted. I had seen, from what the King said, that the friendly relations between him and Czernin had been broken off, and I fancied that his days of office were

already numbered. I therefore tried to convince him, during the night journey, that he must keep on good terms with Andrassy, that Andrassy would be his most valuable fellow-worker, on whom he could always depend. But Czernin would not hear of this. He looked on Andrassy as his greatest enemy, and did not want to initiate him into his policy. I did not succeed in convincing him that the press campaign against him was not organized by Andrassy.

Czernin told me that, after some hesitation, the Supreme Command had agreed to a march on the Ukraine ; unfortunately, too late, and only in consequence of a simultaneous German action, which of course reduced the expected advantage to us, both from a political point of view as regards the Ukrainians and an economic point of view as regards the hoped-for food and raw material supplies, to a minimum. He now discussed with me the possibility of raising the necessary reserve food supplies for this great strategic undertaking. I had to tell him that I was not in a position to supply the army with more than the normal amount. " We will talk this over with Landwehr in Vienna," said Czernin. He thought, moreover, that Tisza was the only suitable man to be at the head of the Government, and who could succeed in getting the necessary measures carried out. I told Czernin very decidedly that if he meant to advise His Majesty to entrust the reins of government to Tisza I should certainly resign. In my opinion, a resuscitation of the Work Party would cause such agitation in the country that it would absolutely preclude any possibility of putting the food situation, or even the political situation, on a sound basis, from the very first. I explained Tisza's attitude as regards the franchise question, and succeeded in obtaining a promise from Czernin not to make the proposal to His Majesty. Finally, we came to the following agreement : We should both tender our resignations unconditionally to His Majesty unless he took immediate steps to put domestic political questions on a sound basis, as otherwise it would be impossible to provision the army and provide for Austria.

We were travelling in Czernin's special train, and he repeatedly held telephonic conversations with the Emperor

at the individual stations. I asked him how matters stood with regard to the Sixtus letter. " I would rather not speak of that now," said Czernin.

General Landwehr, Czernin and I drove to Baden.

The Foreign Minister was received first and had a very long audience. Czernin's face was flushed when he came out ; I knew the Sixtus letter had given rise to discussions. Then we went in together. We again discussed the food problem. I again explained that no one would admit the gravity of the situation ; I again insisted that nothing but the creation of properly ordered domestic political conditions would make it possible to hold out over the next two months. His Majesty promised to solve the crisis in Buda Pesth within the next few days.

In the afternoon I was received by the Monarch alone. He told me that Czernin had advised him to send a telegram to Kaiser Wilhelm, assuring him of his loyalty to the alliance. " My wish," said the Emperor, " was that Czernin should persuade the German Government to announce that the letter was sent by mutual agreement. In my opinion, that would have been a better solution. But Czernin would not hear of it ; he said the only thing possible now was to deny everything flatly. I did not like it, but I gave in."

I then heard from the King's immediate entourage of the second telegram sent to Kaiser Wilhelm, which spoke, not very tactfully, of the guns on the Western Front. It turned out, from later disclosures, that Czernin had composed and sent that telegram.

On the 16th April a Ministerial Council was held in Buda Pesth, at which I again demonstrated the food situation of the army, of Austria and of Hungary, by accurately worked-out data. My colleagues again thought I took too gloomy a view, and were convinced that the complaints made by the Austrian Government were only a transparent manœuvre for the purpose of extorting larger quantities of food from Hungary, the milch cow. Wekerle's view is that everything in the world can be settled somehow or

other, and that it will be so in this case too. On this, I submit information obtained by my agents in Bohemia, Galicia and the German highlands, from which it is evident that Bohemia is pursuing a regular food policy of her own, but is no longer willing to be influenced in any way by the central Government in Vienna; Galicia has extremely badly regulated food conditions, but is, on the whole, able to support herself; Vienna and the Austrian highlands, on the other hand, are starving, and are quite unable to obtain provisions from anywhere.

Wekerle and Szterenyi thought my statements exaggerated. In speaking of the franchise proposal, Vazsonyi accused me of having intrigued against the Bill.

In the afternoon the King arrived in Buda Pesth.

His Majesty received me at once at the Royal Palace and informed me of Czernin's resignation. He seemed very troubled and depressed. He had read what the newspapers had written of him, and he understood the open and veiled accusations very well. "I was always of opinion that we ought to have honestly admitted having sent the letter," he said, "but Czernin would not. It was Czernin's business to make my attitude to Wilhelm clear at Brest, but at that time he wheeled completely round into the Pan-German camp; that is my firm conviction. He was to-day this, to-morrow that; to-day disarmament and international peace, to-morrow victory-peace and destruction of all our enemies."

I implored him to appoint Andrassy Minister for Foreign Affairs. I was of opinion that this was a fateful moment for the Monarchy. If the Monarch wanted to dissociate himself from Germany's policy he must choose Andrassy. Andrassy had always been a loyal adherent of the policy of alliance, his sincerity was beyond all doubt, and for this very reason he was the most suitable—in fact, the only—person to explain to the Germans that it was only the most dire necessity which obliged us to withdraw from the war, and that we could not bring on ourselves the additional odium of swimming in the wake of an annexationist policy. The King appeared to recognize this, appeared inclined to take my view, but he still wavered, hesitated, did not say yes or no.

With regard to a solution of the domestic crisis, he hoped to bring about an agreement between Tisza, Apponyi and Andrassy, in view of the menacing foreign political complications. Andrassy was to be received in audience.

This was my hope. I went that very evening to the Chief of the General Staff, Arz, and begged him to put in a word for Andrassy with the King. And then I waited to see what would happen. Every telephone call racked my nerves ; I was overworked and overwrought. I hoped for Andrassy's appointment as the sole salvation for Hungary, for the Monarchy, for the Monarch. But this is what happened :

The King had summoned the joint Minister of Finance, Burian, to Buda Pesth, as his presence was necessary, in view of the intended discussion of the South Slav question. The next day the King drove to Alcsut to visit the Archduke Joseph's family, and took with him Burian, who was to report to him. No authentic account of what was said during this motor drive has ever been given. What happened seems to have been that the Monarch naturally complained of the hopelessly tangled state of affairs. Burian consoled him ; Burian's serene academic nature had a calming effect, his stoic optimism roused new hopes. The nearer they came to Alcsut, the lighter the Monarch felt the burden on his shoulders. Bit by bit Burian relieved him of the weight; he held out hopes: things would improve—at one stroke the King could be rid of the greatest responsibility, the most crushing anxiety, that of foreign policy. Here was the right man.

Cousin Berchtold, His Majesty's Lord-in-Waiting, is fond of describing a little scene which was enacted at that time in one of the rooms in the Royal Palace at Buda. King Karl, Tisza and Burian stood talking in the middle of the room. A footman stood near the door. The King's aide-de-camp, stout General Zdenke Lobkowitz, stood in a window recess. Berchtold came in and exchanged greetings with Lobkowitz. Lobkowitz whispered to him : " Some one in this room is going to be Minister for Foreign Affairs."

" Who can it be ? " Berchtold whispered back.

"It isn't me," said Lobkowitz, under his breath. "I know nothing of politics."

"Good God!" said Berchtold. "Surely they won't fall back on me?"

"It is certainly not Tisza," whispered Lobkowitz. "He won't agree to be cut adrift from Hungarian politics. This leaves only the footman, and possibly Burian; the footman looks quite intelligent. . . ."

"I lay two to one on the footman," said Berchtold quickly; for just at that moment the King came towards the two Officers of his Household and said: "I have appointed Baron Burian my Minister for Foreign Affairs."

It was the 17th April. A Cabinet Council was just being held, when Wekerle was called to the telephone and heard of Burian's appointment. I at once declared my intention of resigning; the whole Cabinet did the same.

I saw His Majesty at the station in the afternoon, just before he left, and told him that under the existing circumstances it was out of the question for me to remain in the new Cabinet. He was very much annoyed, and I was ungraciously dismissed.

The next day Tisza came to see me in my office. It was the first time he had called on me and had a long conversation with me. "I know," he said, "that it will be spread about everywhere that Burian is my tool and that his appointment was my doing. But the fact is that His Majesty confronted me with a *fait accompli*." Tisza and I looked at one another; but we said nothing. Tisza went off on another tack. He considered Czernin's dismissal one of the greatest mistakes of the Monarch's policy. Then he complained bitterly that it was impossible for him to meet Andrassy, as his entourage, particularly Hadik and Pallavicini, prevented any *rapprochement*. I readily undertook to speak to Andrassy about it (and also drove to see Andrassy directly after this talk). As regards the resignation of the Cabinet, Tisza thought the only solution would be an immediate fusion of the existing Government Party with his Work Party; agreement must also be reached at once on the franchise question, as Karolyi was rousing a

dangerous feeling by his defeatist electioneering speeches in the province and his demagogic articles in the papers, which all the patriotic elements must oppose.

The enmity between Tisza and Karolyi had become more and more bitter. The only object of Karolyi's visit to America in the spring of 1914 had been to collect money to carry on an agitation against Tisza's policy in Hungary. Tisza was loyal to the King, Karolyi had '48 tendencies, and demanded the severance of Hungary from Austria ; Tisza was pro-German, Karolyi was anti-German ; Tisza was against the new franchise, and therefore Karolyi was in favour of it. On the outbreak of war Karolyi was detained in Paris on his way back from America and interned. But the French released him, on his giving his word of honour not to fight against the Entente and to bring about a pacifist movement in his country. Nothing was known of this word of honour in Hungary till much later on.

On the 20th the King commissioned me by telephone to find out from Andrassy how far he would support a Coalition Government. Andrassy said he wished to withdraw from the Government Party, but not with any intention of making difficulties for the Government. I reported the details of my conversation to the King by telephone, again begged him to put an end to the crisis and appoint a new Cabinet as quickly as possible, and laid stress at the same time on the fact that I would not take office in the new Cabinet.

The King replied : " We will talk of that again."

On the 23rd General Landwehr, the head of the Joint Food Committee, and the Austrian Prime Minister, Seidler, are summoned. Seidler gives details of the desperate food conditions in Vienna and the highlands. I myself produce figures to demonstrate my absolute inability to accept responsibility for provisioning both the army and Austria. His Majesty replied that he would look on my resignation at a time of such difficulty as desertion, and requested me to retain my post.

The next day there was a Cabinet Council in Buda Pesth, at which Wekerle explained Burian's foreign policy and the modalities of the Rumanian peace. I note that Wekerle

and Burian have come to terms, are hand and glove, but that there are considerable differences between their views and His Majesty's attitude. I venture to call my Chief's attention to this, but he denies the differences.

Szterenyi and I are commanded to come to Baden on the 26th. I was first received alone. The King asked me if I would undertake to form a Cabinet. I might have held office as Prime Minister. I might have merely carried on Wekerle's zigzag policy of postponement, compromise and delay, with a few modifications. But I refused ; I explained that, practically, the political situation could only be rectified by dissolving Parliament ; Tisza's Majority must be smashed ; Parliament needed new men who knew exactly what the country wanted. But a dissolution was quite out of the question in the present critical food situation, if we did not want to run the risk of serious disturbances in the country. Therefore, in my opinion, a Ministry ought to be formed purely of officials who would carry on the business. Szterenyi was the most suitable man for this task, as no one could suspect him of political jobbery in connection with the franchise. At the same time, I informed His Majesty of the result of my conferences with the Socialists.

I had asked the Labour leaders, Böhm, Buchinger and Peidl, to come to see me, and my impression was that they were not inclined to yield to the Karolyi allurements at present. All the same, they said they would not support any Government which had not included universal, equal and secret franchise in its programme. The Buda Pesth working class was perfectly aware of the various Opposition Parties' franchise manœuvres. Even such men as Andrassy and Apponyi were among the most hated politicians, because they were suspected of only using the franchise as a political weapon. The working men looked on Michael Karolyi as an aristocratic *poseur*, who made lavish use of popular catchwords in order to attract attention to himself and gratify personal ambition. But there was the risk that the masses might lend an ear to political adventurers if the Government did not try to get into friendly and close touch with these masses.

I had recently set up an extensive intelligence system in Labour circles, and I received reports from my confidants from time to time as to the real opinions and movements within the working class.

The audience lasted a very long time, as I gave the King a dissertation on the absolute lack of harmonious co-operation between all the authorities, a theme on which I had many a time invited discussion already, notably at the secret meeting of Parliament on the 16th September 1916. In particular, I protested against the Supreme Command, which pursued a policy of its own, as a State within a State. The high and mighty gentlemen of the General Staff, who formerly hardly returned my salute, were now very eager to bow down to my Excellency, but that would not deter me from denouncing them; on the contrary. Besides, I had taken part in countless meetings of the Supreme Command, as Food Minister, and had become familiar with the working and the tactics of this institution from within.

"But I have broken up the Teschen Command," said the King, "sent away Hranilovic, changed all the heads."

"Yes, your Majesty, but Teschen has been revived at Baden in a new form. Above all, Colonel Kundmann, who deals with all personal questions, and has consequently become one of the most sought-after and powerful officers, has remained; and General Waldstätten in Metzger's place is no gain."

"What am I to do?" the Monarch sighed. Then he looked me closely up and down, and laughed. I had put on a new black frock-coat for the audience. "You look like a private tutor," he said. "What is that for? Do come as you are." In reality, he hated ceremonial or formalities of any kind, and could not bear my always keeping on his left in walking up and down. I often had to pull myself together lest, led astray by his tone of familiarity, I should involuntarily lapse into similar freedom.

I said: "Your Majesty, to bring order into the chaos of the different groups of power there would have to be a Central Office. What we need is an Imperial Chancellor; we have only the Privy Council now, and even this is not

a factor provided for in the Constitution. Your Majesty is the sole central power—is the Imperial Chancellor; but the Monarch should never interfere personally in the complicated machine of Imperial administration, or even give detailed instructions. This may have the worst possible consequences for him and his dynasty. If the policy of the Austrian and Hungarian Government, the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and the Supreme Command does not coincide, then policy is nonsense. If a mistake is made in one of these quarters, the responsible head must go. The Monarch should never overthrow Governments, never compromise himself. The King should rule, but not govern; his business is to *fix* the important political guiding lines, and he must have a supreme quarter from whence these guiding lines are translated into policy. The Foreign Minister alone can fill this position in Austria-Hungary. This Minister ought really to be also the chief personage in the Empire, and ought to disentangle the present chaos by means of a uniform programme, extending to all parts of the Monarchy."

The King had listened very attentively. I saw how his face lit up, and how, above all, his looks seemed to assent to and endorse all I had said.

"Draw up this programme for me," he exclaimed impetuously; "draw it up! That is just what I need. I want reforms everywhere. I see they are necessary; they are urgent. I step in here and there, but I cannot do everything. The great difficulty is to bring about the necessary co-operation between the very different political opinions both in Hungary and Austria. I don't want to pursue any Court policy; my view is that the peoples themselves must govern. You know my programme; put the whole into shape and submit it to me."

I replied that I had pondered over the problems of the Monarchy for years, and would work out a programme for him. He shook hands with me and thanked me in advance; the mere prospect of now at last getting a coherent proposal put him into a state of joyous excitement. The shilly-shallying, the perpetual bungling, was perhaps going to end: "Divide et impera" was to vanish from the back

of our banner, on the front of which "Viribus unitis" was inscribed. I understood why he was so delighted at my proposal.

"But in the meanwhile the immediate questions have to be dealt with," I said. As a solution of the Cabinet crisis, I suggest that the Minister for Commerce, Szterenyi, should be appointed in place of Wekerle, who had definitely resigned. Szterenyi had been a journalist and industrial inspector, and had worked himself up from the position of an authority in an insignificant Buda *milieu* to that of a business politician of the first rank. In these days of economic stress he would be the best man to replace Wekerle. His Majesty got me to ring up Wekerle in Buda Pesth at once from his writing-table. I did so, but I knew what his answer would be. I had noticed that Wekerle was becoming very suspicious of my repeated summonses to audiences of His Majesty, and I also knew that the King had lost confidence in Wekerle.

Wekerle replied on the telephone that he considered Szterenyi an excellent departmental Minister, who had not the prestige necessary to enable him to adjust the various Party interests in these difficult times. His Majesty stood beside me, and whispered that, in spite of this, he proposed entrusting Szterenyi with the task of forming a Cabinet. His Majesty would leave Szterenyi an absolutely free hand in personal questions, and only made it a condition that I should remain in office.

Before I left for Buda Pesth I went to see Burian, who gave me a long dissertation on the steps he had taken in Berlin as regards a solution of the Polish question. I called his attention to the desperate state of Hungarian politics, and pointed at the same time to the food difficulties, which I considered could only be solved by the Foreign Office making itself responsible for carrying out economic measures common to the *whole* Monarchy. Burian saw the difficulties, but said that in so far as he personally was concerned he could not interfere in any way in the affairs of both States.

The walls of the State were tottering, various hidden

forces were undermining the rotten structure, the enemy stood at the gates, the inhabitants were dying of hunger —but the leading statesman of the Monarchy adhered to his departmental point of view.

At that time the German Government, or rather the German military authorities, had requested the Monarchy to take immediate action on the Piave, in order to facilitate their military plans in the West. I told Burian that I was not in a position at the moment to say definitely whether I could guarantee the necessary food supplies for an offensive. Burian replied that he did not the least believe in an offensive being seriously intended ; the Supreme Command was always working out vast schemes, but it would be quite possible to dissuade the gentlemen from carrying them out. I could not believe my ears or imagine on what planet this Minister for Foreign Affairs was really living. I knew that very definite conferences were going on between the German Supreme Command and our military authorities, that German Headquarters had made any further economic help or supply of raw material dependent on this offensive being undertaken without loss of time, and Baron Burian knew nothing about it. I was only a departmental Minister in the Hungarian Ministry, and would not presume to set him right.

I looked up Tisza, Andrassy, Apponyi and Karolyi in Buda Pesth, and discovered that they were unanimously antagonistic to Szterenyi, the son of a rabbi. Andrassy alone, who saw clearly the abyss to which events must lead if no political agreement were reached, maintained an attitude of reserve, and said he would not put any difficulties in Szterenyi's way. Tisza, on the other hand, tried to persuade Szterenyi to join his Work Party with part of the Government Party. Szterenyi's negotiations were protracted over several days, but it became more and more clear that he would not be able to find a basis on which to form a new Cabinet. Wekerle followed the course of these various efforts, perhaps not without satisfaction, and gave himself the pleasure of cleverly hinting in Parliament at his own indispensability. In reply to a speech of Michael Karolyi's, he expounded his point of view in brilliant rhetoric, according

to which the franchise question could be solved by means of Parliamentary negotiations to the satisfaction of all parties. He succeeded by methods of analysis, almost amounting to genius, in so enlarging on and twisting all dangerous questions as finally to make it appear that all the Parties were actually united on a common basis (whereas of course, in reality, all the Parties disagreed). He was unrivalled in arranging compromises, which he wrapped up in sophistically varied bombast, so that his illogically feeble contradictions were not conspicuous. He had no equal in the technicalities of Parliamentary routine. He screwed holes in the air with a large, fat, acrobatic index finger when speaking, and the more sinuous the curve, the more he insisted that in policy the straight road is the best.

On this occasion he had again made a programme speech, which very discreetly intimated that the retiring Prime Minister would be willing to withdraw his resignation.

In the long run Wekerle did, as a matter of fact, remain in office ; but he reconstructed his Cabinet. Those members who had identified themselves with the view that the franchise question should be dealt with at once resigned. These were Apponyi, Moritz Esterhazy, Bela Földes and the originator of the Franchise Bill, Vazsonyi. It was a long time before Vazsonyi could forgive me for my attitude ; he took me to task and said it was on my account that he was resigning.

In spite of all the diversions of a political nature which repeatedly kept me away from the Ministry for whole days, I had to administer my Food Office.

I began my work at nine o'clock in the morning. I listened to the reports made by my departmental chiefs and dealt with documents for two hours.

At eleven o'clock I began to receive the deputies and deputations, all the factors to whom I necessarily had to speak personally.

Towards 1.30 I gave out the fresh directions, thought out and dictated orders and measures without intermission. Simultaneously telephonic reports, requests, protests and questions came in without intermission from all the provinces,

all the Government Commissioners, Lords-Lieutenant and my own functionaries.

At 2.30 I went to lunch at the National Casino. From the moment I entered till I reached my table I was besieged and surrounded by friends and acquaintances; I never sat alone; someone always sat with me who had a request at his hungry heart.

I was back at my office at four o'clock, and remained till ten at night, or as long as necessary.

The reports on the results of requisitions came in the afternoon. Figures had to be submitted to me every day, showing what quantities and what products were ground in the mills throughout the country. In the evening I gave my orders for the next day on the basis of these reports.

I arranged a uniform method of supplying the working class with food, and entrusted the carrying out of this to a section of my office which had to report to me daily.

I had official inquiries made with a view to opening up fresh possibilities of obtaining supplies and to the production of artificial foods. Thus, for instance, flour was manufactured from hay and grass. I set up new factories—for instance, one for refining maize, to obtain oil and produce margarine.

I received on an average ten deputations a day, interviewed eighty to a hundred private individuals, and received over a hundred private letters daily from people who had wishes connected in some way or other with the question of their food.

I had devised the policy of compensation, which enabled me to defend the delivery of food supplies to Austria in Parliament.

And for Sunday afternoon I had introduced quite a novelty. I had it officially notified in the newspapers that anyone could call on me on Sundays between three and eight o'clock. Anyone was to come up from the street who liked, and tell me his wishes and troubles. A stenographer sat close to me, who took down all the wishes and complaints promptly, and had them just as promptly attended to. I had made it an absolute rule to make a clean sweep of every kind of bureaucratic chicanery; I meant to show

the people that my office existed for the people, not the reverse. Those who came to me to discuss a matter of business which meant personal profit were shown out; letters of similar purport found their way to the wastepaper basket unanswered; but those who had any kind of personal wish, whether it were a question of exporting a pig or of being allotted two kilogrammes of fat or of potatoes, were referred to an official, who was authorized to carry out all these wishes *en bloc*.

For instance, an old woman came who complained that she had not been given a bread card; beggars came, a washerwoman came to ask my advice, as she had been accused of stealing washing; even singers came, who asked me to secure them an engagement at the Royal Opera.

I was the Cadi.

Sometimes I went about the country to ascertain personally how my requisitions were prospering; sometimes I went to Berlin to hold conferences; then there were Ministerial Councils; tedious sittings of Parliament, answering interpellations, conversations on the telephone with His Majesty or his aide-de-camp, more and more frequent summonses to Baden, the Supreme Command negotiations and sittings. My day was full, my nights were never undisturbed. When I went back to my office there were always fresh mountains of papers to be dealt with (in spite of my working on a system of limited documents).

Tisza received my appointment to be Food Minister very sceptically. He did not believe in my being capable of doing anything useful in this most difficult department at such a critical time. From time to time he interrogated me in Parliament, put me through my paces like a schoolboy, but when he saw how seriously I took my mission, how thoroughly I went into every detail, how fully acquainted I was with my subject, with what energy I saw to my measures being carried out, he changed his opinion, and made more of me. He came to see me in my office—he, the great personification of our national life, came to me, the youngest Minister; he talked to me in the House, he sent for me in the Casino. He was frightfully strict; he

expected a young politician to work, not to take his duty to the public lightly; he presupposed self-discipline and thoroughness; he wrote me personally letters of eight to ten pages to explain a matter. He made rather merry over my new-fangled way of dictating letters to the typewriter. He was my most bitter opponent, but I knew that he respected my efforts. He took an interest in my system of food supply, and was in the habit of saying: "I shall interpellate you the day after to-morrow; you will have to give particulars in answer to all my questions." Then came the interpellation: as to the supply of the communes, as to the distribution of wheat to the mills in the province, he asked a hundred questions, and would not be satisfied till I had supported everything by data and figures down to the smallest detail. I was bathed in perspiration when the examination in Parliament lasted till eleven o'clock at night.

The reappointment of Wekerle's Cabinet took place early in May, when the Prime Minister took over the Ministry of the Interior as well. Not to the advantage of its administration, for absolute anarchy, Party political cliquism, reigned in this particular Ministry, with which, as the organ responsible for carrying out my food measures, I was in daily communication. As a matter of fact, in the course of the whole year neither the central nor the county authorities did their duty. Most of the Lords-Lieutenant, most of the Under Secretaries, and even the officials of the individual central offices were appointed, promoted or passed over from a Party political point of view. And now Alexander Wekerle, a master of the art of delay, who shirked and postponed when faced with a crisis, even in imbroglios of more importance, rather than thrust his hand into a wasps' nest, became the head of this Ministry, in which only an iron hand could have tackled the abuses.

Again it was Andrassy who took in this witches' cauldron at a glance and appreciated it at its true value; but even his entourage was mixed up in franchise bargains, a circumstance which made it difficult for him to speak openly of the truths he recognized. The most prominent members

of Tisza's faction were the Vojnicse, the great bojar family of the Banat, who constituted a sort of dynasty in Serbian South Hungary, and played a leading part in the Banat as Tisza's most loyal adherents. Thus the two strongest factors in public life were each hemmed in by a ring of friends, whose interest it was to keep up irreconcilable differences for the benefit of personal cliquism, to the injury of the general public.

It is characteristic that our whole domestic political life should have passed by the actual foreign political occurrences, as it were, blindfolded. The burning questions of peace, of the alliance problems, of the South Slav peril, and even of national policy, which had formerly held the country breathless for decades, were all disregarded and set aside. The whole political passion of which the Magyar is capable found vent in the manœuvres over the franchise. Each individual Party tried to make capital out of the franchise reform, which was the order of the day, and thereby to commend itself to the masses and to organized Buda Pesth Labour, because everyone thought that the Party which succeeded in gaining ascendancy over the generally speaking credulous, decent and hitherto well-disciplined masses of the working class would find it easy to deal with all other currents of opinion in the country.

Nor was Andrassy's son-in-law, Karolyi, idle. His ambition had once been kindled, and his hour seemed to have come. Since the affair of the Sixtus letter his tactics had taken a remarkable form. He gave people to understand, in conversation, that the King's views were exactly the same as his own ; they were both Pacifists. He got a newspaper, which was well disposed to him, to announce that his wife had been received in audience by the Queen. He denied the statement, but in such a way as to make it doubtful whether there might not be something behind it. He boasted of his relations to the Entente ; he represented himself as the only one who could conclude peace. It had been reported to me that in socialistic circles he talked of abolishing the dynasty ; but at *bourgeois* meetings he posed as a democrat, and I knew from the King's aide-de-camp, Count Hunyadi, that he had promised the King to sacrifice

his last drop of blood for him. When he was spoken of in Parliament, he was in the habit of assuming a bored air and reading a paper, or burying himself in a book. If he stood up himself, he spoke without expression or any kind of gesture, held a pencil in his hand, and looked horribly bored into the bargain. And if none of his poses availed to attract attention to him, then he dressed his wife in eccentric costumes, which he had designed himself, and cut off her hair, that he might be talked of in Buda Pesth. He was successful.

Up to now I had associated with Karolyi on friendly terms; in many respects we were of the same opinion; but I now decided to keep the glittering facets of this aristocratic jewel under closer observation.

Early in May I again had conferences with the representatives of the Socialist Party. My private secretary, Franz Nagy, who had kept up relations with the evening paper *Az Est* for some time past, had arranged a meeting between me and Andor Miklos, the clever and energetic publisher of this paper. Ever since then it had been clear to me that the only useful journalistic organization was that of the *Az Est*. I had never concealed from Miklos that, in my opinion, every Government in Hungary would have to make up its mind either to convert the *Az Est* to its policy or to root it out. Miklos entirely agreed with me; he was aware of his power. Besides this, I had obtained the most accurate information as to the connections and the agitation carried on by the *Az Est* from my numerous agents and confidants. At this period, the beginning of May, it was certain that there was no contact between this paper and Karolyi's Party organization or the *bourgeois* Radical Party. *Az Est* was merely, and not without good reason, a merciless opponent of Wekerle's system, which really only aimed in general at postponing any political solution.

In the course of my later dealings with Miklos we were chiefly agreed as regards the franchise question, from which I, too, hoped for a thorough regeneration of Hungarian political life.

For decades past the nationalities' great grievance had

been that the Hungarian franchise involved the grossest injustice to all non-Magyar races, not so much because of the limited number enfranchised as because of the artificial arrangement of the constituencies. There can be no doubt that the system was so skilfully contrived that it was solely to the advantage of Magyar supremacy. This system had to come to an end. In my opinion "Imperialism" must find its justification in cultural and economic superiority. In the mixed-language territories of the Hungarian State, Hungarian national interests are safeguarded apart from this by the fact that when no special pressure is brought to bear on an election the dead weight of political influence is solely in the hands of the Hungarian intelligentsia. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that, in the Magyar State proper, there are smaller territories inhabited purely by foreign nationalities which ought to be given full freedom, from the standpoint of the right of self-determination. Close and honest study of the ethnographical conditions shows that there is an absolute Magyar majority within the frontiers of the Hungarian State proper (Hungary without Croatia). The nationalities must be represented in the Hungarian Parliament in proportion to the actual number of their people. Hungary ought not to fear an *irredenta*, seeing that the State which is in a position to hold even the districts inhabited by races speaking a different language, through its own strength, will play a leading part on the threshold of the Balkans. Any fear of an *irredenta* would be an admission of our national inferiority. Hungarianism can offer the nationalities advantages which are not to be had in the neighbouring Balkan States under any circumstances. This conviction, which accords with my national pride, has always been my chief reason for supporting Vazsonyi's franchise Bill. Never, indeed, can any draft Bill have been more thoroughly and efficiently prepared.

On the 10th May I submitted my view of the new franchise proposal to His Majesty at Baden. "If we should succeed in overcoming the difficulties caused by Tisza's opposition, this law will have borne witness before all the world to the democratic character of a new political drift

in Hungary." "Apponyi may be won over, but not Tisza," said the King, with resignation. Then I handed him my "programme." He promised to read it at once. He then told me that he must go to the German Headquarters within the next few days; it was a question of regulating and strengthening the alliance, and all the responsible statesmen and politicians of the Monarchy were urging him to go. He said he fully intended to make strengthening the alliance dependent on an assurance being given at the German Headquarters of a peace policy, and that he was no longer willing to make sacrifices for Alsace-Lorraine or for the German colonies. Unfortunately, I discovered in the course of the conversation that both Burian and Wekerle were dealing even with this most important question in their notoriously dilatory way. They continually comforted the Monarch by telling him that the decision in the West was imminent; and I further ascertained that the German-Austrian politicians were in constant communication with the Pan-Germans in the Empire, who egged them on to a pronounced Teutonic war policy. The King told me he thought he could work best of all with the social democratic elements, whose common sense realized the absurdity of the Pan-German ideas. If the Christian Socialists would work with the Social Democrats, they might be German Austria's most efficient forces. He also spoke strongly about the "amnesty." "I have been reproached with having decreed the amnesty under clerical or Slav influences; that is unjust. I had been seriously thinking of it ever since I came to the throne; so many sentences of court martial had been pronounced that I was horrified; it was really worse than the Spanish Inquisition. I considered it incompatible with my views of life and with my position as Emperor that whole peoples should be branded on account of their opinions. Immediately after I came to the throne the Clam Ministry negotiated with the Czech Parties on my behalf, on the basis of all verdicts passed by courts martial being subjected to revision by courts of assizes; but how were all the investigations to be taken in hand—where was the line to be drawn? The necessity of the amnesty was self-evident. The Austrian

problem can only be solved by agreement between Germans and Slavs. At present the Germans are responsible for our official foreign policy. Therefore it was *for them,* and not for the Slavs, to find ways and means of arriving at an understanding with the Slavs in the north and south. But so long as our Pan-Germans receive their instructions from Berlin there will be no peace."

His Majesty was very much worried ; he seemed depressed and put out, because all his views were misunderstood, and instead of support he only found distrust on all sides. I tried to console him; and as he was to go to Headquarters, it seemed to me of the utmost importance to strengthen his backbone against the Germans. I went so far as to make the journey to Baden four times in one day, and brought my heaviest guns into action.

The Prime Minister Seidler was to me one of the most unsympathetic offenders in Austria at that period. Seidler's principle was to make the most extravagant promises to all the Parties, all the Fraktions. He held out the greatest hopes to the Germans, Czechs, Italians, Ruthenians, Christian Socialists and Social Democrats, and of course the wishes of the individual Parties could never be reconciled. The whole Seidler system was nothing but political deception, with the object of postponing the political solutions till the final German victory, in which he believed more than anyone else. Incidentally, I could imagine what sort of solutions they would have been under Ludendorff's ægis.

The misfortune was that the Monarch had no statesmen willing to take responsibility who would support his policy openly and honestly. His mistake was that he did not try a final solution with all the means at his disposal. Thus, he allowed himself to be buoyed up again and again with hopes of a better future for far too long by professional politicians who were concerned about their political and physical existence.

A few days later the Monarch again summoned me by telephone to Vienna, and showed me that he had put his signature to my programme. He thanked me, and said that from henceforth he would work on this basis.

The programme covers sixty-nine pages of manuscript,

and gives reasons in support of the following briefly summarized points:

(A) Adjustment of our relations to Germany
(B) Immediate conclusion of peace.

The conclusion of peace necessitates:

1. As regards foreign policy:
   (*a*) The solution of the Polish question,
   (*b*) The solution of the South Slav question.
   The South Slav question was divided in drawing up the programme:
   (*a*) Within and
   (*b*) Without our frontiers.

2. As regards domestic policy:
   (*a*) The adjustment of all questions in Austria, Germans, Czechs, South Slavs, Poles.
   (*b*) In Hungary:
   Universal, equal, secret franchise, national army, land reform, social reform.

As regards the *execution*:

In foreign affairs:

Unequivocal, candid discussion with Germany, stating our absolute inability to carry on war any longer.

Our points of settlement:

1. Setting up of an independent Poland, with cession of Galicia (as a solution of the Polish question).
2. Reconstruction of Serbia, with a port on the Adriatic guaranteed by us.
3. In case of Germany not agreeing, and insisting on a peace of victory: immediate separate peace.

In domestic affairs:

For Austria:

Czech autonomy, South Slav autonomy, formation of German Austria, severance of Galicia.

For Hungary:

Formation of a South Slav State within the Hungarian realm.

Universal, equal and secret franchise to be exercised by communes; rational agrarian policy; distribution of the land; Government right of expropriation throughout the country; social measures; State insurance.

The programme contains a clause providing that these points shall be carried out by the two Governments by constitutional methods, consequently neither under pressure nor by revolutionary means.

In order to secure this constitutional procedure, three men must be entrusted with the conduct of the State: the Foreign Minister and the Austrian and Hungarian Prime Ministers, who are willing to work together towards absolutely the same aim on the basis of the programme.

I asked His Majesty if I might communicate the contents to Andrassy. But the King did not wish that. He thought I ought to discuss the programme in detail with the Hungarian politicians, but without reference to him, or representing the sum total of these details in the first instance as a fixed programme. It would only be possible to come forward when three suitable statesmen were found, who would be willing to undertake to carry out the programme by constitutional methods as Foreign Minister and heads of the Austrian and Hungarian Governments. He also told me that he was going to the German Headquarters with Burian and Arz. The moment was not indeed favourable for his intentions, for we were again obliged to fall back on Germany for raw material and food.

I went back to Pesth, where my presence was urgently needed. The food difficulties increased from day to day. In several places the peasants went so far as to oppose the seizure of supplies in the counties by armed force. The situation was very menacing. No one in Hungary understood the necessity of radical intervention. Tisza on the one hand, and the Parties of the Left on the other, had made it a habit to turn all drastic food measures to

account as weapons of agitation for their immediate aims.

On the morning of the 16th His Majesty arrived in Vienna from the German Headquarters, and I was immediately summoned to Baden. The King was very depressed. The disclosures he made were not in any way satisfactory. The successes in the West had increased the power of the German Supreme Command still more. An early breakthrough of the French Front and an offensive from four different quarters in the direction of Calais were spoken of at the German Headquarters. The Germans had only promised further supplies of food and raw material on condition of an Austro-Hungarian offensive on the Piave being started in the month of June. Burian was entirely dominated by the idea of a final German victory, and had said this was not the moment to approach the Germans with proposals of a fresh nature. In so far as strengthening the alliance itself was concerned, no long-term binding agreements were reached; nothing was codified except renewed promises of mutual political and military support and an exchange of views as to the economic questions of the future. His Majesty said that Austria's existence now depended on the necessary quantities of flour for the Piave being forthcoming. I propounded my objections without mincing matters. Reports had come from all parts of the front telling me how insufficiently all the troops were fed. At my request the Chief of the Staff, Arz, was called in to take part in the discussion, as, apart from my departmental point of view, I wanted to call attention to the military and political importance of the question. I stated most emphatically that this offensive would be the beginning of the end; I implored the Monarch to think it all over carefully; I made my calculations then and there, and pointed out that the reserve supplies necessary for the offensive, namely, 1,300 trucks, could only be provided by reducing the provision for the Hungarian counties, which now guaranteed fifteen days' supply, to an amount sufficient for three days. This would be a most dangerous experiment, for in the event of the means of communication breaking

down, individual parts of the country would be reduced to starvation. The result of such an upset must have the most injurious consequences at the present moment of political high tension.

Burian was consulted. He said the offensive had been discussed and demanded at German Headquarters, and that just now Austria-Hungary could not dispense with material help from the German Empire. The supplies of maize from Rumania were the last hope of being able to provision Austria till the harvest. The whole delivery of the Rumanian supplies was in German hands, and therefore it was out of the question to refuse what the Germans wished. Burian could be very firm when it was a case of German interests.

I went back to Buda Pesth and reported the desperate position to a Ministerial Council. Lack of knowledge, lack of understanding, optimism, shoulder-shrugging. Szterenyi was the only one who recognized the peril of the moment.

It was my duty, however, to provide the 1,300 truck-loads of flour. No one relieved me of this anxiety. How I was to provide them was my affair; I was the Food Minister. Nothing remained for me but to have the most drastic measures worked out for commandeering the harvest of the current year. But to commandeer a harvest without an administrative apparatus which works faultlessly is out of the question. And Hungary's administrative apparatus had already been so disorganized in the course of the month of May by Wekerle's aimless policy that one could not count on the orders given being strictly carried out. I did not get much sleep at that time.

In accordance with the King's wish, I began discussions of the individual points of my programme with Tisza, Bethlen, Apponyi, Wekerle and Andrassy, without referring to the originator of the idea. I only said that during my repeated audiences I had gained the impression that this was His Majesty's standpoint. I soon discovered, however, that Wekerle's view of all the details concerning the South Slav question was diametrically opposed to the programme, and that the same applied to Tisza and Apponyi, neither of whom would hear of any kind of aggrandizement of

Croatia. In general, the opinion in all quarters was that Bosnia and Herzegovina must be directly attached to the Hungarian kingdom as a *corpus separatum*, without connection of any kind with the South Slav countries of the Hungarian realm. With regard to a union of the South Slavs, Andrassy's point of view was the nearest to that of the Monarch, but even Andrassy was not in sympathy with a union of all the South Slavs; on the other hand, he was convinced that Bosnia and Herzegovina could not possibly be maintained as a *corpus separatum*. Moreover, it seemed to him dangerous to try to solve the South Slav question at the present moment, when any attempt at a generous solution might be rendered illusory by the general peace negotiations.

On the 23rd May the Monarch had returned to Vienna from Constantinople. The impression he gained in Constantinople might be described as, on the whole, favourable. On the other hand, he told me, at an audience in Vienna, that Bulgaria had in all probability arrived at an end of her economic resources.

On the same day the Monarch received a large deputation from the Austrian Alpine regions, which came to complain of the food difficulties in Tirol and the Alpine regions. His Majesty sent for me, and asked me to explain the situation to the gentlemen; he also asked me to help them. I said: "I cannot. We are on the eve of an offensive in Italy; the reserves belong to the Army. It is impossible for Hungary to give any further help to Austria at present." The gentlemen were in despair: the Alpine people were starving. I telephoned to my office in Buda Pesth to ascertain whether somewhere or other a reserve might not possibly be spared; but there was really not the smallest surplus available in the way of food. I was informed that there were a few truck-loads of refined sugar beet. The gentlemen from the Alpine regions rejected this gift, however (for which I could not blame them); then I got word of a truck-load and a half of salami[1]; this they accepted. I was able to add a couple of truck-loads of early potatoes. There was no more. This is how we lived and managed in those days.

[1] A kind of Italian sausage.

With this scene fresh in my mind, I drove to see Seidler and conferred with the President of the Austrian Food Office, Paul. Both were helpless. "Perhaps," they thought, "increased supplies may come from the Ukraine; that is the only hope." But there the system of military requisitioning had proved absolutely inadequate. The natural result of the miserable value of our money and the fixing of maximum prices for purchase was that the inhabitants concealed their large supplies from the requisitioning troops, and burnt them rather than sell them for bad prices. I immediately drafted a memorandum, in which I showed clearly that we could only purchase with success by means of free trade and by abolishing maximum prices.

The King read the memorandum and sent for the Austrian and Hungarian Minister of Finance, who protested strongly against a demand being made for considerable sums of money for the purpose of purchasing food supplies.

We had no money, we had no food supplies, we had no statesmen, we had no appreciation of co-operation, we had only a patient, gentle, self-sacrificing, marvellous people.

During this stay I had an opportunity of satisfying myself as to the food conditions in Vienna by going to the various markets, war kitchens, etc. It was appalling. I could only express my astonishment to those who accompanied me that the poor people endured these frightful privations with such patience and self-denial.

On the 28th May a Ministerial Council was held in Buda Pesth, at which we were informed of the negotiations Burian had carried on at the German Headquarters with regard to a solution of the Polish question. I listened calmly, but noted privately that in the first place Wekerle knew nothing of King Karl's intentions, and secondly that Burian was not following the line of Polish policy fixed by His Majesty in the "programme." Germany wished, by hook or by crook, to make Poland into a Federal State of the German Empire, but in order to flatter Austria outwardly, and yet be in a position really to eliminate her entirely, the Imperial Chancellor, who had been summoned to take part in the consultation at Headquarters, proposed to crown a Prince of the House of Habsburg King of Poland. This

Prince was to be Karl Stephan, who would then, as a German Federal Prince, have held the same position in the German Empire as the Kings of Saxony and Bavaria.

In Hungary, the German victories had the effect of powerful dynamos on the masses. Hope of final victory for the Central Powers rose high. Tisza and his Party, in particular, reckoned confidently on the course of future military events enabling them to regain power. This change to optimism, which showed absolute and lamentable ignorance of Austria-Hungary's actual position, was voiced in the various speeches during the negotiations over the franchise. Anyhow, our leading statesmen carefully avoided dealing with the burning questions of foreign policy. Day after day Burian told the Emperor he did not consider the time had come for peace negotiations: at all events we must await the result of the offensive in the West. Wekerle was entirely of the same opinion.

And so we waited. And the Viennese starved. At the beginning of June the state of affairs in Austria was desperate. The consignment of all the available stocks of potatoes to the army, which was urgently in need of better food before undertaking the offensive, had naturally reduced the amount of potatoes and early vegetables to be sent to Vienna. But Vienna waited, calm and confident, and Wekerle reassured the Monarch, or Wekerle waited and Burian reassured the Monarch. The King went about in despair. He rang me up and said: "Vienna is starving." "Your Majesty," I replied, "I can do nothing; the Piave offensive stands or falls with my flour; I have nothing else—there is literally nothing to be had."

A chance again brought help. Supplies of maize for Germany were on their way from Rumania. They were being brought slowly up the Danube. General Landwehr, of the joint Food Committee, knew that the tugs had arrived in the vicinity of Vienna. He hastily decided to send the boats to Vienna. Here they were unloaded, the maize was distributed to the mills with the utmost dispatch and ground. Then Germany was frankly told that to avert hunger riots there was nothing for it but to commandeer the food-stuffs nearest at hand. Landwehr took the responsi-

bility on himself. He said to me: "I know it was highway robbery, but there was no other way out; now the Viennese have something to eat for at least a fortnight."

I think the Viennese ought to put up a monument to him.

Germany, of course, entered a strong protest against such an illicit proceeding.

I again had an interview with Burian, one of I don't know how many. I told him the most simple commonplaces. He must surely see now that our food conditions were hopeless. Either the necessary measures for carrying on the war must be carried out in *all* parts of the Monarchy or the situation must be faced, the consequences drawn, and a conclusion reached. To continue the war was out of the question. Hungary was responsible for provisioning the army and Austria, and was even helping Germany by sending small supplies of pigs and fat. It was impossible to make a further reduction of the ration per head in Hungary. Count Tisza was a stout supporter of the German alliance, in whose interest alone we were continuing the war, but it did not occur to him to lend me a hand in taking the tighter hold of the harvest which was necessary for the conduct of the war. Again: this is what is called *Viribus unitis.*

I made the same statement to His Majesty, who discussed the question with his two Prime Ministers. The Foreign Minister was instructed to clear up the food problem with Germany. Burian went to Berlin for a day, and I followed a few days later. I talked to Hertling, and noted with dismay that the influence of the Supreme Command had never been so strong as at this period.

Count Hertling told me that the German Kaiser reckoned absolutely on the possibility of peace in the course of the summer. The military authorities were planning three more separate offensives and the capture of Calais. Wilhelm would not allow Paris to be occupied. This moderation was to be a clear indication of his amicable intentions for the future. He wished that there should be no question of any humiliation, and had no intention of speaking in

favour of annexation of any kind in the West. The gigantic sacrifices made by Germany would not have been possible but for her economic exploitation of the eastern territories. The German Empire must make these subservient to its own interests, and these were the chief reasons for the non-fulfilment of Austria's wishes as regards Poland.

I reported to His Majesty what I had heard in Berlin.

Burian, whom I called on again, repeated what I had already heard from Hertling. He believed in the war ending this year. He could not personally attempt to influence the Austrian and Hungarian Governments in the matter of the food supplies—perhaps later on some such action might be taken—everything, however, depended on the result of our and the German offensive.

In a debate early in June, Wekerle and Tisza spoke in Parliament on strengthening the German alliance.

Again I could see that neither the Hungarian Prime Minister nor Tisza was aware of the agreements which had actually been made, or, if they did know the truth, they intentionally suppressed the fact that His Majesty had succeeded in preventing the conclusion of a long-term agreement.

At my next interview with the Monarch I spoke of the urgent necessity of taking his programme in hand and putting its guiding lines into execution. His Majesty replied that, for the moment, this was quite impossible; the first point of the programme was the explanation with Germany, and the momentary foreign political situation, as well as the food difficulties in German Austria, precluded an explanation with Germany at present. Unfortunately, I had nothing to urge against this. Count Burian, the King continued, was, moreover, just engaged on a solution of the Polish question which would be favourable to us, and for this reason also it would not be convenient to make the personal changes without which it would be impossible to carry out the programme.

In the meantime, the position of Seidler's Cabinet had become more and more untenable. The bitterness against him increased. The inadequate food measures and the ever-increasing tendency to independence shown by Bohemia,

which had latterly firmly refused to contribute towards supplying either Vienna or the German Austrian parts of Bohemia, naturally resulted in the German Parties presenting a united front against his Cabinet.

The Ruthenians and Poles in particular, to whom he had made simultaneous promises which were essentially contradictory, were preparing the fall of the Cabinet.

I noticed that the German Parties, which also turned violently against him, were just as ignorant of the military and foreign political position as the Hungarian politicians.

Vienna did not in the least understand the actual conditions in the northern Slav countries. The fact that the Czech State had been organizing within for months past, relying on its links with the Entente, was overlooked; the power represented by a people politically and nationally united was overlooked. How thoroughly the German politicians and the great Vienna newspapers which supported their views misjudged the military and international position is best shown by the fact that bitterness was expressed, even at this period, in German political circles, over the Emperor and King's statesmanlike wisdom and his policy of adjusting grievances on the most generous possible scale.

Viewed in the light of later events, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Monarch was the only statesman *au fait* as to all the foreign and domestic political conditions. But it will remain the cardinal error of his method of government that he did not know how to get the politicians in any way to grasp the situation he duly and clearly recognized himself.

Our offensive on the Piave began on the 15th June.

A few days before, I had a long talk with the Chief of the Staff, Arz. In answer to my question whether he reckoned with certainty on the success of this gigantic undertaking in the South-west, he made the Delphic remark that the operation was a foreign political necessity. On the other hand, he described the material preparations for the offensive as ample. He answered the question whether the troops were willing to fight by shrugging his shoulders.

This conversation made the worst possible impression

on me, and I could not refrain from telling His Majesty what I felt about it. He said he was less anxious as to the spirit of the army, which was still absolutely uncorrupted, than as to the strategy. There was the greatest possible difficulty in getting the military leaders to co-operate.

The first reports of the offensive, which began simultaneously in four places, were in general favourable.

At this period a number of interpellations were made in the Hungarian Parliament, at Karolyi's instigation, on the foreign political situation and on the solution of the Polish question.

In the evening I dined at the Park Club, and Karolyi sat down beside me. As he was telling me of his plans for the near future, I seized the opportunity of discussing the fundamental points of His Majesty's programme with him, and ascertained that, on the whole, he agreed with most of the propositions. The fact, which he frankly admitted, that he meant to get into power personally, by hook or by crook, was the only thing which raised doubts in my mind as to the future. He declared that Tisza could only be deprived of power by the most drastic methods, and that he would apply those methods. His remark, that in order to get into power one ought not to shrink from the most criminal methods in politics, had already come to my ears. Karolyi told me at that time that he would agree to a federal union of the whole Monarchy if the reorganization were to be on a Radical-Socialistic basis. He could see no other guarantee of a pacifist course in the future.

Late in the evening I went back to the office, to get through some work. The telephone on my writing-table rang. I heard a buzzing and roaring and clicking, and could not understand anything; I got impatient and angry with the operator. At last I heard distinctly: "His Majesty wishes to speak to you. From the royal train at Udine." Then the King's voice: "Is that you, Windischgraetz?" —"Yes, your Majesty."—"Come to Udine at once."— "At your service, your Majesty."—"Thank you." I rang off, ordered the special train, and travelled the same night to Udine.

The latest reports from the front had been less favourable. The attack, which had been commenced on a front of 170 kilometres, had had to be withdrawn at several points, in consequence of the two army group commanders' measures not having been quite clearly formulated. Still, there did not appear to be any immediate danger.

I arrived at Headquarters at Udine at seven o'clock in the morning. First of all I had a long talk with Field-Marshal Boroevic, who explained the position of his army to me. The whole plan of the offensive had, in his opinion, held the germs of failure from the start. Differences of opinion had arisen between him and Conrad as far back as when selecting the place for a break-through. Arz and the Supreme Command favoured a combined attack, but were unable to carry their point; therefore a middle course was chosen, and storming parties were posted at four different places. They were successful, but had not sufficient men or munitions available at any one point to enable them to turn the advantages they had won to account. In the early days of the offensive Boroevic's army group had succeeded in crossing the Piave with comparative ease, and would have been able to tackle the whole Italian front if Boroevic had had munitions and reserves available. Seeing, however, that both munitions and reserves were distributed over the whole length of the front, the troops wore themselves out in the three days' fighting and were no longer in a position to press forward. But a halt was out of the question, with the Piave behind them.

I was told that the two army groups had lost a total of 170,000 men. The behaviour of the troops had been beyond all praise.

In the course of the conferences it became clear that the supplies available both of munitions and food precluded any further advance. By the withdrawal of the army across the Piave no less than one hundred precious truck-loads of flour were necessarily abandoned. It was catastrophic. And fresh reports kept on coming—verbally, by telephone, by telegram. One of them reduced the Monarch to the lowest depths of depression; it was a telegram stating that, having consumed the supplies of maize commandeered

from the Germans, Vienna was again unprovided for. The King looked at me. I saw that he had grey hairs. It had never struck me before so clearly. "I cannot place any quantity of the early harvest supplies worth mentioning at Austria's disposal before the beginning of July," I said.

"I won't let Vienna starve," said His Majesty.

"Then there is nothing for it but to send another request to Berlin; they must help us to tide over the most difficult weeks."

We held consultation. I proposed that, under these exceptional circumstances, His Majesty should personally write a letter to Kaiser Wilhelm and explain the desperate position. Of course, such a step was a fresh obstacle in the way of solving the peace question; but after the failure of our offensive we no longer had much scope or freedom of action. Moreover, His Majesty had already put this plan into execution. Prince Max Egon Fürstenberg, who is a friend of the German Kaiser, was to go with me to the German Headquarters, and there to hand His Majesty's letter to the German Kaiser and discuss the question of helping Austria.

The Germans had long since expressed a wish to employ Austrian troops on the Western Front; but this idea, which would have drawn him obviously still further into the net of German Imperialistic policy, was so distasteful to His Majesty that hitherto he had obstinately set himself against it. But now Colonel Zeynek was to accompany us, as representing the Supreme Command, and in case of need to discuss the question of sending Austrian troops to the Western Front, as a last concession. Never would it have come to sending our four best divisions, to be followed, according to later agreements, by two further divisions, had not the desperate food conditions made immediate help to Austria a necessity.

I travelled from Udine by special train to Vienna, where I was to meet the other members of the mission, Prince Max Egon Fürstenberg and Colonel Zeynek. I betook myself in Vienna to the German ambassador, Wedel, to inform him of our intended journey and ask him to arrange the details of our reception at Spa.

The answer which arrived from Spa showed plainly how much our prestige in the German Empire had suffered from recent events. It stated that the Monarch's letter would be awaited, and that Prince Fürstenberg, the German Kaiser's personal friend, would be received. The Hungarian Minister and the representative of the Supreme Command, on the other hand, were requested to betake themselves to Berlin for detailed discussions.

The blood rushed to my head when I heard this. I went at once, late as it was in the evening, to the German ambassador, and informed him that, under these circumstances, I did not deem it expedient that anyone should deliver a letter from our Emperor to the German Headquarters. As a responsible Hungarian Minister I was authorized by my Government and by the Monarch to state that the refusal to receive us would be regarded as a political slight to Hungary and the Monarch. I had been sent by the Emperor and King because, for some months past, I alone had been responsible for provisioning Austria-Hungary and the army in the field, and I alone was able to explain the actual situation. If Spa would not deal with us, I would announce this to-morrow in the Hungarian Parliament, and both the Hungarian Government and my Monarch would draw the proper conclusions from this rebuff.

Wedel understood, and telegraphed without delay to the German Headquarters and to the Imperial Chancellor. An invitation for all three of us came the very same night, couched in most friendly terms.

On the morning of the 22nd we made our way to the German Headquarters via Cologne. Spa was as though deserted; the houses were partly burnt down and had not been rebuilt. The Kaiser occupied a lovely villa placed at his disposal by a rich carpet merchant. A sentry guarded the entrance to the villa.

In the hall the Master of the Ceremonies, Plessen, placed us according to rank, I being on the right wing. Fürstenberg, who had delivered the letter, now came out with the Kaiser. We were presented individually, and quite a short *cercle* followed. Then we went into the dining-room, the party at lunch consisting of the Empress, the Emperor,

Plessen, our mission, our military plenipotentiary, Major-General Klepsch, a lady-in-waiting and two aides-de-camp. The food was very simple, but excellent; the Rhine wines first-rate. The Kaiser drank to us, made jokes, discussed the events of the day; no reference was made to politics.

After lunch the Kaiser took me into a corner and talked to me for an hour and a half.

He found great fault with our foreign policy and our military conduct of the war. The help we asked meant a reduction of the ration per head in the German Army. He could only agree to this if we gave effective military help on the Western Front. As to the domestic political developments, he saw the germs of a Slav-Bolshevist movement, which was probably devised by the Entente; our rulers must make it their first business to set their faces against these tendencies as strongly as possible. "The Habsburgs," he said, "have no idea how to bring over the people to their side. Look at me: I go about everywhere, talk to everyone; we sometimes come to hard blows, but in the long run we manage to understand one another."

I replied quite frankly that both our military and foreign political administration left a great deal to be desired, that, above all, our omission to make the fundamental conditions of our participation in the war sufficiently clear to Germany had been the greatest possible mistake. The Monarchy had now reached the end of her resources, and there could be no question of continuing the war. Kaiser Wilhelm interrupted me: "Of course, the economic resources of Central Europe have been exhausted by the four years' blockade. But we shall have final peace in the course of this year. There is no intention of marching on Paris—I am far from wishing to inflict any humiliation at all on the vanquished enemy; tell your Monarch this, and that I beg him to hold out till the favourable moment for opening negotiations has arrived. I know His Majesty is impatient, but the sacrifices that have been made are too great for us to think of breaking off the war when things are going favourably."

The Kaiser did not speak ungraciously, but most strongly and in the Prussian staccato. "After the

war we shall rearrange everything. Naumann's Central Europe is absurd, but from a military point of view there must be a Central Europe, otherwise we shall always be liable to attack from the enemy. We must hold out at all costs, must just take heart," he said by way of farewell; " carry on ! "

Zeynik and I discussed the help to be given by Austria very fully with officers of the German Supreme Command, both in the morning and afternoon, at conferences presided over by General von N. We had to agree, in the first place, that the administration and requisitioning of food supplies and raw material in the Ukraine should be made over entirely to the Germans, and secondly, it was made a condition that the six Austrian divisions which had been promised should be conveyed to the Western Front without delay.

I was not unacquainted with the strategic position on the Western Front, and I could not help inquiring what decisive influence the German military authorities expected our six divisions to have on military operations which were undertaken by the Germans with two hundred units. The answer promptly given was that the failure of our Piave offensive had made the most unfavourable possible impression at German Headquarters, and that the demonstration was necessary, because we had shown that we were no longer a factor to be seriously reckoned with from a military, any more than from an economic point of view.

I remarked on this that it was really no longer in the interest of the Monarchy to carry on the war. Austro-Hungarian policy did not contemplate annexations, and the one great aim, both of my Sovereign and of my Government, was to put an end to the war as soon as possible.

It was a great disappointment to me that Ludendorff was not at Spa ; I should have had much satisfaction in telling him the plain truth. On the other hand, I had the pleasure of meeting Major von O., of the General Staff, whom I had already come across on various fronts. As we were friends, my old comrade concealed nothing from me, and gave me an insight into what was going on behind the scenes in the Operations Department. What he said was

much as follows: "The German offensive in the direction of Amiens used up almost three times the number of reserves provided. The German thrust met with less obstruction and resistance at the Chemin des Dames, but the favourable results of the fighting could not be turned to account, because the greater part of the forces intended for this offensive were held up in front of Amiens. The military authorities reckoned on France breaking down, a calculation which he thought was taken far too much into account. A great many Staff Officers took a most pessimistic view of the military situation. The transport of the troops fighting in the Ukraine and in the Baltic provinces, partly against Bolshevist forces, was going on very slowly. Everything now really depended on whether France would be so exhausted from a military point of view, after the last German offensive, that an early collapse might be expected. I asked Herr von O. how matters stood between the German military authorities and the German Government. He shrugged his shoulders: "At present Ludendorff is working to get rid of Kühlmann and his partisans. You will see how quickly it will be done." Ludendorff was of opinion that the next three months must be decisive, for victory or for defeat. But during this period the internal situation must be held at any price.

Later on, in Berlin, where I had to confer with Count Hertling as to the technical execution of the measures discussed at Spa, I saw how correct Herr von O.'s information had been. I went to the Reichstag and heard Kühlmann's not very dignified swan-song. Anyhow, it was obvious that in Germany a civilian dare not say a word, whether he were called the Imperial Chancellor or the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or held any other seemingly high rank. Officers in field-grey uniforms stood behind the Ministers in the Reichstag; Staff Officers stood with their hands in their breeches' pockets, visible symbols, as it were, of the higher power, in the House of the German people's representatives, in which no one but the members elected by the people had any right to be present, and controlled the Ministers' speeches and behaviour, and probably every expression of their features. There was a private line

between the House and Spa, and hardly was a speech ended before its purport was telephoned to Ludendorff by one of these military organs of control.

On the return journey from Berlin to Vienna, Prince Fürstenberg told me that the help conceded to Austria in the matter of food supplies was only vouchsafed on condition of Austria-Hungary's continuing to pursue a scrupulous and loyal policy of alliance. It is remarkable that neither Kaiser Wilhelm nor the Imperial Chancellor, Count Hertling, had mentioned this to me, the only responsible statesman of the mission.

On the afternoon of the 28th June I was received in audience by His Majesty at Eckartsau, and gave a detailed report of my impressions. I said that Kaiser Wilhelm was the most in sympathy with our peace policy; that, on the other hand, the policy of the German military authorities was an absolute gamble, which it could not be in the interest of the Monarchy to support any further.

On this occasion I had an opportunity of speaking to the deputies Steinwender, Pantz, Paasche and Count Silva Tarouca, who had just been received in audience. None of them, without exception, had any knowledge at all of the foreign political situation. Just as the franchise question in Hungary, so the strife between Germans and Czechs had engrossed the attention of the individual Parties in the Austrian Reichstag for years and years, to the exclusion of all other interests.

The Socialists Seitz, Renner, Tusar and Stanek and the South Slav, Korosec, had been with the Emperor the day before. His Majesty told me that Stanek and Tusar were absolutely won over to a solution of the Czech, and Korosec to a solution of the South Slav question, within the Habsburg Monarchy.

I discussed the modalities of the Czech solution with Langenhan and a few other German deputies in Vienna, without referring to the Monarch's programme. They said that any concession to Czech constitutional or other particularist aspirations would bring about a revolution in German Austria.

In addition to this, I discovered that Count Karolyi had tried to get into touch with the German Socialists through his agents. Dr. Viktor Adler, with whom I had quite a short conversation, told me that Karolyi wanted to get the Vienna Socialists to persuade the Emperor of the necessity of a Radical-Socialist Government under his, Karolyi's, leadership.

I had already pointed out to the Emperor that Karolyi wanted to create an impression in Buda Pesth that he made the King's policy. I said: "He is either your protégé, your Majesty—in which case, say so frankly—or he is not; in that case, you must put a stop to the Karolyi double-dealing." The Emperor replied: "Wekerle shall put things right." Wekerle sent for Karolyi's lawyer and told him that I had insisted on Karolyi's attitude being clearly defined. On this, Karolyi came to see me and asked what my intentions were. I answered: "I want peace just as you do, the sooner the better, but I want it in another way." Karolyi said: "Do you take me for a traitor?" I replied: "I cannot prove anything yet." "How am I to come to an understanding with the King about the matter?" he asked. I advised him to write a letter to the King. Now, he really did this. Hunyadi told me the purport of the letter shortly afterwards. In it Karolyi threw himself at the Monarch's feet; he protested that he was ready to sacrifice his last drop of blood for His Majesty. He swore eternal loyalty; he was incapable of doing anything which could injure the interests of the House of Habsburg, and so on.

In Buda Pesth I made fresh attempts to induce Andrassy to take the initiative. I told him that peace must come about through him; he alone could solve the Serbian problem. He did not fail to recognize the importance of the moment, but said that he was not in a position to come forward politically on his own account. I was the whip, I was the whipper-in, but we did not get any further.

I reported what I had learnt at the German Headquarters to a Ministerial Council. Wekerle's opinion was Burian's opinion: there was no immediate danger to fear.

At the beginning of July I began to deal with the question of commandeering the maize harvest, which alone could guarantee Austria and the army's food supply for the future. As a result of frosts, Hungary's wheat and rye harvest had fallen far short of the amount expected; this had only brought the risk of material collapse still nearer. I had had accurate calculations made in my office of the quantities of maize to be commandeered. According to my estimates, one-third of about thirty million hundredweight grown would be taken over and administered by the State, in which case Hungary might be in a position to transfer five million hundredweight to Austria. This would secure Austria's food supply till after the spring of 1919. On the other hand, I had to explain at a food conference at the Ministry of War that it must necessarily become absolutely impossible to supply the army with meat in the autumn of this year.

In Vienna, Seidler's resignation had in the meantime been tendered for the twentieth time and not accepted. The absolute impossibility of bringing the different political currents into harmony had resulted in no one being wiillng to attempt the difficult task of bringing order into the chaos.

The chief mistake there, as in Buda Pesth, was the entire lack of sincerity. Thus, for instance, Wekerle and Seidler stated on the 17th July that the Polish question was approaching a solution which accorded with the aims of the Monarchy's policy—at a time when Germany's policy in Poland was working tooth and nail against the Austro-Polish solution we supported.

At last, on the 21st July, the Hungarian Parliament accepted the Franchise Reform Bill. But a hybrid franchise had been produced, which did not satisfy anyone, and which in addition was not calculated to bring about the changes in the process of political crystallization which would have been so necessary at this critical time. In reality everything remained as it was. The Minister of Commerce, Szterenyi, and I were in favour of a programme being fixed and steps being taken at once to carry it out; but we did not succeed in carrying our point, and conse-

quently aimless experiments and aimless politics continued to be the order of the day. Tisza, in particular, took every opportunity of making difficulties for the Government. For instance, he made critical remarks in Parliament on my orders for commandeering the harvest, which naturally did not facilitate my measures being carried out satisfactorily.

Tisza had let me know in the morning that at the end of the sitting he would have a few words to say to me. This was very annoying to me, as in such cases I had to remain in the House and listen to the tedious, useless speeches, waiting for the interpellation—and I had an enormous amount to do at my office. In the evening Tisza got up and flatly demanded that the individual communes should be entitled to set aside the quantities they required for a whole year's supply out of the first results of the harvest; naturally, an extremely popular demand, calculated to glorify Tisza in all the counties as the people's friend. I answered that my whole system was based on the early harvest being controlled by the State. Tisza said: "The Food Minister takes a great responsibility. If the transport service were to be suspended through a railway strike, such as we have recently experienced, the communes could not be supplied with flour." This was received with enthusiasm on all sides of the House; even on the extreme Left Tisza was applauded. Loud cries were raised: "Everything must not be sent to Vienna. Hungary must live. The working men must live." I let the cries subside, and said quietly: "My experiences in supplying the country, the army and Austria with food have convinced me that a crisis can only be averted if the *whole yield* of the threshing machines is commandeered at harvest-time, and managed by the State without regard to the wishes of the communes and counties."

The next morning I held an inquiry at my office; I called all my heads of sections together and asked their advice. They declared with one accord that State management in the sense I intended was impracticable, and that confiscation from the threshing machines would produce a revolution in the country. I answered: "Thank you, gentlemen; it will nevertheless take place."

There was a Ministerial Council two days later. All my colleagues shook their heads and warned me. But my radical order was carried out against the view of my Under Secretaries, against the opinion of all the Ministers and all the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, and in spite of the demand made by Tisza and the Majority of the House of Deputies.

The next fortnight was the most anxious time of my life. Again I could not sleep. I lay in bed and heard the threshing machines buzzing and whirring, and saw the sullen faces of the peasants, from whom their property was being taken—saw the soldiers' bayonets, and yet knew that I had chosen the only right way of saving peasants, citizens and soldiers from hunger, and did not know whether at any moment the blind, demagogic instinct of the masses, which had been stirred up, might not destroy the work. If it had come to rioting anywhere, or if the soldiers had been obliged to resort to armed force anywhere, I should have been hanged or killed in Buda Pesth.

Kind Providence helped me a little by sending fine weather.

On the 8th August I had a serious conversation with the new Austrian Prime Minister, Hussarek, a statesman whose intentions were of the best, but who was aware that he would hardly succeed in bringing order into Austria's chaotic Party affairs.

About that time Czernin came to see us in Buda Pesth. He had made up his mind to bring about a consolidation of the German Parties in Austria without actively interfering himself, and would not hear of concessions to the Czechs. He was convinced that the German offensive in the West would be successful.

On the 12th August I asked His Majesty to release me from office at once. What had happened was as follows: Reports had come to me from my functionaries in the province, according to which individual military commandants were requisitioning the harvest supplies on their own responsibility for the benefit of their troops. I protested strongly against this interference at once, but for all that

the Supreme Command issued a decree ordering the use of arms against the requisitioning *Government* officials in case of need. I could not put up with this infamous procedure on the part of the military administration, and I telephoned to the King. I asked him either to set things right at once or to accept my resignation. Within twenty-four hours the military order was revoked and the former régime re-established.

His Majesty telephoned the result of his intervention to me himself. He informed me at the same time that the Entente had started a great offensive in the West; the position of the Germans, particularly on the Marne, was very precarious, and the German military authorities had requested us to hurry our divisions forward. The Monarch said that in view of the altered state of affairs he had decided to proceed to German Headquarters with Burian and Arz, as he hoped to find the Germans at last inclined to support the peace action he had so long intended taking.

A few days later I had a conference in Vienna to fix the ration of fat.

I had been transacting business the whole day, and was just getting into my saloon carriage at the station in the evening, to return to Buda Pesth, when the police officer on duty came and asked me to come to the station-master's telephone. There I found that instructions to start at once to meet the royal train had been telephoned to me from Spa in the morning, but I was nowhere to be found. I consulted the station-master as to the quickest way of meeting the Emperor now, but it was not possible to do so before the next morning, and I had to take the passenger train to Linz. Arrangements were made, however, to stop the royal train on the section of the line controlled by the nearest signal-box in case of its meeting my train.

When we arrived at Linz—I was in a compartment with some officers on leave—it chanced that the royal train was drawn up exactly opposite my carriage. It had arrived a few minutes earlier. The Emperor was walking up and down the platform with Burian and his suite. I saw that he went up to a military policeman, who was wearing some war medals, and spoke to him. The station

was full of people, who waved handkerchiefs and cheered the Emperor enthusiastically.

I got out at once and made my way to the Monarch, to the obvious surprise of the people, who were curious to know why the young Major pressed forward. His Majesty, surrounded by Burian, who looked very dejected, Arz, Hussarek, Seidler, and a few high officials, seemed very pleased to see me, and greeted me most cordially. He had the Caryatides of his Empire with him, but he had sent for *me*. I was intensely gratified.

First of all we lunched together at a table in the royal train, the King and his whole staff; a very modest meal. His Majesty drank a glass of beer and smoked his cigar. Then I travelled alone with him in the compartment in which he worked, while the train rolled towards Vienna.

"The catastrophe has taken place in the West," said the Monarch. "Ludendorff and Hindenburg, who could never be persuaded hitherto to agree to any kind of peace action, have given way. Wilhelm and Ludendorff are now for taking active steps in the interest of peace. I am not satisfied with Burian's attitude, and even now the German standpoint in political questions is still that of regarding our wishes as *quantité négligeable*. They still seem not to understand that, even now, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy is in a position to go its own way. I quite see that Burian must be replaced as soon as possible, and that the programme must be carried out. I am also determined to change the Austrian and Hungarian Governments." (It passed through my mind that all the high officials who were sitting in the adjoining compartment would disappear, and to wonder whether they already had a suspicion of it. . . .) "I had thought," continued His Majesty, "of entrusting you with the formation of a Cabinet in Hungary, but should like to hear your opinion of the present constellation. In Vienna we must set to work at once to carry out the measures with the utmost speed—begin the new order of things at last."

I thanked His Majesty for the confidence he showed in me; but in my opinion the most eminent politicians of both States ought to be summoned, and the main lines to

be followed discussed with them, before taking the programme in hand and making personal changes *ex abrupto*. His Majesty agreed, and commissioned me to draw up at once a list of personages with whom an immediate solution of the domestic political complications would have to be discussed. His Majesty thought, too, that with regard to the Polish question it would be necessary to confer with the Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Prince Radziwill, who was expected within the next few days. He had also summoned Tarnovsky, who appeared to be the man of all others to give advice on Polish questions. On no account would he force himself personally on the new Polish kingdom ; but equally he could not allow a Prince of his House to accept the position of King in Poland if Poland were to fall to the share of the Germans as a Federal State. In foreign policy he was firmly resolved to emancipate himself from Germany's political guidance ; he had already told Burian this.

I said to His Majesty that all the measures we contemplated could only lead to a favourable result if the right Minister for Foreign Affairs were found ; this was of the utmost importance. " Your Majesty knows that I am still thinking of Andrassy."

The King said : " I am afraid you are mistaken, Windischgraetz ; Andrassy seems to me to be even more under German influence than Burian, and will hardly be prepared to take over office at the present moment, when the first step would mean breaking with Germany. I am more inclined to think Count Szecsen, who has been ambassador in Paris, would be the right man. I will tell Hunyadi to summon Szecsen to Vienna at once."

Our conversation lasted till we reached Hütteldorf. The royal train pulled up ; the Empress was waiting on the platform. She got in and travelled with His Majesty to Reichenau.

The next day was the Emperor's birthday.

All the Caryatides were invited to Reichenau. All congratulated, all paid homage to the ruler. Banners and flags, music and deputations. The royal table was laid

for the Archdukes; the Knights of the Order of Theresa (with the exception of Boroevic, who was at the front) sat at the Marshals' table in an adjoining building. Here they were all assembled, the Field-Marshals, Conrad, Arz, Böhm-Ermolli, Trollmann, Wurm, all the great Generals, in the unpretentious uniform of the battlefield they had so seldom visited. The only decoration that glittered on their breasts was the order of Theresa—the ill-starred cross which had done so much harm. How often mere desire, eager longing for this highest of all orders had driven thousands to their death. Hunyadi came to meet me with tears in his eyes. Conrad was just making a brilliant speech, in which he extolled the young Monarch's personality and his qualities as a sovereign. The seventeen Knights of Theresa sprang from their seats, spurs clanked, swords flashed from their scabbards, as they enthusiastically swore eternal loyalty to their Emperor and his dynasty. The orchestra was playing; it burst into "God save" and—"Austria will stand for ever!"

I set to work. I had put the line of march decided on in the railway carriage yesterday into writing, and handed His Majesty the list of the men who were to be taken into his confidence. These were: for Austria, the Social Democrats Renner and Seitz, Philipp Langenhan (German), Nostiz, Trnka (Bohemians), Korosec (Slovene), General Szepticky (Poles and Ruthenians), and finally Tarnovsky (Pole); for Hungary: Andrassy, Bethlen, Navay, Rakovsky and the leaders of the Socialist Party, Garami and Kunfi. As Parliament was not sitting, Tisza was serving at the front as a Colonel, so that his co-operation could not be counted on. On the Croatian side the Minister Unkelhäusser and Baron Rauch were to be asked; it was also agreed that the Governor of Bosnia, Sarkotic, should be approached.

His Majesty now commissioned me to speak to all the Hungarians on the list personally, and to find ways and means of bringing the Austrians together. I told the King that it really would not do for me to carry on negotiations behind the back of my chief, the Prime Minister, on which His Majesty told me that, apart from this, Wekerle and the Hungarian Government must resign

within the next few days. The Imperial and Royal Augean stable was to be thoroughly cleaned out.

In the meantime the Poles, Radziwill and Przedeczky, had arrived in Vienna, and were to be received in audience at Reichenau on the 20th.

The search for a suitable Foreign Minister began, and was prolonged for several weeks. Count Szecsen, the former ambassador in Paris, was weighed and found wanting; at times Tarnovsky was in question; Count Mensdorff was a further combination; then the former Minister in Athens, Szilassy, and finally, always back to Andrassy again. There were difficulties in every direction. One could not, another would not, a third would not have been acceptable to the Germans, a fourth was not sufficiently familiar with the domestic politics of the Monarchy. And at the bottom of the reservoir there was always Count Burian, keeping his head well under cover.

A letter I wrote to Hunyadi at that time, and which was intended to be submitted to His Majesty, gives an insight into the situation:

Dear Friend,

I have taken the opportunity during the last few days of conferring with all the politicians here of the most different Parties. In general, it may be taken as certain that they all, without exception, strongly approve of the solution of the Polish question in the Austrian sense. As far as a solution of the South Slav question in the desired sense is concerned, this will only be possible if a strong Hungarian Government regulates the internal conditions, so that it can then approach the solution desired by His Majesty, in complete agreement with the broad masses of the people. I should like to remark further that it would be an immense advantage if an Austrian (Szepticky) had at last an opportunity, and would take the trouble, of conferring with Hungarian politicians over the actual conditions in Hungary. This has never been done, but it is an absolute necessity if questions in common are to be solved in common. I am not coming to Vienna myself till Sunday, as I have urgent matters to attend to in my department. I beg you to inform His Majesty that I shall of course carry out every task allotted to me to the best of my knowledge and ability, but that it will be impossible for me to remain in the Cabinet just now. In the event of His Majesty being disposed to make use of my humble abilities and my advice in the policy he desires, he may possibly allow

me to resign my post in the Cabinet and continue to work in some other capacity. If I were to remain in my present position, I should deprive myself of power for the future, and should not be of any value worth taking into consideration as a factor able to serve my King. The food questions and the necessary measures for provisioning both the army and Hungary and Austria are worked out down to the smallest details, so that any strong man would now be in a position to carry on the business of my office as my successor.

Yours truly,
WINDISCHGRAETZ.

In Vienna I met Michael Karolyi in the Hôtel Sacher. He was sitting alone in the long, narrow dining-room, and I sat down beside him. He told me that he was accurately informed as to the German collapse, and that he considered further protraction of the war and of the solution of the Polish question a crime. I entirely agreed with him; that was my own opinion. But I told him that the King had plans on a large scale; he was preparing sweeping changes, which might satisfy everyone, and I begged him not to embark on anything without letting me know. He kept his promise faithfully for eight days.

I was confident that the King was in earnest this time; every day was of importance, the change must come now; and if the programme had been reduced to practical politics at once, at that time, the wind would have been taken out of the sails of Karolyi's agitation boat. But as there was no sign of the Monarch's expected initiative, either in foreign or domestic policy, he went into the country and carried on his defeatist propaganda.

Up to this time, however, Karolyi's doings and speeches had appeared to me matters of conscience.

I now discovered, through my confidential agents, that an active agitation was going on in the Buda Pesth barracks, aimed at the conclusion of an immediate peace and recall of the troops we had sent to the West Front. For the moment Karolyi's name was not connected with this agitation. Some journalists were described to me as the instigators. I called Wekerle and the Minister of Defence Szurmay's attention to these symptoms at once. Szurmay, however, said that he was quite sure of all the troops in Pesth and the neighbourhood.

One audience after another took place in Baden. I was told that His Majesty was more inclined to put me at the head of the Government than anyone else. I knew this was his wish, but had always refused, my reason being that I did not want to accept a leading position in Hungary until a Government in the spirit of the "programme" had been formed in Austria too.

One conference after another was held in Buda Pesth—to consider the formation of a Cabinet, fusion of the Parties, appointment and possibilities of a stable Government, concessions, radical reforms, a national programme, the South Slav problem. If we could have transformed the talk into free energy we should have been able to shift the world from its hinges.

On the 4th September I was again summoned to Vienna. Admiral von Hintze had arrived there to negotiate with Burian.

I saw the situation slipping out of my hands, and my agitation increased. I told His Majesty of the chaotic state of affairs in Hungary, and again asked leave to resign. The King would not give it. I told him that Wekerle and all the members of his Cabinet had lost the confidence of the country through their dilatory policy. After Linz I had counted on a prompt solution of the crisis, but now it was evident that Wekerle and Burian's method of dealing leisurely with urgent matters had regained the upper hand; I therefore begged permission to resign. The King would not give it.

I asked him: "What hopes are Burian and Wekerle holding out to you? Why, the German collapse has already begun; what in Heaven's name are we still waiting for? We are being ruined—floundering into an abyss with our eyes open. It is your Majesty's wish that I should work for you; I can do nothing, unless you appoint the right Minister for Foreign Affairs."

"I cannot take Andrassy," the King replied; "I cannot, on account of the Germans, and also on account of the South Slavs."

"Then who does your Majesty want?"

"Julius Szilassy," said the King. "Szilassy sent me

a very sensible memorandum a year ago. Even then he explained the necessity of initiating peace negotiations. He has also a good many links with the Entente."

The King was bent on Szilassy. General Dani, who was now head of a section in the Ministry of War, was dispatched to Constantinople within a few hours, under some pretext, with instructions to bring Szilassy, our chargé d'affaires there, to Vienna without attracting attention.

Conferences over provisioning the army. The Supreme Command made demands which far exceeded the amount set apart for the army commissariat.

Conferences over the conditions in Croatia. It was now quite impossible to induce this part of the country to take any further part in the war.

Conferences with Count Silva Tarouca over the meat supply and delivery of cattle.

Conferences over Bohemia and Galicia, crown-lands which were in a state of open rebellion against their provincial Governments.

Conferences with Arz over the position at the front.

My regular business at the office, journeys from Buda Pesth to Vienna, journeys from Vienna to Baden, journeys from Reichenau to Vienna, hundreds of people to see and interview, from one Ministry to another, questions to ask and questions to answer, information to obtain and to give, advising and appeasing, warning, exhorting, threatening, imploring, demanding—this is how my days and nights were spent.

I lived in a state of constant irritation and wrath, alternating between indignation and amazement; I wanted to lend a helping hand everywhere, but I had too little power, too little grit, too little strength. I now confess that I had not sufficient self-confidence, not sufficient politico-surgical self-confidence, to turn up my sleeves and say: Now I will venture the operation. For the symptoms of the process of disintegration were increasing.

The Chief of the Staff was giving particulars of the state of affairs at the front at a meeting. To my request that the exact strength of the establishment should be given,

Arz and Waldstätten replied that this was impossible. I looked at them in astonishment: "A military administration not in a position to give accurate information as to the number of effectives, to the very last man, at any time?"

Waldstätten replied: "No, it is not possible; for the simple reason that a great many of the men, particularly of the South Slav troops, have left the front without leave, or have not returned from leave."

As a matter of fact, I knew that the Ban of Croatia did not offer any opposition to the Jugo-Slav movement or the agitation of the "Green Guards"; very likely he was even an instigator of the movement. These circumstances were discussed at Ministerial meetings, but no definite resolutions were passed. No one took the operation in hand. The impression I had gained in all the responsible quarters was deplorable; anarchy reigned in the Supreme Command—Wallenstein's camp—the Generals, Conrad and Boroevic, each pursued his own individual policy.

There were also signs of disintegration at the Foreign Ministry and the Ministry of War.

I went to Reichenau again. The Emperor received me at once; told me that, after weeks of the most irritating passivity, Burian had suddenly developed feverish activity. He also told me that he had resolved to appoint Szilassy Minister for Foreign Affairs, only he must first wait for the answer from Berlin to Burian's fresh proposal as to Poland.

I went to Buda Pesth. Ministerial Council; discussion of the anarchy in Croatia. Propose sending an Archduke as Royal Commissioner. Wekerle is against it. I call attention to the fact that there will be the greatest difficulty in supplying the Monarchy with fat and meat in October and November. Austria was on the verge of a collapse, in which Hungary must be involved. Wekerle shook his head smilingly, and soothed the hot-headed youth with gentle words of wisdom. The departmental Ministers also came to the conclusion that, hitherto, I had always taken too gloomy a view.

Long conversation with Wekerle alone; inform him of Szilassy's summons.

Long conversation with my private secretary, Nagy, who reports that the Radicals and Socialists are entirely at my service in the event of my including universal, secret and equal franchise, extending to women, in my programme. Nagy hands me a scheme he has worked out himself, in conjunction with the Socialist Party, and which contains the necessary reforms.

On the 1st September Szilassy arrived in Buda Pesth with Dani. Up to now I had not made Szilassy's acquaintance. He stayed with me, and I read His Majesty's programme to him. At the same time I telephoned to Hunyadi, so that he might arrange the audience at once. Hunyadi informed me by telephone that Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria had been received three days before by His Majesty and had assured him of his loyalty—at a moment when both the Foreign Office and the Supreme Command already had definite proof that Ferdinand had formed a connection with the Entente.

I conferred with Szilassy for two days and two nights. He explained his ideas, which did not differ so very much from mine fundamentally. On quite broad lines his programme comprised the following points:

Foreign policy: immediate peace. If Germany pursues annexationist policy, as Brest and Bucharest plainly show, and does not agree with our view: separate peace.

Domestic policy: farthest reaching autonomy: (1) for Bohemia; (2) for South Slavonia; (3) for Trieste (commercial capital).

Renunciation of Galicia (at all events temporary).

The intelligent, pithy and, from a diplomatic point of view, masterly formulation of these propositions delighted me as much as the clear insight into the political, military and moral strength of the conflicting world complexes, and the forcible logic of his argumentation and demonstration.

We went to Vienna the next day. There should not be a moment's delay. I hastened to His Majesty: "Your Majesty, I have brought Szilassy with me." I was full of hope, joyfully excited—the King was reserved. He was sorry, but Szilassy must wait. Burian was now drawing

up a note to the Entente. If the note were successful, it would be necessary for Burian to remain in office; if it were a failure, which might indeed be taken for granted, then there would be the best reason, apart from that, for making a change.

I took no pains to conceal my disappointment; on the contrary, I pointed out to His Majesty that the endless postponement of this question would have the worst possible consequences. I showed him a newspaper, in which an open letter from Michael Karolyi to his constituents was published. The King read it, and said that the tenor of the letter was based on perfectly correct assumptions. "Yes," I said, "but what is openly stated here signifies, in our present position, a weakening of our internal power of resistance. What he is promoting is Defeatism; what you, your Majesty, should promote is Pacifism. You must and ought to urge Pacifism, but you ought not to allow an individual statesman to discuss it with the enemy and negotiate with him. If you permit this, you paralyse your own liberal policy and part with the only power you have to carry it out."

He saw this. I advised him to summon both Karolyi and the Socialists, and discuss his programme with them. In my opinion the advantage of this would be that Labour would range itself on the side of the Monarch's policy at once; and secondly, that Karolyi would be morally compelled to give up his agitation among the troops. I advised, in addition, the institution of a Press organization, which would initiate the public into the details of his programme and support its being carried out. I would provide the means out of the funds at my disposal, if the Government would take over responsibility for this expenditure.

The King approved of all I suggested, and asked me to take all the necessary steps on my own responsibility. I asked when he would receive Szilassy. "Within the next few days," he said evasively. "But he must ask for an audience himself; I cannot summon him behind Burian's back."

From this statement, and the way in which it was made, I saw that the Emperor was incapable of carrying out the

principles to which he had been converted. He it was who had spoken of and proposed Szilassy, but at the last moment he recoiled from his own decisions; possibly an exaggerated feeling of delicacy deterred him from making painful dispositions and impelled him to shirk, to yield. In this he was an Austrian. And when the situation *forced* him into a decision, he fell into the other extreme. There was a time when His Majesty's short, ringing "I command" was feared, but he had long since given up that tone. And now he disliked the idea of opposing Burian, and shirked telling him that he had summoned the Constantinople chargé d'affaires to Vienna.

As a matter of fact, Szilassy had to wait two whole weeks before he was received by the Monarch.

A number of German newspaper correspondents had come to Vienna for propaganda purposes, chiefly on the initiative of the German ambassador, Count Wedel, and were received by Burian. The Foreign Minister delivered an address *pour la galérie*, the purport of which hardly reflected the actual foreign political situation faithfully. As the speech touched on the Polish question in a way which was not acceptable to Germany, the incident gave rise to bad feeling at the German Embassy.

Since Wedel had been managing affairs in a very businesslike way in Vienna, I had not set foot in the German Embassy, but the necessary information reached me very quickly from reliable sources.

The Entente offensive in the West becomes more and more pronounced; Italian preparations on our Southern Front also point to an intended offensive; an American division and a half have already arrived at the Tirol Front. Waldstätten, whom I interrogate, assures me that there is no danger in the South-west.

At last Szilassy's audience has taken place. The Emperor talked to him for over an hour, but without holding out any prospect of his appointment. The Monarch seems to have been strongly influenced by Burian's peace note, and he hesitates to make a change.

Szilassy went to Switzerland, sadly disappointed.

On the 16th Burian's note urging the commencement of peace negotiations was published. The German Parties in Vienna, which had no idea either of the foreign political situation or of the mentality of our opponents, were satisfied with the note; the German Government showed dissatisfaction on account of its deviations from the Spa programme, and the Entente took no notice of it at all. As the note really suggested no new ideas acceptable to the Entente, but, instead, put forward a number of old, well-worn arguments which had already been repeatedly rejected, Wilson did not think it worth the trouble of answering.

The joint Minister of Finance, Dr. von Spitzmüller, came to see me, and complained that the arrangements for a solution of the South Slav problem had been made without his knowledge. I asked: "What arrangements?" "Why, surely Tisza has been sent to Serajevo." I could not help smiling inwardly at Spitzmüller's speaking of this expedition as "arrangements for a solution." A few days before, I had told His Majesty that I considered Tisza's being sent to Croatia, Serbia and Bosnia a misfortune. As head of a military mission he received representatives of the Serbian Parties in Bosnia, and was so rude to them that the deputation withdrew at once under protest. Jugo-Slavia gave us the answer to this later on.

Remarkable things were going on in my office. I had just made all the necessary arrangements for requisitioning the maize harvest at the proper time; but I noticed in conversation with my officials, and the way in which orders were reversed in practice, or delayed and obstructed, that a secret opposition was being organized, and that my own secretary, Dr. Nagy, was at the head of it. I discovered that he kept a separate record of all the steps I took to provide for Austria and all the food supplies reserved for His Majesty's household; there was no doubt that he was collecting data with the object of accumulating material for a rope with which to hang me later on. He had long conversations daily with the editor, Miklos, behind my back, and was also trying to get into touch with the more Radical

Socialistic elements and the one wing of the Karolyi Party which had already openly expressed Bolshevist-Communist ideas. Thinking over the many symptoms of disruption and lack of discipline which were beginning to make themselves felt in this and that quarter, I saw clearly that nothing but the swift grasp of a very strong hand could save the country from shipwreck, from ruin. And when I reviewed the qualities and temperaments of the leading men, I gradually became convinced that I must be the one to hold the reins of the country. I was determined to restore order and discipline in Buda Pesth within twenty-four hours; I knew the elements with which I should have to deal, and I knew by what means I could bring them over to my side within a short time. My confidential agents kept me informed of the progressive agitation in the barracks, which was being carried on under the Karolyi catchword and pretext, "Away from Austria," but whose subjective tendencies were of a pronounced Bolshevist-Communist nature. It was worked by distributing manifestos and leaflets, also by dispensing wine and money.

Only one leading man belonging to the working class held absolutely aloof from this propaganda: Garami, the editor of the *Nepszava*. He offered the most strenuous opposition to the disintegrating activity of those elements which were in close communication with Lenin and Trotski and received their general instructions from Russia; these were chiefly Hock, the parson "with the golden tongue," celebrated in Buda Pesth for his funeral sermons; Landler, who had already been repeatedly made an example of; and Bela Kun, a journalist who had returned home from imprisonment in Russia.

There were simple reasons why these people were able to find political support in a purely agrarian country; the agitation was based on the nationalist claptrap of the '48 Party. Separation from Austria was always popular; fresh supporters of this idea could always be found among the masses of honest but strongly nationalistic peasants and working men. Hungarian independence, national policy, was the ideal whose attainment was ever present to their minds as the result of the whole war, and

never had the possibility of its realization been so near as now, when the King himself had given unmistakable proofs of his sanction. The pity of it was that agitators who were absolute strangers to the people should have made use of such axioms to carry on a policy which never had anything in common with Hungarian national ideals.

I did not fail to report the many things of which I had become aware to Wekerle, and I also discussed them with Tisza. I represented to him how easy it really might be to secure Hungary the supremacy in the Monarchy. Hungary had made an enormous contribution to the war; the Hungarian soldier had proved himself (apart from the Tirolean) the most valuable defender of his country; Hungary supplied Austria with food; without Hungary, Austria would go under. We held the power in our hands—all we needed was unity, co-operation between all the Parties. Tisza listened, and was enchanted with the idea. "Yes," I said, "but Hungary must form a contented unit; and for this universal, secret and equal franchise is essential."

Tisza fired up. "That would be the ruin of Hungary," he said. "I will never tolerate the new franchise."

I did not relax my efforts: I saw what was at stake; I saw the disaster with which we were threatened; I saw the incompetency, the indolence, the aimlessness of our foreign policy, the internal instability, the antagonism between the Parties, the danger of a military collapse, the menace of Bolshevism.

A few days later I went over to see Tisza again at his villa.

I said to him: "I have never intrigued against you, but I have fought you. I come to you to-day, my opponent, and beg you to work hand in hand with me for the sake of our common national ideals. You are the only man who can save Hungary by a *beau geste*; rise above your prejudices; you hold the key in your hand, the whole of Hungary will follow if you beckon; but in order to conduct a policy that is not merely parochial we must have universal, equal and secret franchise." I told him of the agitation in the barracks, of the menace from Radical elements. I made

no secret of the fact that the Government was not strong enough to oppose this propaganda; the coalitions within the Party, the mutual agreements and compacts, had gone too far; the Government had not been elected on a Liberal-Democratic basis. That was now meeting with its punishment. "Unless we give the people that which is the people's, it will take what it is entitled to, not on a Liberal-Democratic but on a Bolshevist-Communist basis."

I gave him a good talking to for two hours; I saw how the lines and wrinkles in his face worked, how he struggled with himself, weighed, hesitated, hardened his heart again, and rejected. Still I did not give in; I told him that, in the interest of Hungary, I would rather see his régime, which I had so fought, restored; I would rather have his hard, firm hand on the reins again than the half-and-half rule of our present mild, weak Government; I begged, and begged, and begged him, till I was exhausted.

He paced heavily up and down, up and down, on the flagstones of the hall, which extended the length of his drawing-room. Then he came to me with tears in his eyes and said: "I cannot."

(A few weeks later he was shot by the Communists in this corridor.)

Under the impression of my negotiations in Buda Pesth, I wrote a long letter on the 25th September, which was intended for submission to His Majesty. I said in it, among other things:

"As regards supplying the army in the field and Austria with food, it is a melancholy but inevitable fact that it will not be possible to supply the army satisfactorily with meat or Austria with bread-stuffs during the next six months. Under the existing foreign and domestic political conditions it will be impossible to procure the necessary quantities of flour for the civil population. I arranged, for my part, that the five million hundredweight *demanded by the Austrian Government* as the minimum necessary to existence should be commandeered, and the orders relating to this were agreed to by the Cabinet—at the same time, however, I must explain that the actual confiscation of these quantities

must be regarded as out of the question under present circumstances.

"We must understand clearly that we are now steering towards absolute ruin, under full sail—a ruin which will cost us all our country, but will cost the dynasty the throne. Within the next few weeks the Parliaments will meet in Hungary and Austria. In Hungary we are on the verge of the most bitter Party conflicts, in which there will be Tisza's majority on the one side, and on the other again all those democratic elements which have already succeeded once in overthrowing Tisza's régime. The part our present Government will play in this conflict is of no account whatever; but I should like to say that, even with the best will possible, our Government is not in a position to carry out executive measures of any kind—such, for instance, as providing the five million hundredweight—*either in the country or in Parliament.* I transact business daily with the authorities of the individual towns, which are really the only authorities in a position to carry out the Government's orders. All—without exception—are now inclined to shake off all discipline, as they know that the expected political reaction is sure to bring quite different rulers to the top.

"His most gracious Majesty has deigned to honour me with his confidence, and has recently asked my advice and opinion with regard to a possible solution. He has condescended to explain his own political creed to me on broad lines, and on this occasion announced his firm intention of putting these political principles into practice under any circumstances.

"I have taken the liberty of pointing out that the domestic political affairs of the Monarchy can only be settled in the closest connection with a broad-minded foreign policy. His Majesty was himself convinced that the first thing must be to find the man who would be prepared to take the necessary steps to readjust our relations to our allies conformably with the Monarch's policy. As a matter of fact, we must realize that in the coming months Germany will not be in a position to give us material help; on the other hand, the Germans adopt an attitude which is

unfavourable to us in all great political questions. I refer to Germany's attitude in the Polish question; I refer to the German measures which injure us seriously as regards our exchange and in other economic spheres; I recall the conditions in the Ukraine.

"The policy of delay and of half-measures, which now appears to have gained the upper hand, can and will only serve Germany's personal interests, as we shall be driven from day to day into more absolute dependence on her. To-day we are still in a position to insist on our independent sovereignty as against Germany and our enemies, whilst our material collapse, which must inevitably occur in the winter, delivers us defenceless into the hands either of our allies or of the enemy. Dear friend! you know that, with admirable discernment, His Majesty discovered possibly the only diplomat who really has the exact programme for carrying His Majesty's political views into effect. You know that I had no acquaintance with Szilassy, and that it was only in the course of my conversations with him that I recognized the correctness of His Majesty's estimate.

"Moreover, the individual himself plays no part. One thing only is certain—that the *present* Foreign Minister will never be in a position to carry out even the smallest part of the Monarch's programme. In the first place, he is bound to Germany in many ways; in the second place, his views do not agree in any way with the policy His Majesty himself wishes to pursue. From what has happened in the last few days I see that His most gracious Majesty has given up the idea of taking immediate steps to carry out his programme. All that comes under my notice daily proves to me afresh that if we are still to hope for a happy solution of the crisis, not a day, not an hour indeed, must be lost in taking the work of salvation in hand. The situation will grow worse from day to day. The smallest incident in our domestic policy, the smallest incident at the front, may bring about upheavals to which, with our rotten machinery, we are not equal.

"Since I have been in office I have placed myself unreservedly at the service of His Majesty's policy. I am far from having any personal ambition. I have done my

duty as a Minister, and believe that I can serve his most gracious Majesty in no matter what position. I must, nevertheless, make it clear that it is quite impossible for me to represent political views the consequences of which —as I see plainly—must eventually lead to the overthrow of the Monarchy and to the downfall of the dynasty.

"I have taken too great and fundamental a part in the work of the last few months, and have had too much experience of the different political and governing circles to have any illusions as to the future.

"His most gracious Majesty has not only the best intentions, but has also the discernment and judgement necessary to save the Empire. But neither can lead to any result, *if the firm resolve to carry out* the principles recognized as right is lacking. My office places me in a most conspicuous position, and it is my department whose successes or failures exercise the most decisive influence on the possibility of further existence. I cannot and will not remain in office unless the present weak Government makes room for the strong, clear-sighted administration which His Majesty himself considered necessary.

"I beg you to submit this to his most gracious Majesty, and to inform him that I am quite unable to continue bearing the heavy responsibility which is inseparably bound up with my office. I believe that I can do him and his policy better service if I express my opinion independently in Parliament, or return to the front to fill the modest position I accepted before."

I had lately resumed negotiations and intercourse with the friends who had left the Government Party at the time of the split on the franchise question. I met Vazsonyi, Hedervary, Zlinsky, Eitner, Pethö, Hody and many others.

My secretary, Captain Racz, who had known all about my affairs and my correspondence with the Monarch since my expedition to Udine, was a loyal fellow-worker, so was my excellent young friend, Lieutenant Raba, who saw to all the stenographical work and was absolutely reliable.

My great object now was to find men among the Buda

Pesth politicians who were prepared to forget Party feuds, recognizing the critical situation, and to concentrate on the fundamental interests of the Monarchy. Vazsonyi was one of those who at once expressed his honest wish to forget all former disputes and differences of opinion on the franchise question and to devote himself entirely to the service of the Hungarian people; he was the first to grasp the hand which held out the olive-branch, for he too was anxious not to let the psychological moment for putting the nation on a sound basis go by without taking advantage of it. Within the next few days I succeeded in bringing two such hard-headed antagonists as Tisza and Vazsonyi together, and inducing them to join in fighting Defeatism and Bolshevism. No one could doubt that we were obliged to conclude peace; but everything possible had to be done to prevent this peace from bringing about a domestic collapse.

At this period I was very often in Vienna. I had started an active Press campaign there to open the eyes of the Austrian people to the value of Hungarian help in the matter of food supplies, and at the same time to call the attention of the public to the aims of Hungarian national policy and arouse sympathy for these aspirations. I am very grateful to the Vienna Press; as long as I held office all the Vienna newspapers most willingly recognized the trouble I took to provision Austria, and supported me in my patriotic intentions, even the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, which, so long as Viktor Adler lived and ran it in opposition, was not only interesting as a public organ, but also showed character.

During my stay in Vienna I exerted all my influence to induce the Monarch to make the proposed personal changes, both in foreign policy and in the Governments of the two States. I had explained my point of view quite honestly to Wekerle, and I had begged His Majesty for the moment, and so long as no efficient organization was formed to take over the conduct of affairs, not to accept Wekerle's resignation, which had become operative on account of differences of opinion on the South Slav question.

I myself negatived all the Monarch's suggestions that

I should at last take control of Hungarian policy. I considered it presumptuous to climb so quickly to the highest position. I was just as doubtful and critical of myself and my capabilities as I was outwardly self-confident and energetic. I thought the King must be able to find some one with more experience, more statesmanlike ability, a personality to whom I should be willing to subordinate myself: a patriot who would have resisted all temptations and remained true to himself in the midst of the changes that were taking place; who would have thrown himself into the breach for the sake of the sacred cause, regardless of personal ambition; whose wider experience and tried powers of statesmanship would have been able to guide and save the country from ruin. . . . A few months later I knew that it had been my fate to stand at the cross-roads. I had been given the choice; the King wished to have me, I most fervently longed to save Hungary—and looked about in quest of the man to do it.

His name was not Burian. Burian knew that he could not hold on; he saw that the Monarch personally disliked him; he could also hardly have been unaware that movements aimed at his downfall had been going on all round him. The wretched peace note he had spent so long hammering into shape had been nothing but a means of saving himself personally, of hanging on to office. The only thing in it which could interest the Entente was what it did not contain, but what could be read between the lines—the admission of our collapse. Germany was horrified at the miserable lack of fixed purpose revealed by this stillborn request for peace.

Every idea that was suggested at this period by those responsible for the administration of the State was stillborn. Tisza had no programme: he simply stood immovable as a rock, and opposed; Andrassy saw that any attempt to press Hungarian policy on the South Slav *bloc* would be absurd just now; Karolyi was one of those who do harm, meaning to do good: his procedure was purely destructive. And the King was too much engaged in trying to unravel the tangle of the Austrian crisis.

We went about in a fog; sometimes a vague hope

flickered up that far away, somewhere in the West, the Germans would gain a great victory; this would change everything—everything. Like consumptive patients, we did not believe in our malady, or else we were oppressed by the dull recognition that all hope was vain; we lived, breathed and went our way, it may even be said in peace, our way to catastrophe.

The people knew nothing, dreamt of butter and a bit of meat, and talked of what was in the semi-official newspapers, and were furious with our enemies, who would not conclude peace, which Burian had so strongly recommended them to do. But the dramatic moment was bound to come, when the truth as to the chaos would be revealed to the nation at one fell blow. The real difficulties in the way of concluding peace, the divergencies between the German plans and ours and the solution of the national questions, should have been cautiously explained to the people, but in such a way as to be palatable to them, *before* the meeting of Parliament. Public attention should have been called to an entirely fresh policy, to the existence of the Imperial programme, before Parliament met.

This was neglected. In the first place because the Monarch could not make up his mind to publish the programme which had been lying on his writing-table for six months. It is true that he had constitutional reasons for hesitating; the programme could not have been carried into effect in haste, just now, without infringing the Constitution; the King would also have been obliged to dismiss all his Ministers at once: he shrank from doing this, although he had read my letter. It is also true, and this is the most important point, that he was not prepared with the men who would have been able to set up the new structure. But I knew that his throne was in danger, that the bands which held his Empire together were giving way, that they were very quietly falling asunder. Prague proved an excellent barometer. Was not the calm which reigned in the Bohemian capital most remarkable? What had been said in joke was beginning to prove true there, as had often happened in the world's history: a "Bohemian quarter" was coming to an end; hitherto this had

meant that a thing was far too long in taking shape ; and it had been a long time, but now something had taken shape in Prague. The Czechs were biding their time confidently. Every inch that the Germans had to fall back in the West brought them nearer to their desired goal —perhaps the formation of a Czech Ministry, perhaps the Emperor's Coronation in Prague, might yet have saved the situation. Who knows ? Be that as it may, the Czechs were at any rate prepared for their hour ; they were only waiting for the signal. When it was given, when we proposed an armistice to Italy a few weeks later, their constitution was complete down to the smallest detail ; and they changed to their other organization without a *coup de main*, without bloodshed.

About this time I could see that Michael Karolyi's friends and his Party had got up a regular intrigue against me. I was well informed of all these machinations by my friends, and finally I went to Wekerle, with a view to discussing the matter openly. Wekerle assured me of his confidence and denied there being any intrigue. I told him frankly that my only wish was to withdraw from the Cabinet as soon as possible, as I did not agree with his policy.

A question with which we were particularly concerned at that time was the attitude of the Ban of Croatia. Wekerle had proposed Skerlecz, the former Labour Party Ban, to His Majesty as Mihalovic's successor. Skerlecz had told the King plainly that he would be absolutely frank with him in matters of Croatian policy, but that he would not be in a position to speak equally openly to the Hungarian Government. Of course, the King could not agree to this, and Skerlecz was dismissed.

During this time there were increasing signs that Mihalovic had been drawn into the net of the greater Serbian movement. His Majesty therefore commissioned the Hungarian Prime Minister to request the Ban to resign. Instead of asking Mihalovic to resign on his own responsibility, Wekerle chose the easier way of telling Mihalovic that the King was personally dissatisfied with him. On this, Mihalovic asked for an audience, and succeeded in convincing His Majesty of his loyalty. Wekerle's conduct made the

most painful impression on the Monarch, who told me that, after this, it would be absolutely impossible for him to continue to work with him. Wekerle was instructed to send in his resignation ; the Ministerial crisis was acute. But I begged the King, before coming to any decision, to hear what Andrassy and Tisza had to say, for under pressure of the dangers with which we were threatened they appeared at last willing to come to an agreement which would enable them to work together.

The next blow that fell was on the evening of the 24th September, when Szterenyi received news that Bulgaria had applied to the Entente for a separate peace.

It was characteristic of the conditions that prevailed, and not without interest, to note that this news did not reach Austria-Hungary through perhaps the Supreme Command or the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, but through the Hungarian Ministry of Commerce, which received the ominous message from its river-boat officials at Rustchuk.

The news from the German Front also grew worse and worse just at this time. Day after day reports were telephoned to me from German Headquarters which made it perfectly clear that the German military power was slowly but surely breaking down.

This, however, did not prevent the German Government from informing our Foreign Office officially that it rejected the solution of the Polish question in the Austrian sense.

In view of these events, which added one after another to the load on one's heart and took away one's breath, the final publication of the new franchise law, which had received the royal sanction, seemed little more than a bitter mockery. I was entirely opposed to it. I wanted to see the original Vazsonyi Bill come into force, and I had only fought so energetically for its postponement in order to avoid the inevitable serious conflicts in Parliament, and particularly in the country. But now I felt myself implicated: I was responsible, for I was in the very Cabinet which proposed to present the country with this watered-down abortion.

The leaders of the Socialists, whom I met at my secretary, Captain Racz's house, told me repeatedly that they were

willing to work with me and to support me, but the only means of keeping their people under control would be by bringing in universal, equal and secret franchise. As a departmental Minister I was not entitled to make definite agreements with them, but I saw that I had to do with sensible people, who certainly would not throw any difficulties in my way in case of my taking over the Government. They saw the folly of the "separation of Hungary from Austria" catchword; they were not by any means enraptured with Karolyi's agitation, which aimed at revolution; but they were proportionately distrustful of Wekerle's irresolution and the unreliability he had often shown. They seemed to me like goaded, perplexed, good-natured creatures, driven wild and not knowing which way to turn; a kindly, strong grasp would have brought them into the right camp. I should certainly have succeeded in coming to terms with these Labour leaders, who were eligible from an economic point of view, but I could make no promises—I was not the head of the Government.

At that time a painful scene took place between me and Karolyi. A hitherto unknown journalist, Pogany, had started a military Socialist agitation, which attained dangerous dimensions. I met Karolyi at the Ritz Hotel, and as I looked on him as the originator of this seditious movement, I took him to task. It came to high words, and I told him that I would take the first opportunity of having him arrested for his defeatist propaganda. I gave him a piece of my mind which he did not like at all. The scene took place before several politicians, and Karolyi has never forgiven or forgotten this; his hatred of me dates from that time. He told me, indeed, that he would do his best to prevent the Bolshevist movement from spreading; none the less, I learnt through my Press section, which was in touch with the *Az Est*, that inflammatory leaflets were being distributed to the troops destined for the front, with the knowledge and co-operation of Count Karolyi.

Karolyi's many, and by no means unobjectionable, efforts to bring about peace had come to my knowledge already through documents at the Ministry of Justice, which might have given me a handle for putting him in

prison then. But at that time I still believed that he was really pursuing Hungarian national policy, and in this sense would support any Government which did essential justice to the demands he put forward as crucial for himself and his school of thought. My "programme" really included the whole of the Karolyi domestic and foreign political demands; any other policy than that laid down in it had indeed become out of the question in Austria and Hungary, owing to the change in the military and political situation. The trouble was that he threw away every opportunity of making a definite statement as to his attitude and future plans. The only motive which became more and more evident was his anxiety to get into power himself.

After Bulgaria's surrender I reckoned that it could only be a question of weeks before the Monarchy would have to follow the Bulgarian example. Szilassy's idea of presenting Germany with an ultimatum, in agreement with Bulgaria and Turkey, had been our last chance.

At this time I had a third letter handed to the Monarch, which pointed out the situation still more clearly and demanded still stronger remedies. On the 29th a Privy Council was held. At this Privy Council the military situation and the advance of the Entente army under Franchet d'Esperey were discussed. There was a fresh disturbing element in our Hungarian life, the possibility of a Rumanian invasion of Transylvania. According to what we were told by Wekerle and Szurmay, the first military precaution proposed was to send home the five Austro-Hungarian divisions in the Ukraine as quickly as possible, although the Supreme Command still hesitated, for it was infatuated with the idea of being able to pursue black and yellow administrative policy even as far as the Black Sea. These divisions, with the Austro-Hungarian and German forces ordered back from Albania, Montenegro and Macedonia, would have sufficed to hold the Morava-Danube line under any circumstances, all the more as it was known that the Entente had no proper technical means of crossing the Danube available. Consequently neither Transylvania nor the Hungarian frontier was in immediate

danger. It was only a question of safeguarding our own frontiers.

At this moment, well chosen from a psychological point of view, Count Karolyi planted anxiety as to Transylvania in the Magyar heart. With the most cunning ingenuity he promoted daily discussion of a danger which did not exist as yet in the newspapers at his service, *Az Est*, *Vilag* and *Magyarorszag*, which carefully depicted and magnified the danger. Parliament was not sitting, and therefore he employed other means of stirring up the country and throwing it into a state of alarm and panic. At the opening of Parliament he called on the Prime Minister himself, posing as a patriot anxious to discuss the threatened invasion of Hungarian territory by the enemy with the highest authority in the land, and inquire what defensive measures the Government had taken. What he demanded was that we should weaken our South-west Front for the benefit of Hungary.

At the Ministerial Council held on the 30th September I explained my view, supported by statistical data, that the ultimate collapse would not take place on the South-east Front, which was not the most dangerous point, and that the result of weakening our Italian Front was the only real danger to be feared. The Italian preparations had been going on for weeks past; an Italian offensive might be expected at any moment. A break-through on the Piave Front must be a death-blow to Austria-Hungary.

Of course, the demands Karolyi made for the protection of Transylvania were justified, but he did not take into account that, without heavy guns, the Rumanian Army was not in a position to embark on an offensive campaign against Transylvania, which, even if it were only defended by a few regiments, had always the advantage of knowing that the divisions returning from the Ukraine were behind the enemy. That my calculations were correct was proved only too clearly later on. The Rumanians could not even march in when all the Hungarian troops had thrown down their arms at the bidding of the so-called Hungarian National Government.

Simultaneously with the Bulgarian collapse the state

of affairs in Croatia naturally became more critical. I had frequently discussed the matter with Andrassy, but we could come to no other conclusion than that Croatia and Slavonia must be considered lost to Hungary unless some way could be found of saving the Pan-Slav idea, as such, for the Monarchy. This, of course, could only be done if Croatia gave the word of command. But the reconstruction of Serbia, which might have secured us the sympathy of the Serbians, and perhaps even of the Entente, had been omitted. It had been omitted through the hesitation of Wekerle, who had clung to the idea of Bosnia and Herzegovina forming a *corpus separatum* the whole time, and long since obstructed by Tisza, who had foolishly shown a Serbian deputation, even quite recently at Serajevo, what sort of treatment the South Slavs might expect at the hands of the spokesman of the most powerful Party in Hungary.

On the 30th His Majesty informed me by telephone that he had taken cognizance of my letter. He saw the necessity for immediate action, and wished me and Szterenyi to come to Vienna that very night. Now, after the Bulgarian collapse, the King saw that disaster was imminent, and realized the necessity for immediate action.

On the evening of this day Tisza called me up, and now, as even he saw that disaster was imminent, he informed me that he had decided to drop a political feud which had lasted for fifteen years, that he placed himself absolutely at Andrassy's disposal, and that he would himself beg His Majesty to appoint Andrassy Minister for Foreign Affairs.

I was so delighted at this that I put myself in communication with Reichenau at once from my office. The King was equally excited, and asked me to come straight to Vienna with Tisza and Andrassy.

I wanted to tell Wekerle of the King's command, but he was nowhere to be found. This frequently happened; if one asked for him at the Home Office, they said he was at the Prime Minister's office, and if one rang up this office the answer was that he was at the Home Office. As a rule, he shut himself up in his office in the evening and was denied to everyone. There he worked diligently for hours,

worried out some difficult financial problem or other, and drafted a new taxation law or some new financial programme, in themselves most valuable efforts, but at the present time purely the indulgence of a private mania. He was placidly content to work conscientiously at a detail of his post-diluvian taxation policy, though the world, the nation, might come to an end. As his whereabouts consequently could not be ascertained, I left a few lines for him, and went to Vienna the same night with Tisza and Andrassy. My special carriage was coupled to a passenger train, which reached Vienna in the morning. In the train I first of all explained His Majesty's programme to Tisza and Andrassy on quite broad lines, and told them of the King's interview with Szepticky and Szilassy. Both appeared annoyed; the more I told them, the more they took it to heart. They were looked on as the most important political personalities in the country; they were aware of their paramount influence on the nation, but they were not in the confidence of the responsible leaders; they had never been vouchsafed the insight into foreign policy I had now given them; they had had no idea of the magnitude, the extent and the immediate proximity of the danger. They discovered for the first time that night that we were *vis-à-vis de rien.*

On this, Tisza declared that the essential at the moment was to appoint a Minister for Foreign Affairs who possessed Hungary's confidence, and he, Tisza, considered Andrassy the one and only man. He was prepared to accept his political programme and to support it with his whole Party. Andrassy broached the subject of the domestic crisis, and pointed out that a solution and a new political situation would only be possible if universal, equal and secret franchise were brought in at once, for otherwise the elements outside the Party, the much-sought-after Socialists and Radicals, who constituted a power not to be despised, would all go over to Karolyi's camp with flying colours, and would associate themselves with him in all his revolutionary tendencies. Tisza did not agree with these arguments; he replied that control of the masses was a question of strict and effective administration, which

any strong Government could exercise—and that in spite of all the arguments adduced in favour of it, and in spite of the insight he had been given into the foreign political situation, he must characterize an extension of the franchise, beyond what had already been conceded, as so serious a misfortune for the country that he could not agree to it.

From ten o'clock at night till two o'clock in the morning Andrassy and I tried to persuade him to yield. The two men, who had only just been reconciled, drifted deeper and deeper into differences of opinion, into heated discussion, and finally into a quarrel. They fell on one another as in the old days; the same game began once more.

I was tired and exhausted, but I went on trying to point out to Tisza the disastrous results to which his obstinacy must lead; I assured him that the Monarch would be absolutely guided by his advice in all domestic questions, but he had to remember that this was the very last opportunity of effecting internal consolidation. It was quite useless. All Tisza would concede was that he would support Andrassy as Foreign Minister. He went to sleep, and we two were alone, exhausted, pumped out, at an end of our resources. Andrassy was in despair over this perverse nature which was impervious to any arguments.

When we reached Vienna early in the morning, to our astonishment we saw Wekerle in person smiling pleasantly on the platform. The retiring Minister had found my explanation of the evening before, and had simultaneously been informed by telephone that the King had accepted his resignation; he was not going to be done out of escorting Tisza, Andrassy and Windischgraetz to the Monarch, so he had taken a second train, which arrived at the same time as ours.

Szterenyi also appeared on the platform, and informed me that in the course of yesterday evening he had heard that His Majesty thought of appointing him Prime Minister.

At my rooms, where Andrassy, Tisza and I were breakfasting together before starting for Reichenau, I told the two gentlemen that Karolyi had asked for an audience of His Majesty the day before. In answer to His Majesty,

I had advised his making a point of receiving Karolyi, but suggested that he should also summon at any rate one or two Socialists and possibly a leader of the Radicals. Tisza and Andrassy were both of opinion that it would not have been advisable to refuse the audience at the present moment. Certainly, however, care must be taken that His Majesty should be informed of the Karolyi agitation and of his plans from an unprejudiced quarter, before or after the audience.

We met Wekerle again at Reichenau. While Tisza and Andrassy were having a joint audience of the Monarch, Wekerle took me and Szterenyi to task; he was very angry, and declared that this was all a deep-laid scheme to get rid of him personally. I told him that from the very beginning I had always been sincere with him and had honestly told him of the objections His Majesty had made to his policy. The chief reason for His Majesty's not wishing to work with him any longer was, for that matter, his behaviour in the question of the Ban of Croatia.

I was the last to be received by His Majesty. He was very much agitated. "I am in despair," he cried. "These two men actually come to me together, are said to be reconciled, and are still of different opinions. What is to be done? Tisza will not give in. I thought we should be able to form a Hungarian Cabinet to-day; I thought Andrassy and Tisza would come prepared with proposals: now Tisza advises me to leave Wekerle in office. I cannot do that; it is impossible for me to go on working with Wekerle."

I explained why Tisza would rather Wekerle remained. They were much of the same opinion as to the franchise. But I agreed that there could be no question of Wekerle's remaining in office, as all the Franchise Parties, even Andrassy and Apponyi's supporters, looked on our Cabinet as nothing but a mouthpiece of the National Work Party.

"Well, what is to be done? Won't you undertake to form a Cabinet at last?" I shook my head.

"Well, give me your advice: who is to form a Government? Szterenyi?" I agreed that Szterenyi was one of our strongest and most able politicians; but it would be a mistake to appoint the Minister of Commerce just now,

chiefly because the Socialists were against him, remembering his drastic suppression of the last railway strike.

"Then there is no one left but you."

"No, your Majesty," I said; "the Prime Minister ought to be a man who is not compromised, as I am, by having been a member of Wekerle's Cabinet. A man should be chosen who could reckon on Tisza's Work Party, but who would, on the other hand, be recognized by the Parties on the Left as a sincere supporter of the franchise. The only one who appears to me to fulfil these requirements is Ludwig Navay, the President of the House of Deputies."

"Then let us send for Navay," said the King.

I motored back to Vienna from Reichenau. I had invited Count Tisza to come with me. During the whole drive I used my powers of persuasion with him, and tried to induce him to give us a free hand in the franchise question; I told him that this was the only means of restraining the Radical elements from a revolution. Tisza thought he knew how order could be maintained in the country at present. I replied that I knew too; but our present Government under Wekerle ought not to venture on taking any strong measures. Tisza said he would support Wekerle, or any politician who pursued a strong policy, but he would adhere to his standpoint as regards the franchise.

Arrived in Vienna, I went to the "Ungarische Haus" in the Bankgasse, where Wekerle and Szterenyi had already arrived. I told Wekerle that His Majesty intended to send for Ludwig Navay, and also told him all that Tisza had said. I pointed out that our Cabinet was not in a position to bring about a fusion of Parties. "I am prepared to go at any moment." Again I tried to convince him that it was not a personal matter, but a question of unravelling the tangle.

After a further long talk with Szterenyi I went to dine at the Hotel Sacher, feeling tired and worried.

It was dinner-time, and all the rooms were full. I had arranged to meet a General and a mutual relation, and was looking for both. I met Frau Sacher in the small room between the two dining-rooms. "It is dreadful,"

she said, with a flushed face. My mind was full of anxiety about the Hungarian crisis, and I said: "Yes, yes, it is dreadful." "Even the waiters won't obey any longer," she continued. "I have just boxed the ears of one of them."

I met my friends at supper in one of the little private rooms. "People here are saying that you are to be Prime Minister," were the words with which one of them greeted me.

"Foolish rumours," I said.

"As you don't give the Viennese enough to eat, they must live on rumours," said my guest, with dry humour.

"What did the War Office want with you?" I asked.

"I am to go to Poland to obtain information as to the conditions there; the people are getting out of hand."

"Everything is getting out of hand," said I. "Only ask Frau Sacher. Even the waiters refuse to obey any longer; perhaps the head-waiters will also refuse to obey soon," I said, and looked at old Wagner, the head-waiter, who was just filling my glass.

"Your Highness, how will all this end?" said the old man, bowing; "how will it end?"

"Who is here?"

"Excellency Tarnovsky is dining close by," replied Wagner. "I will speak to him," I said, and went out. I found Tarnovsky with a few Polish gentlemen. He told me that he had been recalled from Warsaw not long ago, and that His Majesty thought of appointing him Minister for Foreign Affairs (which I already knew). Between ourselves he told me that, owing to the perpetual postponement of the Polish solution and our passivity, the Poles had become distrustful of the Monarchy and the dynasty, and that naturally the Radical elements were gaining the upper hand.

D. and fat K. were just passing down the corridor arm in arm. When they saw me, they made me come with them and took me into the large tapestry room, where I found a number of old comrades from the front. Here things were going merrily; women were present, and Kutschera, the Vienna star, was at the piano playing "*Einmal nur möcht ich in Grinzing sein, beim Wein, beim Wein, beim Wein* . . ." The women were singing and wine and cham-

pagne were flowing. I think no one was sober but Kutschera. I only stayed here a few minutes, to take leave of my comrades who had to go back to the front. As I was going along the corridor a waiter was just opening the door of a room. I saw my friend Michael Karolyi sitting inside with the Hungarian journalist Diner-Denes and a few men who were unknown to me.

I asked old Wagner whether Count Karolyi often dined here with these gentlemen. " Oh yes, your Highness, often."

Vienna society was at supper in the public dining-rooms ; great financiers, bankers, successful profiteers, military men, the Chief of the Police, the oldest families of the Empire and the newest Barons side by side with a few ladies of universal notoriety. Here a Polish Minister conferred with fellow-countrymen as to how best to increase and uphold the power of the throne ; there a Hungarian magnate conspired with leaders of the most Radical section of Labour to overthrow throne and dynasty ; here the *jeunesse dorée* feasted and made merry before going back to the war ; there Ministerial posts were being told off or the rate of exchange discussed. News and history were verbally made in these public and private rooms, these corridors and halls ; here Austrian policy took birth and shape day after day, dished up in characteristic Austrian fashion between the beef and the apple-fool.

Truly it might be said of Frau Sacher : *In deinem Lager isst Osterreich !*

I had perpetual negotiations at the Ministry of War over questions of provisioning the army. The absolute dearth of cattle for slaughter and the loss of the share claimed by Austria caused more and more serious difficulties at the fronts. It was hardly possible to remedy this, under the existing circumstances, as all the factors and quarters, both in Austria and Hungary, who would have been qualified to take decisive measures had actually sent in their resignations.

From the Ministry of War I drove to the Premier's office to see Hussarek, who discussed the desperate position of Austria in the next few months. He told me that he

considered his mission as Prime Minister at an end, and that he did not intend remaining in office for more than a few days longer. He did not expect any improvement in the domestic political conditions from the reopening of Parliament, which was fixed for the next day (2nd October). The hopeless military position created by Bulgaria's collapse must certainly have the effect of putting heart into the North and South Slavs, so that there could be no likelihood of a German-Slav agreement being reached.

I drove to the beautiful old Prinz Eugen palace in the Weihburggasse and looked up the joint Minister of Finance, Dr. von Spitzmüller, in his office. He thought the only possible solution of the South Slav question now would be a union of all Hungarian and Austrian South Slavs. So long as Bulgaria held out and our hold on the occupied Serbian territories was firm, a union of Bosnia, Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia within the framework of Hungary would have been feasible. To-day the Serbians' self-confidence had very much increased. They knew that Serbia must shortly be evacuated. Nothing but union of the South Slav elements in the Monarchy could counterbalance the Greater Serbian propaganda. I replied that this was His Majesty's own particular programme, which he had advocated for months, but to which neither Burian nor Wekerle and his partisans would agree; but as I had received a letter from Sarkotic that very day, taking exactly the same standpoint, I would petition His Majesty again to take the solution of this question in hand without loss of time.

Arrived back at my own abode, I found a telegram from Captain Racz, telling me that he had succeeded in finding Navay at his country house; they might both arrive in Vienna the day after to-morrow.

Interview in the course of the evening with Langenhan, a non-extremist member of the German National Party; met his colleagues Pacher, Wolf, Waldner, and also Haupt-Stummer and Prince Max Fürstenberg at his house.

We first of all discussed the possibility of providing German Austria with food supplies. I again pointed out that this question was of a political nature, and that just

at the present moment it was absolutely necessary for the German-Hungarian elements in the Monarchy to act together. Nothing but entire agreement between the two Governments on all questions relating to war and peace would make it possible to carry out the measures which were essential for commandeering the whole maize harvest in Hungary. Austria could not count on help unless the whole maize harvest were commandeered. Consequently, ordered political conditions must be created in Austria itself, and this could only be done if all the German Parties united. Everyone must recognize that a settlement with the Czechs and South Slavs was necessary, now that the success of the Czech policy in the war had become unmistakable. Depressing as this might be for the Germans and Hungarians, there was nothing to be gained by shutting one's eyes to the actual facts. The Vice-President of the House of Lords and President of the German Party in the House of Lords, Prince Max Fürstenberg, is of the same opinion. Wolf, who is sympathetic, but has fads, declares that German Bohemia is the great difficulty, and that until this difficulty is solved in the German sense there can be no question of a settlement with the Czechs.

In the course of the evening I ring up Wekerle to report all my negotiations to him and inform him of the standpoint adopted by the German deputies.

On the 2nd October Michael Karolyi was received in audience. I went to Reichenau too; for Tisza and Andrassy had begged me to find out at once whether the King had allowed himself to be influenced.

Karolyi's audience lasted four hours and a quarter. When he came out he seemed very dejected. He only said shortly that the Monarch had absolutely negatived all his proposals. I had my motor and invited him to drive to Vienna with me. But His Majesty wished to speak to me first. Karolyi was given some lunch, and waited at the villa. The Emperor was going to shoot at Mürzsteg, and I was to drive part of the way with him.

He said: "Karolyi is quite mad; he wants to be Prime Minister. Is that possible? Has he a majority in the country?"

"Your Majesty, he has twenty deputies behind him and a number of very clever journalists, who want to get into power. These people are pushing Karolyi forward, and writing every day in their papers that he is the only man to bring peace."

"So I am to appoint him Dictator in Hungary, while on the other hand I am advised to have him arraigned for high treason?" His Majesty then turned to Austrian domestic political matters, and I tried to persuade him to make it up with Czernin, particularly as Czernin seemed to have influence with the Socialists.

The King said: "No, I will have nothing more to do with Czernin. The Czechs hate him, and he cannot have very much influence."

As he spoke he drew a folded typewritten paper from the breast pocket of his uniform and handed it to me. "You shall be the first to see it."

I read it and was horrified. "When did your Majesty receive this?"

"Silva Tarouca brought it to me to-day."

It was a manifesto, in which the liquidation of the old Austria was proclaimed, and its conversion into a Federal State. I said: "After all, your Majesty, this manifesto does not aim at anything very different to your own programme. If you could not find three men in a position to form Governments strong enough to secure the points of this programme by Parliamentary methods, neither will the conditions essential for carrying out the reform proclaimed in this manifesto be forthcoming. I consider that it would be dangerous to publish the manifesto without previous consultation with the Hungarian Government, and I beg your Majesty to postpone its publication till first of all a new Foreign Minister is appointed and, secondly, the two Governments are formed which shall have agreed to adopt its purport."

His Majesty promised not to take any step until these two matters had been dealt with. As far as the Minister for Foreign Affairs was concerned, however, he did not think the moment had come to choose Andrassy, for just now a statesman absolutely friendly to the Entente must

be considered. He had Count Mensdorff in mind, his idea being that I should work with him as Hungarian head of a section. He spoke of Karolyi again, and thought it would be advisable to make sure of him, as his apparently excellent French connections might be useful at the peace negotiations. But to make over the Government in Hungary to him would be impossible, if only because none of the *bourgeois* Parties would support him. He was of opinion that in Hungary nothing but an ultra-national policy could succeed in bringing the war to an end under ordered conditions. He was determined to fulfil far-reaching national wishes in Hungary, and would only wait for Navay's arrival to discuss further details with him.

The Empress was driving in a second motor behind ours. The Emperor now got into it, and I turned back to Wartholz, picked up Karolyi, and we drove to Vienna.

Karolyi was very taciturn; he spoke with difficulty and was hoarse. It was only at my instance that he told me he had suggested the appointment of a Government under his leadership to the Monarch; a Radical policy was the only hope. This policy could only be carried into effect in a sense friendly to the Entente, and by a man who, like himself, had excellent relations with France. I pointed out to Karolyi the difficulties of a Government under his leadership, which proposed to pursue a franchise policy without the consent of the majority; this could not be done without a revolution. I told him that I should have been prepared to carry out the most radical franchise myself, as Prime Minister, if I had not seen the absolute impossibility of it under the existing conditions. To provoke a revolution at the present time would mean provoking Hungary's downfall. To this Karolyi replied very decidedly: "I am going to set to work with a will now."

I put Karolyi down at the "Bristol," and drove to the Hotel Sacher, where Czernin was staying.

I put the difficult position quite frankly before Czernin, and begged him to devote himself resolutely to the restoration of ordered conditions in Austria; if not actively, then at least behind the scenes of the German Parties. Czernin maintained an attitude of reserve, and merely

asserted that his relations to the Emperor made it out of the question for him to give advice. I spoke of the Monarch's proposal to appoint Mensdorff Foreign Minister, on which Czernin said he thought I should be the most suitable man at the present moment, for what I had done to supply the country with food, without troubling about the loss of my popularity in Hungary, was very much appreciated in Austria. The accidental fact of the importance of my department had in reality made me the most powerful man in Austria. Under the old régime it would have been quite inconceivable that the Foreign Ministry should negotiate with a Hungarian departmental Minister over foreign political questions, should justify itself or give reasons for any measure.

As a matter of fact, all the administrative authorities in the Monarchy were dependent for the necessaries of life on the efficiency of my office; the Ministry of War, the Supreme Command, the Austrian Prime Minister, the joint Minister of Finance (for Hungary had undertaken to supply Bosnia and Herzegovina as well), the Home Office, the Governors of Dalmatia, Poland, Tirol, and finally the Burgomaster of Vienna, had all subsisted, either wholly or in part, on what I had allotted to them. And, as many of them applied direct to the Court, to the Crown, even the Crown was automatically compelled to put itself in touch with me. I had to take a general survey of all the departments from my department; by this means I was able to form a definite opinion; no one else would have been in a position to draw up the "programme," for even the Minister for Foreign Affairs himself had not the knowledge of the tortuous paths of domestic policy that I had acquired in the exercise of my office. It was only my exceptional position at an exceptional time which had driven me to the conclusion that I must work with might and main for peace, for the fulfilment of a programme, for the creation of a centralized sovereign power. I had the knowledge; but act I could not. I lacked the authority and the right, the title and the power. I was only the whip, and tried to whip up. Czernin recognized this, when he kindly spoke of me as the most suitable Minister for Foreign Affairs.

I thanked him, but insisted that, now as ever, I considered Andrassy the only statesman with the qualifications which would enable him to adjust our foreign political position.

The next day Navay arrived in Vienna with Captain Racz, and put up at the Hotel Sacher. Long conversation, in the course of which I explain every detail of His Majesty's programme to him. My chief anxiety in all my efforts to solve the political crisis was to see that any Government formed should only be based on the existing Parliament. Everyone knew that a House of Deputies elected eight years ago could not represent the real opinion of the people ; at the same time it was the only basis of the legal continuity which it was more than ever important not to infringe at present. Any alteration in the existing order would have held the germs of a revolution ; I wanted to prevent this, so that in the future there should be no doubt as to the legitimacy of the point of view from which essential national questions had been decided. Of course, I emphasized this to Navay.

In the evening I met Silva Tarouca in a private room at the Hotel Sacher. He is so extraordinarily optimistic as to believe that he might yet succeed in forming a Coalition Ministry of Czechs and Germans; he would not be at all averse to taking over the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

In the night I hear by telephone that Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey are going to propose an armistice to Wilson to-morrow. After long hesitation, Burian has at last pulled himself together again for action. It is true that the King was very urgent, and that he foresaw the prospect of a successor. That decided the matter. I replied that I looked on this joint proposal of an armistice as a serious mistake, as it again wrested the peace initiative out of the hands of the Monarchy, and with it all the political advantages. A *separate peace offer*, which would not have been made without consideration for Germany —for I had always insisted that our obligations and our attitude towards Germany and her war aims should be clearly defined, and had made this a first point in my programme— would have been a political success, and a proof to the world that we are still capable of pursuing a policy of our own.

Hussarek made a statement on behalf of the Government, at the opening of the Austrian House of Deputies to-day, which gave a purely fanciful picture of the state of affairs. It met with very little response. The Czechs maintained absolute silence; they were meditating; what would have been the good of exciting themselves?

The next afternoon I drove out to Reichenau. Very long audience. Mensdorff has refused the offer of office made him, on the ground that he is not sufficiently conversant with the domestic political conditions in the Monarchy. Moreover, he thinks he will be able to turn his many connections with England and France to better account as an unofficial statesman when peace is being concluded. His Majesty is of opinion that the change of Ministers cannot now be made until Wilson's answer comes to the note sent to-day by the Central Powers. I sigh, and again propose Andrassy. Again I preach that it will make the greatest impression in Germany if even such a man as Andrassy, who was absolutely in favour of maintaining the alliance, recommends its being broken off; that would open the eyes of the Germans to the fact that we are only acting under the most extreme pressure, that it is our last hope of escaping absolute ruin.

Then it came to Navay's turn. He spent an hour explaining his political creed to His Majesty, but finally it only appeared that Tisza's attitude in the franchise question must put out his light too. Consequently he refused to take office, and was of opinion that possibly Apponyi might be the man to reconcile all the conflicting Parties in Hungary. He proposed that His Majesty should send him as *homo regius* to Buda Pesth and authorize him to try to induce Apponyi to form a Cabinet.

I supported this proposal. Apponyi is a great idealist, the *beau idéal* in Hungarian politics, the poet of the Magyar idea, a marvellous orator in all the languages. Possibly one of the delightful odes from the pen of this standard-bearer of national policy might yet succeed in uniting all the Parties under his colours. I went to Buda Pesth in the evening with Navay.

A Cabinet Council on the 5th. South Slav question, Unkelhäusser sent to Agram as Ban.

In the morning I accompany Navay to call on Wekerle and Tisza. I notice a very remarkable, if only slight, change in Tisza's attitude; he is prepared to make concessions. Even this block of granite now seems to feel the pressure of events. It is true that he is far from paying any attention to our siren strains, he is against any proclamation of equal and secret franchise to be exercised on communal lines, but to our unbounded astonishment he says that he is prepared to concede the franchise to the holders of the Karl military cross without reference to age. A small breach had been made in the Tisza wall, and I resolved to drive a wedge into it.

But first of all Navay and I paid Michael Karolyi a visit at his magnificent old palace. He received us with the most sedulous affability, which he could always show when he was really pleased, or when he wished to conceal his real intentions and feelings. He was in the uniform of a Honved Lieutenant, for he had just come back from attending a Court of honour which had taken proceedings against him on a charge of high treason.

In the meantime Navay had spoken to Apponyi, who said that he would be willing to undertake the formation of a Cabinet, if Karolyi would adopt at the very least a tolerant standpoint towards him.

We propounded the basis of the new Government programme to Karolyi: (1) the external signs of national policy, (2) declaration of universal, equal and secret franchise (Navay and I still hoped to obtain Tisza's consent), (3) social reforms, agrarian reform, nationalization of schools, etc.

Karolyi thought he had no objection to make to the individual points; but he must adhere to a strict peace policy. Navay and I assured him that, in any case, the intention was to clear up our position towards Germany. He made the most violent attacks on Apponyi, and said it would be the worst possible mistake to pursue a Hungarian national policy at the present moment; the first thing to be done was to come to an agreement with all the nationalities and try to get them to accept peace conditions

in Wilson's sense. He thought it absurd to put Apponyi at the head of the Government now, seeing that he had always spoken in favour of the war. "The only politician in the Monarchy whose views are absolutely Radical is the Monarch," he said. "The King agrees with my ideas. I am the only man who supports his policy, and I shall prove to him that I am the only one to save his throne."

My impression was that Karolyi was bent on the worst, and at the same time it seemed to me that, although it looked otherwise, he meant honestly by those above and was deceiving those beneath him. I thought it evident, from several things he said, that what he really wanted at that time was to climb, in some way or other, with the help of his Communist friends, to power which would also have been to the advantage of the Crown. He would then have pushed aside the lower classes, on whose shoulders he had reached the top of the ladder. But I could not look into his multifid mind.

That was the last time I entered Karolyi's house.

When I returned to my office in the evening, I again found, as on previous occasions, through my confidential agents, that conferences had recently taken place at Karolyi's house, in the course of which the plans for organizing Workmen and Soldiers' Councils had been drawn up.

Just as I was aware of the agitation which was being carried on by Karolyi's Party, so I also knew who supported the policy he was pursuing in the present critical situation; even the *Pesti Naplo*, which was at that time kept up by Baron Ludwig Hatvany's millions, went over to the Karolyi camp. Hatvany was one of the ambitious men, of whom there were not a few in Buda Pesth, who wanted to play a part at any price. In bygone years he had been closely connected with a "Brotherhood in Arms" league, which gravitated towards Berlin and, of course, propagated rigid Prussian ideas and aims; latterly he had placed his newspaper and his money at the service of Karolyi's policy and had gone over to the Entente camp. (In the meantime, as far as I know, he has turned his coat again at least once.) I knew, too, what part Paul Kéri, Ladislaus Fényes, and on the other hand Béla Vágó had

played, and who the authors of the special leaflets intended for distribution at the front were. I was also perfectly aware that my own private secretary, Dr. Ferencz Nagy, took part in the conclaves of the Karolyi Party, and was in active communication with the agitator Landler. And finally I was already aware that even the editor of the *Deli Hirlap*, Miklos Lazar, who knew the "programme" and had placed himself body and soul at my service, and whom I had singled out for the post of Chief of the Press, in case of my taking over the Government—that even Miklos Lazar was associated with the agitation being carried on in all the barracks in those early October days. All these gentlemen of the Buda Pesth Press thought it just as well to have two irons in the fire. They dipped their pens in black, red and gold, in red, white and green and in red colours according to circumstances, and I knew that from being enthusiastic revolutionaries they would very soon have returned to being enthusiastic officials.

I was not idle in the face of these machinations. I, too, had worked out a complete programme, according to which order would have been maintained in the capital, in case any Party made the smallest attempt to rouse the mob.

After our visit to Karolyi, Navay was very depressed at the failure of all his efforts, and decided to take the next train to Vienna to inform the King that under these circumstances he was not in a position to take over the Government. In the course of the afternoon I had a conference with Tisza at the National Casino. Tisza urged Navay to form a Cabinet; Navay said he was unable to do so. I telephoned to Hunyadi at Reichenau. His Majesty summoned Tisza to the telephone, and told him that he was bent on a solution of the South Slav question, i.e. on a union of all the South Slavs under the Hungarian crown.

Navay left for Vienna in the evening.

I had worked at the office for a few hours in the meantime, and it was now 8.30. The conferences which had been going on all day had exhausted me, my mind was filled with a thousand thoughts and anxieties; I was hungry, and went to the National Casino.

Tisza was sitting in the dining-room there, having supper

at a table alone. He saw me come in and beckoned to me. I sat down beside him and ordered my supper.

He began in his dry way: "So Navay has failed, and does not want to do it either. What is to be done now?"

I said: "I am at my wits' end. I shall not remain in office; this life is madness. Any further combination is out of the question. I cannot find any way out. No one can find it, no one can undertake, or produce, or work anything. And only on your account—it is your fault."

On this Tisza said slowly and deliberately: "If you were now prepared to undertake the formation of a Cabinet at once, I would give in, in spite of my belief that it means the ruin of the country."

I stared at him; what I heard was incredible.

"If you set to work *at once*, I will accept your programme, although only to the extent of leaving my Party on your side and tolerating it personally."

I jumped up; the waiter was just bringing my meal; I did not touch it, I no longer felt hungry. I rushed to the telephone-box, had myself put on to the King at once and told him what had happened.

"Ah! At last, at last! Are you prepared?"

"Everything is in order," I called back, and rang off. I left Tisza alone, jumped into a taxi and tore off to Hedervary; I shouted orders; worked the telephone: called up Vazsonyi—all my friends must come to me, all Apponyi's and Andrassy's followers; Count Sigray must go to Purjesz, the editor of *Vilag*, and to the *bourgeois* Radicals, with whom he was in touch. I lived ten lives—talked, called, ordered, directed; it was the most important day of my life, the most important night. I myself jumped into the taxi again and drove round to collect my Ministers.

The list had long since been thought over and worked out. Szmrecsanyi was to have been Minister of the Interior, Sigray Minister to His Majesty's Court, Dani Minister of Defence, Huszar Minister of Education, the peasant Szabo Minister of Agriculture, Vazsonyi Minister of Justice. My intention was to take a Socialist elected independently by the Party into the Cabinet, and to offer Michael Karolyi a Ministry without portfolio, so that he

might be available for the peace negotiations. After I had spoken to some of the people I was able to find, and had done everything that was absolutely necessary in flying haste—meanwhile it was one o'clock in the morning —I hurried back to the National Casino ; perhaps I might be able to find out where Tisza was. I was told that Tisza was still there. " Where ? "—" In a private room."— " Alone ? "—" Yes, alone."

I knocked at the door ; I opened it. Tisza was pacing up and down alone in his private room. He was not smoking or drinking ; he was walking up and down, absorbed in thought and reviewing his life, whose bronze basis he had shattered to-day with his own hands.

I said : " My Cabinet is complete." He looked at me strangely through his large spectacles, took my hand, pressed it hard, and did not utter a word.

I left him alone and drove home.

On the morning of the 10th I was informed that Wekerle was returning. I did not know the reason, but I was firmly convinced that he would come back from Vienna having definitely retired from office. To make quite sure, I rang up Hunyadi to find out what had been agreed on between Wekerle and the Monarch. Hunyadi replied that in view of the proposal of an armistice the solution of the crisis must be postponed for a few days, and both Wekerle and Burian were remaining in office until the answer arrived.

This news, coming after a night of strenuous activity and hope, was a crushing blow. All my work was in vain ; the King had got out of my hands again ; Burian had got hold of him again. But I said nothing.

In the afternoon there was a Ministerial Council, at which the foreign and domestic political position was the main subject of discussion. Wekerle, who had already arrived back from Vienna, spoke very optimistically, and informed us that Burian was confident of receiving the most favourable terms at the earliest possible date, conjointly with Germany and Turkey.

Unkelhäusser had in the meantime returned from his

mission in Agram, and he told the Ministerial Council that both the Serbo-Croat Coalition and the Ban himself had simply announced that they would not fall in with the wish of the Hungarian Government as regards a change of Ban and his (Unkelhäusser's) appointment. I said: "That is open anarchy, it is revolution; what more are we waiting for?" I proposed our putting an end to the conditions prevailing in Agram by radical methods, but my proposal was not complied with; the ultimate solution was simply postponed, as at all the Privy Councils. Wekerle was imperturbable.

Szurmay then reported on the military situation in Transylvania and Serbia. It appeared that the Supreme Command had taken every step to ensure sufficient Hungarian troops being sent to Transylvania and the Danube to protect the frontier. On this I brought the conversation round to Karolyi and the Buda Pesth garrison, whereupon Szurmay said he took full responsibility for the reliability of the Buda Pesth troops. Even to replace the regiments in Buda Pesth by cadres from the country, he said, would be superfluous.

I thought it necessary to communicate with His Majesty the same day and again point out to him the great risk of postponing the Hungarian crisis till after the 15th October, on which day Parliament was to meet. As a matter of fact, comments on an Austrian Federal State manifesto, said to be in the hands of the Monarch, had already appeared in the Buda Pesth daily papers, and this had instantly been made the subject of an agitation by all the Hungarian Parties. Political circles unaware of the real situation argued with reason that at a moment when Czechs, South Slavs and German Austrians were preparing to reorganize their national independence, Hungary must also take steps to safeguard her aspirations. Of course, no one could know that for months past His Majesty had been fully resolved to carry out a democratic national programme, which remodelled and transformed our constitution, for the publication of this programme would involve a change of Government.

At this period I constantly discussed domestic and

foreign questions, important guiding lines and their smallest details, personal problems, and finally my own person, with friends and opponents, for I wanted my political position to be made clear at last, both to me and to the country. I again informed His Majesty of my final intention of resigning, but again I was told that a solution of every question might be expected in a few days.

I went to Vienna, where I had to hold a conference at the Ministry of War with regard to provisioning the army. His Majesty summoned me by telephone and showed me Wilson's answer to Germany. He said Burian had trustworthy information that Austria-Hungary would also receive a favourable answer within the next few days. I was already certain that, with a view to retaining his post, Burian put the Monarch off from month to month and day to day with reports, expectations and hopes of favourable turns in foreign political conditions. In this particular case I was soon able to ascertain the fact that no news had been received from any of our Ministries in neutral countries of a favourable reply from Wilson.

Under the impression created by rumours and statements as to the manifesto, centres of smouldering dissatisfaction in the Austrian Parliament broke into open rebellion. The German Parties, actively influenced by Berlin political circles, were determined to do their utmost to prevent any kind of compromise being reached with regard to the German Bohemian districts. On the other hand, the representatives of the Czech Society, Messrs. Fiedler, Gruban, Tusar and Stanek, had assured the Monarch of their loyalty on repeated occasions of being received in audience, and had promised to oppose all separatist tendencies if the Monarch would proclaim and sanction a Bohemian national policy and the maintenance of Bohemia's historic frontiers. Any real agreement between the Bohemian and German Parties was of course out of the question. Count Silva Tarouca, the optimist, who made many efforts in that direction, had been severely rebuffed both by the Czechs and the Germans.

It now occurred to the late Prime Minister, Seidler, who had in the meantime become Chief of the Emperor's

Cabinet, to persuade the Monarch to receive all the representatives of the Austrian Parties in audience. When I heard of this plan I immediately advised His Majesty that I had grave doubts as to the wisdom of his trying to effect a solution of the Austrian crisis by personal influence, and told him that a monarch ought not to mix himself up in Party politics.

In the afternoon I had a long conference with the Austrian Food Minister, Paul, and General Landwehr. I was obliged, for the first time since my appointment as Food Minister, to inform them both that it was absolutely impossible for me to send food supplies of any kind to Austria while the political conditions in Austria remained unsettled. I asked them who really constituted the Government with which I was to transact business in connection with the compensation owing to us, and remarked incidentally that, properly speaking, I was not competent to act either, as I had sent in my resignation. I had my statements taken down, and I also notified His Majesty of what I had said. I really should not have been in a position to be responsible to the Hungarian Parliament for sending food to Austria at a moment when the King's manifesto was agitating the minds of the Hungarians, for every food measure was represented as being of a political character.

Meanwhile an incident had occurred which throws the strongest light on Burian's irresponsible methods. Even before he had produced and sent off his proposal of an armistice, at Germany's bidding, a possibility had arisen in Switzerland of bringing English circles into touch with Andrassy, the object being to prepare the way for peace conversations at once. This proposal came to the Foreign Minister through the official channel, the Berne Legation; Burian left it on his writing-table unanswered. Andrassy heard of the mission intended for him through a private letter he received from a friend in Switzerland. He went to Vienna at once and interrogated Burian. "Yes," said Burian, "it is true, a proposal has come to hand, but I attached no importance to it." He now found himself obliged to report the matter to His Majesty.

As on every occasion which arose promising to expedite peace, the King was perfectly delighted, and urged Andrassy to start for Switzerland at once to commence the negotiations.

Andrassy and I spent the evening before his departure with my friend Langenhan, who had invited quite a number of German deputies and Party friends (Baerenreiter, Urban, Pacher, Stelzer, Steinwender, Wolf and others) to his house. Very great bitterness was felt in these circles against the Chief of the Cabinet, Seidler, and the group of independent German deputies, who carried on a backstairs policy with His Majesty; the audiences with the Emperor, or rather the arbitrary composition of the deputations, also came in for criticism.

Andrassy explained the difficulties of the present political situation in the marvellously clear way of expressing himself which is peculiar to him. He laid stress on the fact that he was an unconditional supporter of the union between Austria and Hungary. In the present desperate position the first consideration was to obtain a possibility of peace; all other questions were matters for the future. He pledged his word that Hungary would provide Austria with food in proportion to the supplies available, but said he must, in return, be guaranteed corresponding support from the German Parties in his Hungarian policy. "I am now going to Switzerland, and if at all possible I shall bring back peace. If I succeed in this, I have decided to be responsible for the Monarchy's foreign policy. Everything now depends on the South-west Front doing its duty till the last moment, for unless demobilization proceeds methodically, peace negotiations cannot be discussed without being influenced by the enemy." The German deputies said they entirely agreed.

Andrassy went to Switzerland; I went back to Buda Pesth on the evening of 14th October.

THE LAST DAYS

THE Hungarian Parliament was opened on the 15th, on which day there was only a formal sitting.

But there was the greatest excitement, the utmost tension and expectation behind the scenes, in the lobbies, and among friends and acquaintances in the House. The text of the Austrian manifesto had become widely known and had electrified the country. An open agitation broke out which aimed at nothing less than complete separation from Austria. National passions were once more let loose and set ablaze. Talk of the necessity of immediately separating all the joint institutions might be heard from any of the groups scattered about the House. Such was the influence of the agitation that even so ultra-orthodox a '67 politician as Tisza took the question of creating an independent Foreign Office for Hungary into consideration. It was a fatality that Julius Andrassy, the one statesman who would have had the mental capacity and strength to control and keep an eye on the streams of fire which were hissing, but all flowing in different directions, and to turn them to beneficent and national ends, was not in the country at this critical time. Month after month he had to pass by on the other side of the official street and had been debarred from the sphere of action best suited to his abilities; now he might have acted as the guardian angel of the country, and it was decreed that he should not be on the spot.

I was in despair. I urged a solution of the crisis in Vienna. I was an inopportune monitor: I received no answer from the Monarch. Wekerle thought even now that trifling measures would avail. Ministerial conferences took place every day. The Croatian question seemed insoluble; the

Ban had simply broken off relations with our Government; Wekerle himself looked grave.

And the whole nation looked anxiously to the arbiters of its fate; the whole Empire waited for a sound, a voice, a hand, which should lead it out of the desert into the promised land. But neither Burian nor Wekerle understood the importance of the moment: the people demanded bread and they offered stones.

I heard nothing from the King.

In Buda Pesth we held one conference after another. Hedervary's house was the rendezvous; Vazsonyi, Zlinsky, Tot, I and others racked our brains. Vazsonyi saw quite clearly. He said: "At present, control of the mob is the only important consideration; the process of disintegration has gone too far; a peace which is in a fair way to settlement cannot be concluded and the war brought to an end unless the strongest and most drastic measures are applied. The Government which is to carry them into effect must possess the confidence of the masses of the people. Our Government does not possess it: there will be bad times. I am not a monarchist, but, Windischgraetz," he said, turning to me, "tell the King that I, the Jew Vazsonyi, will keep the oath I swore to him as Privy Councillor. He should realize in good time that he will find few who act as I do."

That was Vazsonyi all over, an idealist, a character, a gentleman. He might have been the idol of the revolutionary school of thought—he was a democrat at heart; but he said frankly: "I have sworn to a King, and I cannot swear one oath to-day and another to-morrow." The greatest mistake I made, one I can never forgive myself, was that a few months before, when the Cabinet was being reconstructed on account of the franchise crisis, I agreed to Vazsonyi's breaking away from the Government. As a former Minister he, now only a simple deputy, would not enter the arena in these times. The arena, it should be said, was now the street. The mob would have hailed him, but he was too noble to wish for such a triumph. So long as he was in the Cabinet, Karolyi's upward flight could only have led to his probable headlong downfall, for the proofs of his treachery were already at the Ministry of Justice.

Vazsonyi hated everything unreal, everything that glittered, everything underhand, and Karolyi and his accomplices among the *bourgeois* Radicals, Jaszi, Szendi and Co., were to him the embodiment of all that was hateful.

I, too, like Vazsonyi, foresaw, feared that the great dramatic moral collapse must take place the moment the general public discovered in Parliament what frightful chaos reigned, without having been prepared for the revelation. Truly, there could hardly have been a more unfavourable moment for the opening of Parliament. The Monarch had had a programme in his pocket for six months and had not published it. All these months he had hesitated, loyally, for he might only too easily have chanced to act unconstitutionally. He needed three men and strong majorities, and could not find them. Even now he had not got three men who were agreed, and he had no majority, yet he launched the manifesto which must bring about the most far-reaching changes in the constitutional life and internal organization of the old Monarchy. Just as he shirked telling Burian unpleasant truths a short time ago and left essentials unsettled at the eleventh hour, so he apparently shrank from admitting to my face that he had changed his attitude. He kept me at arm's-length.

We discussed the possible combinations in the new Cabinet. Karolyi's Party was firmly determined not to agree to any compromise, and was working hard for the whole power, in accordance with a Party resolution. A conservative wing had been formed within the Karolyi Party at that time, under the leadership of Batthyanyi and Lovaszy. Batthyanyi, the opportunist, had already made efforts to secure followers. He was one of those who wanted to be insured against all eventualities, and never published his real views, probably because he had none. Lovaszy, on the other hand, who had always been more of a democrat than a Socialist, had concentrated his policy on two points: turning away from Germany and towards the Entente. Both were alarmed at the rapid increase of the Bolshevist-Communist elements within the Karolyi Party. I had satisfied myself more than once in conversations with his friends and partisans, whom I met in the office or in Parlia-

ment, that Karolyi left his Party in the dark as to his objects. He assured the Monarch that he would adopt a conservative course, and represented his standing up for franchise and social reform as being merely to pacify the masses, while to his Party he posed as a red republican. His Party knew nothing of the list of Ministers he had submitted to the Monarch on the occasion of his audience at Reichenau. In this way he played a double game, hoping to carry the day under any circumstances.

Solidarity against revolutionary movements was not, however, the only object of discussion at the Hungarian Ministerial Councils ; we now had to consider the statements Wekerle was to make in the Hungarian House of Deputies, on the proclamation of an independent Hungarian army and on general national policy. I thought it would be right to take this opportunity of acquainting the public with the parts of His Majesty's programme relating to Hungary ; but this could not very well be done, because no agreement had yet been reached between Wekerle and the Monarch as regards most of the points in the programme.

As far as the national policy was concerned, our position was not at all bad. Although our external position looked black and our domestic policy hopelessly tangled, Hungary, as compared with her sister-State, presented the appearance of unity, and was far the most powerful portion of the Dual Monarchy. In spite of the agitation within the army, in spite of the forces of disintegration which had assailed our troops, the Hungarian soldiers had fought and held out splendidly hitherto. Thanks to the measures I had taken—I had provided abundantly for my country, so help me God, though the jackals in Parliament might abuse me—Hungary's food supply was assured for a whole year, and there were now such quantities of maize available in Hungary that we should have been in a position to give Austria very considerable help. In view of the impending early demobilization, all the supplies would have sufficed to amply provide for Austria till the end of the economic year 1919. This factor alone gave us the supremacy within the Monarchy. A prompt and rational solution of the South Slav question would have secured Hungary an outlet

to the sea for all time. As Vazsonyi had truly remarked: everything depended on order being maintained in the country and on the South-west Front proving capable of resistance. The possibility of its collapse had always appeared to me the chief danger. If a defeated army surged into the interior of the country as a vast disorganized military rabble, the bitterness of those defeated must turn with all its might against those who had brought them into such a position. Then no efforts would have availed to maintain order in Vienna and Buda Pesth. The South-west Front, the South-west Front—that was our danger, our anxiety, our protection and our salvation.

On the 16th October the deputies of the Frank Party, Dr. Ivo Frank with two of his friends, came to look for me in Parliament, and asked me to facilitate their having an audience of the Monarch. We had a long talk, in which they explained the conditions in Croatia. They said that the great majority of the Croatian population would gather round the Monarch's throne even now, if he were minded to pursue an avowed Greater Croatian policy. If a union of all the parts of the Monarchy inhabited by Croatians could be reckoned on, it would still be possible to try conclusions with the Greater Serbian elements. But there was no time to be lost, for since the Bulgarian collapse they had been working at high pressure to separate all the South Slav parts. The Ban himself was already in direct touch with the Entente and with the Greater Serbian Committee in Corfu. A military commissioner armed with full powers might restore order. The chief difficulty was the settlement with Hungary.

I replied that, at the moment, there could only be an absolutely honest understanding, and that in future, according to His Majesty's programme, with which Dr. Frank was acquainted, Croatia and Hungary must pursue a common policy.

I got into communication with Reichenau from the House, and was informed that His Majesty could receive the Croatian deputation in audience at once. Meanwhile, I was told that the Ban Mihalovic and several other gentlemen, among them Count Kulmer and Duschan Popovic,

had been received in audience and had assured His Majesty of their absolute loyalty. His Majesty answered them clearly and decidedly that he adhered to a union of all the Croatians under the sovereignty of the sacred crown of St. Stephen. The question whether the Austrian Slavs should throw in their lot with this new Croatian State must be decided by the South Slavs of Austria themselves, on the principle of the right of self-determination. He did not propose to abandon Hungary's sovereign rights in any case.

On the 16th Wekerle announced at a Ministerial Council that he would not carry on any policy at all with the Frank Party. He was of opinion that the Serbo-Croat Coalition would place itself at the disposal of the Government unconditionally; Kulmer and Popovic and their colleagues had been with the Monarch and had given assurances of loyalty; the solution of the Ban crisis was only a question of days, and all the reports from Croatia were very much exaggerated.

Wekerle's optimism was adamantine—even in this instance (although the revolution broke out a few days later in Croatia).

I heard that day that Andrassy was thinking of coming back from Switzerland. He had had no opportunity of negotiating with anyone. The whole business had been taken in hand too late, through Burian's negligence, or rather his having intentionally ignored the suggestion. The English feeler had been thrown out to ascertain whether Austria-Hungary would be prepared to conclude a separate peace; but as Austria had in the meantime taken steps openly in the direction of peace, simultaneously with Germany, the feeler had long since been withdrawn.

On the occasion of the opening of the Foreign Affairs Committee (16th October) Karolyi made violent attacks in the Hungarian Delegation in Vienna on the joint conduct of foreign affairs. Of course he was accurately informed as to the King's peace policy, but he raised an outcry which gave him a chance of talking in Vienna of his excellent relations with France. The object was apparently to gain popularity in certain Communistic circles in Vienna. Anyhow, it very soon appeared that his relations were only

with elements which belonged to defeatist French circles, and were consequently absolutely at variance with the official policy of their country. I was informed by Vienna friends that, some time before this, Karolyi had tried to join the Radical Communist wing of Austrian Social Democracy. He had promised the Socialists (perhaps when I saw him in the private room at Sacher's) that in the event of joint action and a joint organization being agreed on, he would do his utmost to support an Austrian Socialist Government from Hungary, even to sending ample food supplies. It was just at this time that Karolyi sent a message to Switzerland by one of his confidential agents, the journalist, Leo Szemere (who was at the same time employed by the Foreign Office). In it he promised the Entente that he would carry out a policy friendly to the nationalities in Hungary. This message was to have been sent via Berne to Wilson, but it was soon hung up somewhere on the way, for Karolyi's relations were limited to circles—such, for instance, as the intellectuals round the editor of *Demain*, Henri Guilbeaux—which, of course, had no access to the leading factors of the Entente.

On the 17th the Monarch's manifesto regarding the Austrian Federal State appeared in the official *Wiener Zeitung*. I had prevented the publication of this document for a fortnight. But I had now had no communication with His Majesty or tidings from him since the 14th. My influence was set aside. I could only assume that an intrigue had been hatched against me personally.

Wekerle had concluded agreements with the Austrian Prime Minister of which neither I nor the Hungarian Cabinet had any knowledge. Logically, the manifesto could only have been published with a simultaneous message to Hungary ; for it was impossible, from a constitutional point of view, to effect radical constitutional changes, in fact, an absolute transformation of the Austrian constitutional status, without making a simultaneous declaration to Hungary.

I put myself in communication with Vienna the very same day, with a view to tendering my resignation again and irrevocably.

I was confronted with a riddle. Hitherto I had found that one of the axioms of the " system " was a vague adherence to principles long since abandoned (paradoxical as this may sound) ; now I found the opposite : categorical renunciation of fixed principles. In the recent period of most trying complications and serious depression I had been the King's confidant and counsellor. He had given me every proof that he really valued my advice. I alone was familiar with all the main points of our domestic and foreign policy ; I alone had carried on negotiations for him in every direction. *Sic transit gloria mundi* did not apply to me in any way ; I had never been ambitious ; I had persistently declined all civil distinctions and orders ; I had even refused the Privy Councillorship to which I was entitled as a Minister ; I had had innumerable opportunities of becoming Prime Minister ; I need only have taken what had been offered, urged on me times out of number. But something far worse than personal mortification had befallen me : I had united and mobilized my political friends ; I had succeeded in securing an agreement between Tisza and the Moderates of the Left Parties, which no one had ever been able to do before ; I had it in my power to muster Socialists and Radicals in support of a programme of reform—and now I could not give any of these men and leaders, who had at last been won over in a body, at the eleventh hour, to national Hungarian policy, to the State and the dynasty, any explanation of a new and epochal manifesto which had been decided on without reference to me.

My position towards the Press became most difficult. I had carried on negotiations with various representatives of the influential Hungarian newspapers, and my diplomacy had succeeded in restraining the most dangerous section of the Press and subordinating it to my purposes. Now these threads must slip through my fingers. I was assailed on all sides. I had paved the way ; these people wanted to know where the way led. I did not know. To nothing. They all called on me ; I was questioned, attacked, interpellated in my office, in Parliament, in the street. I had promised solutions—what solutions ? In what direction ? With what object ? I could not give any answer. Tisza

questioned me, Kuno Klebelsberg placed himself at my command on behalf of the National Work Party—I had no further commands. The Press took me for a swindler, for a liar who was making game of it; and I must admit that, from their point of view, they had a right to assume this. People forced their way to me, demanded an explanation, and I could not give any.

I was confronted with a riddle.

I was face to face with the "system." I had long since arrived at what constituted its mental philosophy, its *points d'appui* and its maxims, from the rich store of my experiences.

In domestic affairs: policy of working against one another.

In foreign affairs: policy of "bamboozling."

Foreign Minister, Supreme Command of the Army, Austrian and Hungarian Governments always pursuing different courses.

Therefore necessary: the compromise courtier.

Postponement of every important decision.

The Hungarians to have a free hand, even for the most injurious measures, so long as the budget for army and joint expenses was guaranteed.

Vague adherence to principles long since abandoned.

Spanish etiquette of the spirit.

Incompetence in organizing.

Nonsense! it will be all right.

The Janus-faced banner: in front, *Viribus unitis*; at the back, *Divide et impera.*

And the most important consideration: the political pedant, always prepared to prove that any change in the system is a constitutional impossibility.

On the 18th October the autumn session was to be opened by the first notable public meeting of the House of Deputies. Everyone felt the importance of the historic event. The political attributes for which Hungary had struggled for centuries past were to be pronounced from the chief platform in the country. And what gave special pathos to the moment was the fact that it was the crowned King, a Habsburg, who was sanctioning the national policy.

The House was full; the benches packed. The only deputies missing were the Croatians, who stayed away to show that they no longer felt at home in this House. The wives of members were almost all present; Karolyi ogled their gallery as usual. Deputies came and went; the buzz of voices rose and fell; there was much the same feeling of eager curiosity and expectation in the air as at a theatre.

Then Wekerle rose and opened the meeting. He spoke in an everyday tone, mechanically, without raising his voice or showing any sign of emotion, so that members very soon became restive. He made announcements of the most momentous nature, whose inherent pathos alone might have sent a thrill through the House, in his usual conciliatory manner; statements of historic importance simply fell flat. He let the ripe fruit of the tree of national life, as it were, fall to the ground and held the rind aloft. What he said on this occasion was commonplace, or rather the way in which he said it. There were angry interruptions. The parliamentarian in him was roused; turning right and left, he answered all the questions with automatic skill, purely in technical form. The Slovak Father Juriga made ironical remarks; the Government supporters called him to order. The Rumanians in the House expressed incredulity; the Work Party shouted them down. Karolyi's partisans seemed in a good humour and also interrupted without intermission. Wekerle, unmoved, quoted statistics to prove that there was no oppression in Transylvania. The dissatisfaction increased. Most of those present thought to themselves: "The old Wekerle. Leading us by the nose again. Not a word of truth in what he says: setting up a separate department for foreign affairs—a national army—decidedly all untrue." Wekerle was so thoroughly discredited in the country that the announcement of epochal changes in Hungary's national life was received without credence, without the smallest emotion. The impatience grew, for he spoke at great length, and when he sat down not a hand was raised to applaud.

Karolyi rose at once. He began quietly, in his usual blasé manner, but the applause of his partisans roused him to greater vehemence. He attacked Wekerle and found

one fault after another with his policy, which alone was responsible for Hungary's present desperate position. Then came the real sensation of the day, the first open announcement of the revolution. "The Prime Minister has done nothing," he explained to the now silent House, "to bring about a solution of the national crisis. He has not told us whether our troops are to be brought back from the West Front. I now declare that I shall proceed to action!" As far as it was possible for a trumpet-call to ring from Karolyi's mouth, this was a battle-cry. The whole House listened, for every one knew what he meant.

The 250 members of the Work Party, who were grouped round Tisza in a large semicircle, looked at their leader, who sat in the front row on the right, next to the Prime Minister. He was sitting bent forward, looking anxiously at Karolyi. Wekerle's Government supporters, numbering 100, were utterly perplexed and undecided—seemed rather inclined to agree with Karolyi; cries came from every direction; Karolyi made his speech to a running accompaniment of interruptions. Tisza's partisans howled him down furiously. The whole House was laden with electricity.

Then Tisza got up. Calm was restored at once, and peace of mind. The old leader was speaking now, the lion who had held the country together for so many years with his claws and stubbornly persisted in driving it his own way. He leant quietly on his seat and spoke in his usual calm, disciplined, Parliamentary manner. Everyone expected that he would crush Karolyi contemptuously under his heel like a worm. But he did nothing of the kind. Unusual silence reigned in the House. Turning to Karolyi, Tisza spoke coolly and objectively, more gravely than ever before. What he said amounted to self-castigation, harikari. A dumbfounded House realized that some extraordinary change had taken place in the man's heart. What it heard was an absolute disavowal of Wekerle's speech, frank capitulation to Karolyi; what Tisza said in so many words, what must be telegraphed the next minute to the whole world, was: "We are beaten."

Never before had such an admission fallen from his lips.

In the days of our worst defeats, Tisza only talked of victory ; he bent the most stubborn truth in the pliers of his patriotism and made it serve his purposes—now, when our front was still intact, still unbroken, he admitted that we were beaten.

In reality, Hungary was a heap of ruins from that moment. The excitement that ensued was tremendous. Some of the people rushed into the corridor in dismay ; the twenty Karolyites were jubilant : they had carried the day. The whole anger of the House was now turned against them. Tisza went on speaking ; he, too, was under an evil influence which aimed at destruction of all the joint institutions of the Monarchy. I listened in horror. There was no one present to oppose this madness, no one had a sense of the real necessities of the moment. Inwardly I longed for Andrassy ; he, whose whole life-work had been for Hungary's benefit, would assuredly have opposed the madness, would have appealed to reason and prevented the deluded people from breaking up what ought, at least at this juncture, to form one organic body in the interest of the two halves. But Andrassy was far away ; and at this historic moment, when the sovereignty of the country was proclaimed in the name of the crowned King of Hungary, the debate in the representative assembly sank to the level of personal attacks, of Party insinuations. It was pitiable. Tisza continued : " I am well aware that we must negotiate with the Entente, but not in the treacherous way Karolyi contemplates." On this Fényes Laszlo exclaimed : "Our troops are not fighting any longer ; they won't fight ; the war is over ! " The excitement in the air had long since taken possession of me ; my back was up, the President was weak and helpless. Curly-headed Lovaszy cut Tisza short in the middle of a sentence, struck the bench with his powerful fist, and exclaimed impetuously : " Yes, indeed, we are friends of the Entente ! We were always on the side of the Entente ! " A tumult instantly arose. Members flew from their seats and made a rush at him and Karolyi. The President was impotent, useless. I sprang from my seat, jumped on to the great table of the House on which the statute books are kept, and, boiling with rage, poured forth all my wrath and contempt for Karolyi. I hardly know now what I

said. I spoke of Hungary's hour of fate : the most disgraceful thing a Hungarian could do was to act treasonably, talk treason and preach treason at such a moment ! I saw excited, glowing faces cheering me ; I saw Tisza sitting apathetically on his bench, I saw how Karolyi's friends sneaked out one after another as the torrent of invective fell from my lips ; they felt that they had gone too far, that for to-day, at all events, they had lost the game through my intervention, and with a feeling of exultation which swelled my heart I knew that all I had shouted down from the high table to the men before me, in the raging tumult, was from the bottom of my heart.

The memorable sitting ended tragi-comically. The curious atmosphere which had predominated in the House from the beginning had evaporated; disillusionment quickly succeeded it. The groups poured out of the Chamber. No further incident occurred, and Wekerle was of opinion that all would yet turn out for the best.

As I left the House I asked myself what I really ought to have done, and what would happen now. Being quite unaware of what steps the King had taken, I was obliged to let things take their course, and my thoughts turned incessantly to Tisza. What had happened ? The giant, who had ruled Parliament as no one else had ever done, who had almost always come off victorious, year in year out, had given in. Michael Karolyi threatened revolution, anarchy and Bolshevism, and Tisza climbed down. It was incomprehensible. Turning unconsciously towards the extreme Right in the excitement of my speech, I had seen Tisza, and I now remembered how he lay rather than sat on his bench, quite apathetic—a huge stag which had received its death-blow. Within the last few days and weeks it must have dawned on the strong, honest man that to govern anti-socially is impossible, to govern in opposition to the people is a crime ; the masses, bleeding from war-wounds, clamour for their social rights, and they are justified in doing so. The backbone of his policy was broken ; Tisza's day was done, and he knew it at last. Then he confessed that we were beaten. He ought perhaps to have had

sufficient pride to go even farther and say: "I myself am beaten."

I had fought many a battle with Tisza in the course of the last few years. I was very much down on him when he was at the height of his power and I was in the Opposition. Now I came to the conclusion that he had unquestionably been the strongest Hungarian politician, and that his ultimate failure was a result of the unhappy conflict between the Hungarians themselves.

Had Tisza retained his power in the State, much might have turned out differently. It is true that it was a ruthless despotism, but no outward force could have broken it down.

I had become more intimate with Tisza in the course of the last year, and I had learnt to understand much, in a responsible position, which had roused me to resistance when I sat on the Opposition benches. No human being can do more than his best; those alone are to blame who have benefited personally by the lack of co-operation between the factors which uphold the State.

I had arrived at the National Casino, where I intended to dine. I sat down absent-mindedly at the long club table, looked up, and saw opposite me—Michael Karolyi. I set upon him at once. The members present gathered round us.

Karolyi apologized to us, and stated emphatically that he did not identify himself with Lovaszy. He regretted his colleague's interruption. We were dumbfounded. But I knew that Karolyi was playing a double game. He had no hesitation in denying here what he had tolerated and underlined when surrounded by his partisans in Parliament. He wanted to appear to them a hero and to us a mediator and bridge-builder. He is Janus-faced—can say yes or no, according to the side to which he happens to be required to render an account.

For days past I had heard nothing from the King—no news, no call to the telephone. Perhaps my last letter, which really conveyed my definite resignation, had offended him; but more probably he was entirely under Burian's influence. On the evening of this day, however, I heard

that the Croat deputies belonging to Frank's Party were coming to see me, and that I was to negotiate with them on behalf of the Monarch ; the King also sent me word that I was to influence Tisza to adopt a conciliatory attitude in the South Slav question in the sense of the " programme."

The King communicated with me again . . . the King sent me word . . . besides this, I learnt that the King proposed coming to Buda Pesth within the next few days.

And Wilson's answer to Austria-Hungary had arrived from America. Wilson was no longer willing to negotiate with the Monarchy.

Dr. Frank and his friends returned from Vienna the next day. They looked me up again in the House, while a secret sitting was going on. They said that the Emperor had referred them to me. " Talk everything over with Windischgraetz," he had said ; " he knows the programme, is familiar with all the details." I sent for Tisza ; he had been the great opponent of the Croatian claims ; but I had already used my powers of persuasion and induced him to take a more conciliatory view. He was quite tame, and promised to support my policy (a loud clamour was heard in the distance ; the Karolyites were making a disturbance). The Croats thanked me for having arranged an interview between them and Tisza.

When they had gone, Tisza asked me whether I was going to take over the Government. I said : " I have not been in touch with the King for some days past." He shook his head. " Do take some step. Tell him he must appoint Andrassy Minister for Foreign Affairs." I was then persuaded by my friend Raba to ring up Reichenau. I told the King that the thing of most importance now was to appoint Andrassy.

And that was my last talk with Tisza in this world.

At the secret sitting which was just going on Ugron made a speech in which he described the danger in Transylvania, the threatened Rumanian invasion. Karolyi's Party gave him a tremendous ovation, which surprised me very much, and made me suspect that Ugron was trying to get into touch with Karolyi. For in reality there was nothing to fear in Transylvania—Mackensen was still in Rumania. The ques-

tion had merely been raised as a means of agitation : it was nothing more than a stage trick.

Wekerle was interpellated, I was interpellated. I answered all the questions addressed to me, but I was violently attacked, and interrupted by loud cries : " You are black and yellow ! You give away everything to Austria ! What has become of our food supplies ? The fellow dares to speak of his colleagues as traitors ! " etc. I endured all this calmly.

At the following Ministerial Conference I informed Szurmay of my confidential agents' latest reports, but the Minister of Defence made light of my fears. Wekerle smiled too. " Nothing will happen," he said, " nothing can happen ; the time has not come yet to intervene."

I knew from this source that frequent meetings took place between Lenin's Buda Pesth representatives (Landler, Kun) and that the priest, Hock, acted as intermediary between Karolyi and the Bolshevists. I had also learnt that the murder of three men had been planned in these circles : " Tisza, Vazsonyi and Ludwig Windischgraetz."

Wekerle knew nothing of my having been condemned to death ; but when he heard of my negotiations with the Croats, that the King had referred them to me, that Tisza intended to support me, and that he looked on me as the coming man, he said sharply : " I don't need any subsidiary Government." And as a matter of fact, when I went to the Foreign Office a few days later, after Andrassy's appointment, Wekerle thought I had done this because I was annoyed at not having succeeded in becoming Hungarian Prime Minister.

That was the general opinion in Buda Pesth. Politicians and journalists said : " Windischgraetz has had to be satisfied with being made head of a section."

I went by train to Debreczin in the evening with Szterenyi, feeling very depressed. There were to be great doings there the next day. The King was coming, the new university was to be opened, there would be music, speeches, addresses, banquets—and in Buda Pesth the barracks were being undermined by Russian emissaries. I told Szterenyi

that I had forebodings that something dreadful would happen, that the Emperor was in bad hands. Burian and Wekerle were keeping him in the dark as to the serious state of affairs; we were on the verge of collapse, and they were arranging festivities to keep up his spirits, instead of turning every second to account for vigorous action.

A Czech guard of honour had been posted at the railway station, and because it had always been done on such occasions, it played the "God save" this time as well. His Majesty remarked on it, and was very much annoyed. He was pacified, however, on hearing that no one in the station had noticed the mistake or said anything about it. (It turned out that a journalist was told of the blunder and reported it to his paper in Buda Pesth, so the matter became generally known.)

The King drove into the town surrounded and cheered by the inhabitants on all sides. In the main square he sang the Hungarian hymn, and cried: "Long live the independent Hungary!" The crowd, which stood shoulder to shoulder, thanked him with ringing cheers. He stood in their midst blissfully happy and fired with enthusiasm. The sun shone; it was a glorious day. *Corps de pages* were in attendance and gipsy music. The gay colouring of the national costumes, the brilliant uniforms, the glittering orders and arms, the fiery rhythms which drove the blood faster through the veins of every Hungarian, the radiant faces of the royal couple—all combined to form a splendid picture: a gorgeous picture of seeming prosperity, the reverse side of which perhaps I alone of all those assembled in the square felt in all its gloomy contrast at this moment.

At the banquet one might have supposed that the country, the people, and the sovereign were celebrating the happiest day of their lives. The assembly-room of the town hall had been turned into a throne-room; the King and Queen sat surrounded by Ministers, high officials, Generals and functionaries, and received the homage of the town. The Minister of Education, Janos Zichy, made a brilliant speech. Twenty-seven other speeches followed. Carried away by the charms of the young couple, the speakers poured out professions and assurances of loyalty, devotion, affection,

esteem and readiness to make sacrifices. Cheers, cheers! I felt as though a stone were weighing me down. I saw that the King was systematically kept in the dark. Officers, clergy, public officials defiled before the throne, and we were in full dress. One flourish of trumpets after another, cheer after cheer was raised! I changed my place unobserved, and managed to get near Hunyadi, to whom I whispered that I must absolutely speak to the King that very night. He promised to arrange it for me. Then came the most affecting moment of the whole ceremony—a truly memorable historic scene. Bishop Balthasar addressed Karl and Zita of Habsburg in the Calvinist Cathedral, where in the year 1849 the rebel Kossuth had declared that the Habsburgs had forfeited the throne, and blessed them as the founders of a new Hungary. Cheers, cheers, cheers!

Truly the King had reason to be satisfied with Wekerle.

I left all my fellow-Ministers to go back to Buda Pesth, and got into the royal train, which was to take the royal couple to Gödöllö. I was sorry to have to say hard and dreadful things to the Monarch—I had seen how radiantly happy he had been, how exalted his frame of mind was; no human being could have resisted the intoxication of the day—yet, there was nothing else for it, I had to tear away the curtain which hid the real picture from him.

The King sent for me at once, and I had an interview with him which lasted three-quarters of an hour. We were alone.

"Why so gloomy?" was his greeting. "It will all come right."

"No," said I. "Your Majesty, nothing will come right. The whole festival to-day was a mistake. It is too late for festivities; all is over."

"You are a pessimist. Everyone says so."

"Your Majesty, you are gambling with your throne. We are on the brink of an abyss."

"What am I to do?"

"The first thing is to get rid of Burian. The whole Parliament will support Andrassy. We must conclude a separate peace at once. We have omitted to settle up

accounts frankly and honestly with Germany; nothing can save us now but breaking with her. We must form a new Government at once—at once."

"Will you form the Cabinet?" asked the King.

"I think it would be better to leave these personal questions to Andrassy, your Majesty. It will be necessary for me to assist Andrassy in the Foreign Office, as I alone am informed of all the events of the last few months."

The King agreed. "Within the next few days I will——"

"No," I interrupted, "not within the next few days, not to-morrow; your Majesty must decide now—here." He saw that I remained firm, and gave in. Andrassy was to be Foreign Minister, and I was to be political head of a section as a connecting-link between him and Andrassy.

At the next station telephone wires were connected. I had myself put on to Buda Pesth, spoke to Andrassy, and only told him shortly that I was coming to his house that night on behalf of His Majesty. We then spoke to the Supreme Command in Baden and found that the Italian offensive had begun. We had expected that, and were not anxious. According to our information, the forces the Italians were able to put into the field were none too strong, and the South-west Front had held out up to now.

We travelled on further into the night, and I reproached the King for having so long postponed carrying out the programme.

"Yes, yes," he admitted; "but what was I to do? I must govern constitutionally, even with the best intentions."

I said: "Exceptional measures must be taken in exceptional cases. Karolyi's agents have called on all the reserve formations at the front not to fight any more, but to return to Hungary. A revolution is preparing in Pesth. It is directed against the dynasty." But this the King would not admit; he could not see any reason for it. "How can the revolution be directed against me?" he said. "My programme was surely the same as Karolyi's, as yours. I was all for a radical change and wanted to break away from Germany, but more honestly. Who supported me then? Didn't I want to satisfy the Czechs, the South Slavs? I can't do things by magic. It is impossible that the revolu-

tion can turn against me. The fact that I did not bring in radical reforms sooner is proof in itself that I don't want to govern autocratically. My hands are tied. The peoples must make the peoples' policy. I can't leave the beaten tracks. I can't dismiss Ministers who have a Majority." He had become very excited and irritable. Queen Zita came in from the adjoining coupé. She smoothed him down, and then listened to our conversation without putting in a word.

At Hatvan I left the King's coupé, quite satisfied that he had taken my advice and would carry out my programme. He shook hands with me repeatedly: "Andrassy shall take the oath early to-morrow morning." He took leave of me in the most cordial way.

When the train came into Gödöllö at midnight—the station was in darkness, not a soul to be seen—the station-master came along the line and called out my name. My secretary, Racz, had rung up from Buda Pesth and wanted to speak to me. I went into the station-master's office and listened to what Racz had to report. While we had been celebrating a festival at Debreczin there had been a great disturbance in Parliament in the afternoon. News had come from Fiume that rebel Croats had entered the town and had taken possession of Government House. Wekerle lost his head. So something had happened after all. He announced his resignation at a public sitting of Parliament. Tisza's Party had fallen to pieces since the leader's breakdown; Karolyi held the power in his own hands, and there was no one to wrest it from him. Racz told me that the movement Karolyi had set on foot in the barracks continued unabated. I rang off, ran to the train and called Hunyadi. We kept the train, got into a motor and dashed off to the Castle. I sent in my name to the King. As he had only arrived ten minutes before, the lights were still burning and he was awake.

When the King saw me he was alarmed.

"Your Majesty," I said, "I did not take too gloomy a view; the collapse is beginning." I told him what I had heard. "Your Majesty must fix up everything with Andrassy to-morrow; our programme must be published

at once." From the King's study we rang up the military command in Fiume, then the Supreme Command at Baden, then Wekerle. The Queen came in. She was pale, but self-possessed. She tried to soothe the King's nerves again. "There will be faithful servants," she said, "who will stand by you."

Wekerle was not to be found; we tried to get on to him everywhere, but without success. The Supreme Command was directed to send reliable troops to Vienna and Buda Pesth. The telephone bell rang. Fiume was speaking. Things might perhaps be set right again. The rising had been led by students, who forced their way into Government House with an inconsiderable body of Croatian *Landsturm*, It was hoped that Hungarian troops would be promptly available.

I rang up the Supreme Command directly: "A reliable division to be sent to Fiume at once." Then I discussed with the King the question of carrying out a uniform policy for Croatia—union of all South Slavs; Andrassy must be given absolute control of all military and domestic political measures. Andrassy would and could only take over the Ministry for Foreign Affairs on this assumption now, when it was really already too late.

I rang up Buda Pesth again and tried to get on to Wekerle. A whole hour. In vain. The Queen went to bed.

Before I left the King I begged him to send for Dani, that he might take strong measures to keep order in the Pesth garrison. I spoke strongly, and the King promised everything. I went away with a lighter heart. It was now one o'clock in the morning.

Hunyadi and I decided to motor to Buda Pesth. But there was no one about, no chauffeur to be found, no motor available, so we walked through the park to the station. The avenue, which led straight to the railway, was feebly lighted by small pear-shaped electric lamps, fixed high up. We got into the royal train and left for Buda Pesth.

Arrived in Buda Pesth, I hastened to Andrassy on the Buda side of the river. He knew directly what had brought me, and emphasized the insuperable difficulties of the posi-

tion. I told him of my conversation with the Monarch. The good and faithful servant gave me his hand and said : " I will do it." He added, smiling sadly, that anyhow the world would not last long, for strange things were happening. Tisza had told him that he agreed to the Franchise Bill—had told him, in fact, that he agreed to everything except Karolyi's possibly being entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet.

We discussed all the steps to be taken the next day. Andrassy rang up his son-in-law, Pallavicini, and asked him to come over. It appeared that there had been Socialist and Radical conferences at Karolyi's house during the night, at which Pallavicini had been present. Pallavicini came over at two o'clock in the morning and brought word from his brother-in-law, Karolyi, that he feared he would not be able to restrain the extreme Radical elements of his Party any longer. Bolshevism had already gained too much the upper hand. On this, Andrassy thought Count Hadik would be the man best able to avert a revolution in Hungary, and that he ought to be proposed to His Majesty. I said : " You know I have seen Hadik at work : I succeeded him as Food Minister. Hadik does not like me ; but whoever you think the right man, I will support too."

And I would have stood loyally by this, for I trusted Andrassy, and considered him a most able man. At the critical time when I had felt bound, on principle, to oppose the franchise question being broached, a certain coolness had sprung up between me and Andrassy, but it was entirely on his side ; I had always remained his true friend. Whilst his entourage suspected me of working against him, I was at heart his most loyal adherent. Therefore it was a great satisfaction and pleasure to me to have been personally able to bring him the news of his appointment to be Foreign Minister to-night, and to have been successful in what I had so long striven to attain—seeing the man at the head of the affairs of State whom I had always considered the right Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Andrassy rang up Karolyi and proposed his going to Gödöllö with him to-morrow. Andrassy still looked on Karolyi as a patriot, and thought, like so many others,

that he really had important friends, even a following in France, an advantage which might be thrown into the scale in concluding peace, and which could not be lightly disregarded. I did not believe in Karolyi any longer. There had been differences of opinion between me and Pallavicini latterly with regard to the franchise question, and we agreed that evening to let bygones be bygones. "At so critical a time we must all stand firmly together and gather round Andrassy," I said. It was dawn when we left old Andrassy's beautiful palace together.

I lived in my cousin's small house, up near the old Buda fortress, opposite the Mathias Church. As I climbed the steps of the Fischer-bastei, it was three o'clock in the morning. The atmosphere above the town was still, but not the people in it. Stars in the sky above, the glorious broad river below, and beyond, extending far away, the most magnificent panorama a town can present. I looked for Michael Karolyi's palace in the midst of the sea of houses. He was still sitting there, with the scum of Hungarian humanity, conspiring.

I had had an agitating day, but I was not conscious of being at all tired. I stretched my muscles instinctively, and felt: So long as I can prevent it, the man down there shall not shatter anything.

When I got into bed, I slept like a log till eight o'clock in the morning.

At eight o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the telephone. It was the King personally, who was anxious to know whether Andrassy had accepted. "I never doubted it, your Majesty; he has accepted."

"Come to me at once with him."

"I will fetch Andrassy, and we will come to Gödöllö."

I then rang up Wekerle, and told him that the King had appointed Andrassy Minister for Foreign Affairs. Wekerle did not hear quite clearly, and asked: "What has he appointed him?"

"I hear you have resigned," said Wekerle.

"It is revolution, after all."

"Dear me," said Wekerle, "it is nothing; we shall

soon calm the people down. I am going to Gödöllö this morning and will report to the King."

I hastened to Andrassy. Andrassy rang up his son-in-law, Karolyi, and told him that he would take him to Gödöllö the next day.

At Gödöllö, Andrassy submitted his programme to the King. The most important point was a separate peace; the second, negotiations with the South Slavs, Czechs and Germans in Austria, with a view to creating an organization of Austrian nationalities on the basis of the manifesto. If we succeeded in concluding peace quickly, then we could proceed to the further reforms and details.

Racz rings me up and reports on the revolutionary conferences which have been held at various places during the night.

In the meantime Arz has arrived from Baden and reports that the troops are behaving splendidly; all the Italian attacks have been easily repulsed. All the same, Karolyi's agitation among the reserves is making itself unpleasantly felt. We implore Arz to do all he can to enable the front to hold out at all costs. If it were to collapse, the troops streaming back would plunge the country into the greatest misery.

Andrassy asks him to send one reliable division each to Vienna and Buda Pesth, to keep order in the streets.

Sznyaric, the military commandant at Agram, had been summoned to Gödöllö, and now arrived. The methods of action in Croatia were discussed.

Then I motor back to Buda Pesth with Andrassy and Wekerle. Wekerle, the old man of seventy, laughs at our agitation.

We get out at Andrassy's house. I have asked Vazsonyi, Apponyi, Esterhazy, Rakovsky, Pallavicini and Dr. Nagy to meet us there. The idea of forming a *bourgeois* Ministry under Barczy was suggested; Tisza is asked by telephone, and says he is prepared to join the Government Party with his followers. Andrassy telephones to Hadik and asks whether he will form a Cabinet. Hadik refuses decidedly, so we continue to negotiate with Barczy.

At midday I drive to my office to discharge necessary

business. Driving back over the suspension bridge, I met Karolyi and his wife. I jumped out of the motor and joined him. "We must co-operate now," I said. "You have the power; you can solve the matter peaceably, if you will; come and see Andrassy with me."

Karolyi's reception at Andrassy's house was cool. Vazsonyi, Apponyi and Hadik, who had arrived in the meantime, did not speak to him, and held aloof. He and his wife lunched with the family in the dining-room, while the others went into the adjoining room to continue the deliberations. Andrassy tried to persuade his son-in-law to take office in the Cabinet; Karolyi appeared undecided at first, but finally he agreed to the proposal. "At last you have listened to reason," he said, with scornful superiority; "at last we are to have universal franchise, the principle of separation from Austria, immediate conclusion of peace." I asked: "Will you help us?" He gave an evasive answer, and finally said: "I should like to speak to Andrassy alone." (This again seemed to me a farce; he felt himself master of the situation here, and wanted negotiations to be carried on with him alone.) On this Andrassy took his son-in-law's arm, and they went into the boudoir together.

In the meantime Ella Andrassy was sitting in the dining-room with her two daughters—for Pallavicini's wife was there too—talking politics. Katus, the younger daughter, Karolyi's wife, got up and listened at the door of the room where our friends were conferring. Vazsonyi was just at that moment saying in his impetuous way: "Karolyi is in the hands of the greatest rogues in Buda Pesth. We have the same programme; we, not he, must carry it out." I saw Katus turn pale. She rushed to the door of the room where her husband was sitting with her stepfather—rushed towards Michael, and cried: "Come! We must go! We have nothing to look for here!" She dragged him violently out of the room, and we were all left gazing at one another open-mouthed.

In the afternoon Karolyi sent us word, through Pallavicini, that he must withdraw his consent to co-operate with our Cabinet. He also refused to have an audience of the King.

In the meantime His Majesty had arrived at the Royal Palace in Buda, and Burian, who was to hand over the seals of office, had come from Vienna. The King then received Ugron and Batthyanyi, who proposed a Karolyi Cabinet to him. They undertook to be responsible for there being no revolution and said they would save the kingdom. They and Karolyi were the only ones absolutely devoted to His Majesty. Karolyi's name and the co-operation of the Radical elements would suffice to calm the masses. (Those masses which they were first going to win over to their side by deception and lying promises.)

While this scene was going on at the Castle, the representatives of the Socialist and Labour organizations, Diner-Denes, Leo Szemere, several members of the editorial staff of *Az Est* and *Pesti Napoli*, and Ludwig Hatvany, were sitting at the Karolyi palace, as we learnt from Pallavicini, engaged in organizing the details of the revolution, which was nothing more than a good stroke of business for all of them, with the exception of the working men—a means of getting into power.

The next morning I discovered through confidential agents why Karolyi had withdrawn his consent to join the Cabinet. Kunfi, Landler and the Catholic priest of the Franzstadt, Hock—behind whom there was said to be an adventurer whose name, Bela Kun, I had never heard but once until now—had got hold of him and extracted a promise from him not to join any combination which had not a purely Republican-Communist programme. My informant assured me that Karolyi was quite in the hands of these people and was terrified of a revolution; yesterday he had cried bitterly, and declared in tears that he would be loyal to the Radicals. (He had sent the King word that he was the only faithful and devoted servant of the Crown.)

I went to see Andrassy. Andrassy had been with Tisza, who would not believe in a revolution. Vazsonyi came and said: "This is no popular rising: it is the mob. But if the mob gets the upper hand and keeps it, then we shall have lost the war and everything else."

Andrassy was so impressed by these remarks that he sent me to the Prime Minister's official residence to try to per-

suade Wekerle and Szterenyi to proclaim martial law in the capital. On the way I met a procession of about a thousand people, led by reserve officers with drawn swords. These officers had, at any rate, only drawn their swords in the interior of the country—there were no officers from the front among them. They were marching straight to the Royal Palace, and were going to demonstrate in favour of universal franchise. The windows in a house opposite the Palace were broken and a few doors demolished. The people called for the King, called and called, till Hunyadi appeared. "We want to speak to the King." "He is at Gödöllö," Hunyadi replied. Then the people went away. But they met another procession, a "League of Catholic University Students," which had placed itself at the service of the Fatherland and proposed to do some kind of police duty. The two processions came to blows and there was a little scuffle. I had not been able to get through the crowd in my motor and had proceeded on foot. A meeting was just going on at the Prime Minister's residence—the last Ministerial Council held by Wekerle's Cabinet. I told them what I had just seen in the street. The gentlemen shrugged their shoulders; they did not want to be disturbed at their work. The Ministerial Council, I may remark, were sitting at the Ministerial table, and were engaged to-day, the 24th October, in dealing with distinctions, bestowing Privy Councillorships and other honours, while the machinery of their country fell to pieces.

I telephoned on Andrassy's behalf to Agram and Fiume, to the Austrian Prime Minister's official residence, to the Supreme Command, spoke to Waldstätten, inquired everywhere as to the situation, and also reported how things were here. We carried on further negotiations with Barczy, Hadik, Pallavicini, Vazsonyi—discussed the list of audiences for the next day. Representatives of all the Parties, of course also of the Socialists and Radicals, were to be received.

The next morning (25th) my appointment as head of a section appeared in the official gazette; Andrassy was to take the oath as Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Court flunkeys notify him by telephone that he

must appear in Hungarian full dress. Andrassy telephones back indignantly that he has something more important to do now than to dress himself up. While Andrassy drives to the Palace, we discuss the measures we propose taking in case Karolyi should finally decide not to join us. As the situation was becoming more and more critical, we meant to resort to the most drastic methods of putting down any disturbance.

I called up the chief head of a section in the Foreign Office, Baron Flotow, and asked him to make all the arrangements for the reception of the new Minister.

Pallavicini went to the Karolyi palace in the morning. He talked to Karolyi, and told him of the measures we had decided to take against him. Karolyi said that was nonsense; he placed himself entirely at His Majesty's commands. Nevertheless, the organization of the National Council was definitely settled in the course of the afternoon by a few members of the Karolyi and the Socialist and *bourgeois* Parties, and the Pacifist, Rosika Schwimmer. It can be proved that these elements were in touch with Russian Bolshevists in Switzerland, through the journalist Leo Szemere, who had arrived from Berne within the last few days.

We exert ourselves without intermission to get martial law proclaimed in Buda Pesth. But Wekerle's Cabinet will not take the responsibility.

Audiences were going on at Gödöllö.

I inquired of the Supreme Command how things were going on the Piave, using my private line, and heard that all the attacks had been repulsed. But I was told at the Ministry of Defence that the Karolyi organization had taken possession of the wireless station and was in communication with the front. The troops in reserve were perpetually admonished to lay down their arms and return home. Several aeroplanes had also flown to the Piave and distributed special editions printed by *Az Est*.

I took leave of my officials in the Food Ministry that day. Some of them wept, and we were all very much affected. Nagy made an impassioned speech, in which he spoke of me as the only true democrat in the country. (And before the cock crowed thrice he had betrayed me: he was

one of the principal firebrands in the agitation which was got up against me shortly afterwards.)

A monster demonstration took place before Andrassy's house. Fifteen thousand persons made a dense ring round the house and wanted to give the honoured statesman an ovation before he left for Vienna. Andrassy had to appear on the balcony and speak to the crowd, and Apponyi made one of his fiery speeches. The people shouted themselves hoarse.

We had not a moment's rest. We were leaving for Vienna in the evening, and had to make all the arrangements to secure the formation of the Cabinet in feverish haste. Hadik is with us, and seems inclined to abandon his passive resistance at last. We decide the audiences for to-morrow; they are to signify the appointment of the Ministry. I spoke to the Monarch at Andrassy's request, and begged him to be absolutely firm, chiefly as regards the common institutions, for in Andrassy's opinion the inauguration of peace negotiations depends on the Foreign Ministry functioning faultlessly. His Majesty sent Andrassy word in reply that he might rely on him; he begged him in return to start peace negotiations as quickly as possible. The news from the front was to the effect that the first-line troops at the front were holding out, but that the reserve formations were already so corrupted that they were no longer willing to fight.

We said good-bye, transacted more business, held last conferences, gave the last orders. Then we drove to the station. Just as Andrassy was getting into his compartment, a heavily veiled lady suddenly approached and said a few words to him. She withdrew as quickly as she had come, and disappeared in the waiting-room. I think, however, that I had recognized her all the same. Andrassy remained standing, perplexed and thoughtful. He called me to him.

"You must stay in Buda Pesth," he said, after a pause. "The revolution begins to-night. At three o'clock in the morning the waterworks, railways, public institutions and telegraph offices will be seized."

"Did she tell you that now?"

" Yes."

He got into the train and went to Vienna. I remained behind—dashed into the town to persuade the Ministry of Defence to have the garrison alarmed at once.

On the way into the town I met troops—reliefs for the guards which were posted to safeguard the public buildings. The troops looked good and well disciplined. On which side will they be to-night? I wondered. I drove to the editor of the *Magyar Hirlap*, Councillor Markus, who was one of Andrassy's most faithful adherents. There I met Pallavicini and Barczy, who were very much surprised to see me still in Buda Pesth. I quickly enlightened them. We telephoned to Szurmay at the Ministry and to Hunyadi at the Royal Palace. I insisted on General Lukasich being appointed town commandant at once. Markus, who is a freemason, rang up the Karolyi palace, called his friend Purjesz, of the *Vilag*, to the telephone, and learnt that a conference of the National Council was just going on under the chairmanship of Hock.

" Will it be to-night? "

" I know nothing of that," replied Purjesz, and rang off.

I drive to Szurmay's house, where I meet Szterenyi, Thöry and Wekerle. " The so-called National Council is sitting at the Karolyi palace," I said; " have the whole lot of swindlers arrested at once." All three opposed the idea. Arrests cannot be made on the strength of alarmist reports. " It is not an alarmist report; it is authentic." But they would not believe it. I managed to arrange with the Minister of Defence, however, that the garrison should be alarmed at once and the public buildings strongly held. At this moment an officer came in and handed Szurmay some leaflets, proclaiming the constitution of the National Council. " Well," I said, " do you still believe that no one in Buda Pesth is seriously thinking of revolution? "

" We knew nothing of it," said Szurmay. Just then Sandor, the Chief of the Police, came in. " Didn't you know anything? " I asked Sandor. " Why hasn't the leaflet been seized? " He shrugged his shoulders: " I knew nothing of this proclamation." " What are your detectives for, if you don't even know where such proclama-

tions are printed? Haven't you an agent in every printing office, at every printing machine? It is not the people, it is you who make the revolution through your stupidity!"

We read the notice more carefully. It suppressed the most important factors in the situation. There was no mention of the King's having made the franchise programme his own, of his wishing peace to be concluded and Andrassy's important programme of social reform to be carried out at once. I was in a perfect fury, and shouted at Sandor that he must seize the proclamation instantly, and that the adventurers who were paid to make the revolution must be arrested. Indignant at this inertia and incompetence, I took Szurmay and Szterenyi to task as well, and both have borne a grudge against me for this scene. Szurmay and Szterenyi now backed me up, but Wekerle said he had sent in his resignation and could not take any responsibility for such a serious step. He again declared that he did not believe in a revolution in Buda Pesth.

In the meantime it was getting late. I drove back, picked up Pallavicini, and drove with him to see Hunyadi at the Royal Palace.

The building was absolutely in darkness. We groped our way along the dark passages and rooms. No lights were burning; not a servant was to be seen, not a policeman, not a footman. The little screws in the machinery no longer worked. The service had gone to pieces. At last we came to an immense room with a bed on which Hunyadi lay, fast asleep. We woke him, and told him what we knew, and begged him to inform His Majesty. "At three o'clock in the morning the workmen from the various factories intend to start, but they seem to have already got wind that their plan is betrayed. We shall soon know how matters stand. If the factory sirens sound punctually at two o'clock, that will mean that the revolution is called off; but if all is silent, there will be danger in the air; then let His Majesty know at once." Hunyadi got into his clothes half-asleep, and we left him.

Our motor was standing at the entrance. We went down the hill on foot and let the motor follow. Officers were standing in front of the Ministry of Defence, which is

opposite the Palace, and waiting. We waited with them. "All the buildings are guarded," they said; "machine guns are posted on the bridges and at the post and telegraph offices and the banks and railway stations." I stood, watch in hand, and waited with a beating heart. The town below lay in darkness. Only the lights of the street lamps twinkled. The people down there slept, for the most part still unsuspecting. I had a feeling which was quite different to anything I had felt on the battlefield. Was I to hear the rattle of the machine guns, the metallic ping of the rifles again, here, now? I looked at my watch; perhaps there would be bloodshed here in a few minutes' time; perhaps a flash, a pillar of fire would rise from that distant, immense, living, breathing spot. A shrill sound rent the air; a hundred others rang out at the same moment. The sirens sounded from all parts of the town; the steam valves were letting off their annoyance in every direction. A horrible—but to us a delightful concert. The revolution was called off. Pallavicini and I got into the motor. "As long as I am here, Karolyi will not succeed in bringing about any revolution in Hungary," I said, or rather shouted across the Danube to the town on the other side. I put Pallavicini down at his house. "To-morrow the Cabinet must be formed," were my parting words. "Good-night."

It was now half-past three. As the house where I lived was already shut up, I drove to the station. The station-master announced that he could not give me a saloon carriage. I said, "It doesn't matter." I lay down on a sofa in the waiting-room and went to sleep.

The next morning (26th) I met the Minister of Finance, Spitzmüller, at the station. He was on his way back from Serajevo and had a saloon carriage, so I got in with him. The impression he had gained in the south was that if a South Slav State could be formed at once the situation might yet be saved. The essential appeared to him to be the existence of a Hungarian Government which would have sufficient strength and common sense to restore order, for the Ban, Mihalovic, had gone over unreservedly to the Serbian side.

I arrived in Vienna before noon and reported myself to Andrassy at the Foreign Office. He seemed more cheerful, for he had just heard by telegram that Hadik was willing to form a Cabinet.

I was introduced to all the heads and the individual departments. Count Colloredo was Chief of the Cabinet, Flotow chief administrative head of a section ; I was political head of a section, *ex-officio*, the intention being that I should help Andrassy. I cannot say that I had a particularly friendly reception. One of my new colleagues turned up his nose, and even expressed doubt as to whether I was the right man for the Foreign Office. The diplomats adopted a reserved, or we will call it " diplomatic," attitude towards me, the non-diplomat suddenly dropped in upon them. This did not deter me from going round with a very large broom. To begin with, I was horrified at the telephone service. I gave orders that the War Office should be asked to send a controller of traffic to improve and regulate it without delay ; I insisted on a Hughes apparatus being installed, to connect the office with the Prime Minister in Buda Pesth ; I instituted a permanent day and night service to deal with the reports that came in. At a time of the greatest political tension it was not usual for anyone to be in the office at night. The young gentlemen in the Foreign Office put in an appearance about eleven o'clock in the morning. The Empire was going to pieces, but everything went on as usual here. If anyone wanted a sheet of paper, the head of the section, Schlecta, had first to be consulted as to whether it was allowable to ask for it, and I was most humbly informed by some functionary or other, cap in hand and with all due respect for a Privy Councillor, that the technical alterations I had proposed could not be taken in hand without the consent of the administrative head. I had so much to do from the very first that I was unable to see to my orders and reforms being carried out. They were not carried out. I had made myself very popular in these precincts the very day of my arrival !

My old friend Flotow came into my room and asked me, half-joking, half in earnest, whether I meant to get rid of him. I said that absolutely my only intention was to work

here, as long as there was work for me to do; nothing was further from my wishes than to drive anyone away: I had no bureaucratic tastes of that kind.

The first political act at which I assisted was drafting the text of the separate peace note we were to send Wilson. Andrassy, Colloredo, Wiesner, Matschekko and I took part in this We then discussed the text of the telegram His Majesty was to send the German Emperor. Andrassy composed this telegram personally. In it he explained that the Monarchy was not in a position to carry on the war any longer. The document was couched in very friendly, but very decided terms.

Andrassy had also thought it his duty to ask the German ambassador to call on him directly he took over office. Count Wedel came in the course of the morning. Andrassy described the position of the Monarchy, and showed him the damaged parts of the house, which was on the verge of collapse. That was no longer a *façon de parler*: it was simple truth and reality. The Czechs had already quietly cleared out, the Croats refused to pay any taxation, the Hungarians were pulling at the ropes which still held a few timbers of the framework together. The very slightest convulsion would bring the house down in ruins. It was no longer a question of the synthesis of the Monarchy: it was a question of life or death for the German Austrians and the Hungarians. Count Wedel said he saw what the position was and understood Andrassy's point of view; he assented to his procedure.

A *façon de parler*, for hardly had he re-entered his office before he began to stir up the elements which were subservient to him in Vienna in every possible way against a separate peace; money played no inconsiderable part in this agitation. He egged on the politicians, as I learnt the very same evening, to take up a strong attitude in the National Council against our peace step. Almost all the meetings and demonstrations held at that time, which demanded that the Viennese, who were at the last gasp, should stand by Germany to the end, were got up and paid for by agents of the German Embassy. There is no disguising the fact that, just then, the greater number of the inhabitants of

Vienna, not excepting any class, were oppressed by anxiety which was not by any means for the German Empire. Money expended in the right quarter—Ludendorff speaks quite openly of this kind of thing in his book—the assistance of a few leaders of the Socialist Party, parallel efforts in the German Empire, and the Viennese were swimming again in the wake of Berlin.

I had a long talk with Andrassy, who asked a military man of high rank to go to Warsaw at once and inform the Poles that we were prepared to cede Galicia to them immediately. He started the same day.

I rang up the Supreme Command at intervals to inquire as to the position of the first line. The answers were still satisfactory.

Then I had a spontaneous visit from Viktor Adler, who told me of the increasing unrest in Pan-German political circles. Adler saw the necessity of a separate peace. He said that he himself had recently adopted this standpoint. I gave Dr. Adler a truthful description of our military position, to convince him that nothing really remained for us but to create conditions which would enable us to withdraw the troops at once, for at any moment they might be expected to surge back in disorder of their own accord.

There were also negotiations with Friedrich Lobkowitz. He was asked, at Andrassy's request, whether he would act as Czech representative in the Foreign Office, a question to which Lobkowitz would not reply without reference to Kramarz, on whose approval or disapproval his answer must depend. Kramarz, however, was in Switzerland.

All our Ministries in neutral countries were directed to try to get into touch with the Entente.

We heard by telephone from Gödöllő that His Majesty was coming to Vienna in the evening and would bring Karolyi with him. Karolyi had been received in audience, and had left assuring the King that he assented to his programme and that the Radical *bourgeois* Party would support a Hadik Ministry as far as possible. Now he wanted to come to Vienna to discuss the function of the Foreign Office under Andrassy's direction. The great point on which Andrassy and his son-in-law differed was that Karolyi

wanted his father-in-law to be Foreign Minister for Hungary alone, while Andrassy was the one politician in Hungary who favoured maintaining the joint institutions of the Dual Monarchy and who absolutely believed in them. He saw clearly that nothing but close co-operation between German Austria and Hungary could really safeguard Hungarian interests. The news of Karolyi's coming worried him very much, as it showed first and foremost that the arrangements we had set on foot before leaving Buda Pesth had absolutely broken down. A Vazsonyi combination had been rejected, as he was considered a political agitator; Hadik, who meant to act on strictly constitutional lines, was too undecided: he composed programme speeches at a time which called for the strongest possible action; the town was distracted and secretly in revolt. The negotiations dragged on, fresh constellations kept appearing, but the Cabinet was not formed. The consequence was that Wekerle's slack hand still held the reins. He let everything slide. The agitation in the Press became more and more violent. An article appeared in the *Az Est* which spoke of me, from a dishonest, spiteful point of view, as responsible for the crisis in the country. I was represented as the man who had frustrated universal franchise, etc. I wrote a reply at once, and had it sent from the Ministry to the Hungarian Prime Minister's office in Pesth, but whether my letter was not sent on from there, or whether the papers did not print it, the fact remains that the attack remained unanswered. I had no time to do any more in the matter.

In the meantime Lammasch had been appointed Austrian Prime Minister. Lammasch, who had originated the idea of regrouping Austria, an idea which had always appealed very much to the King, came to see Andrassy, and it was decided between them that from now on all foreign political steps should be taken in agreement with representatives of the individual National Councils. Each National Council was to send a head of a section to the Ministry. In this way they hoped to prevent a domestic collapse before the arrival of Wilson's answer.

Czernin was among the many visitors that day. I gave him a general idea of what we had done; but he thought

it was all too late. In his opinion we ought to ask that both the capitals should be occupied by Entente troops at once, and that an International Commission should be appointed to fix the frontiers of the new States on former Austrian territory. I reported this view to my chief, who said it was treason, as there had been no sign of revolution or disorder of any kind up to now. I telephoned to the Supreme Command every half-hour, and had the reports from the front read out to me. At six o'clock in the evening news came that the English had broken our line at several points. We had just made a counter-attack and succeeded in recovering all the positions which had been lost on the Piave. Thus we oscillated from half-hour to half-hour between hope, dejection and relief. Telephone messages from Buda Pesth reported that the agitation in the barracks was increasing in intensity. A number of reserve officers had joined Karolyi's Party. Hadik contemplated withdrawing; Wekerle still refused to have martial law proclaimed.

The note to Wilson is finished late in the evening, and goes to our Ministry in Stockholm to be forwarded.

I was still in the office when our ambassador in Berlin rang up. Hohenlohe asked whether the special reference to a separate peace being desired by the Monarchy might be omitted from the telegram to the Emperor William, seeing that Germany proposed taking parallel steps.

Andrassy had already gone to the "Bristol," where he was staying; I drove there at once, and found him still awake and at work. He instructed me to reply that compliance with Hohenlohe's request was out of the question. The proposal of a separate peace was the whole point of the telegram.

I telephoned this to Berlin, on which Hohenlohe announced his resignation.

At midnight I rang up the Supreme Command again: "All the positions on the Piave are in our hands; on the other hand, the cases of serious mutiny are increasing in twenty-five reserve divisions. The Hungarian troops, which are in wireless communication with Buda Pesth, refuse to fight. The position is critical, as the gaps in the front line cannot be filled up."

The Archduke Joseph, who was at the front, had been ordered to speak to the soldiers. He did this at once; he went to the most advanced lines. He implored the troops to hold out; but he had no success with the reserves, so he could do nothing more. The reserves unanimously declared that they wished to return home and did not intend to fight any more.

On the 27th October the Monarch arrived at Schönbrunn. Andrassy had wished the Queen to remain at Gödöllö, but she had come against his wish. The King rang me up early in the morning and asked whether I thought the royal children were safe at Gödöllö. I thought there was no question of any danger, as far as the royal family were concerned, and said that if the children were sent away it might even make a bad impression in Hungary.

Karolyi, the rebel, also arrived in Vienna by the royal train. On the way he had again assured His Majesty that he would suppress the revolutionary movement in Buda Pesth and restore order. For this it would be necessary for the King to entrust him with the formation of a Cabinet; then he could save the whole situation. His Majesty gave the reply he had given in Buda Pesth: "I agree, but you must speak to Andrassy." It was for this purpose, that Karolyi might have a talk to Andrassy, that the King had brought him with him. Karolyi spoke strongly against Andrassy's plans for the conduct of foreign affairs, and attacked me still more violently, saying I was Andrassy's evil genius. (At any rate he realized that I was the obstacle. Under normal conditions his only way to power would be over my dead body.)

The King now telephoned to us that Karolyi was coming, and we were expecting him.

In the course of the morning the German deputies put in an appearance at the Ballplatz, made a disturbance and talked of treason. Not one of them would see that we had no choice, that there could be no question of treachery to Germany. Andrassy showed them the latest reports from the front, which were more and more gloomy.

Then there was a long conference with Clam-Martinitz, the then Governor of Montenegro. He was of Andrassy's

opinion as to the advisability of uniting all the South Slavs within the framework of the Monarchy. We ring up the Monarch, who adheres to the view that this union must be effected under the Hungarian crown ; this sub-dualism was really a point of the programme.

We now tried to speak to Agram, but it appeared that the telephone was not working. The interruption was political, not technical.

Prague reports that the government has passed into the hands of the National Council without a struggle.

Pallavicini reports from Buda Pesth that the excitement in the town is increasing, that Hadik has suddenly announced his intention of taking over the government, and that stormy meetings are taking place in front of the Parliament House, at which the Socialists are already declaring themselves in favour of a republican form of government.

The driving belts of the State machine were cracking in every direction. The straps were giving way, the gear breaking down.

Field-Marshal Lukasich, the defender of the Doberdo, who had been ordered to Buda Pesth, to suppress a rebellion in case of need, telephoned to ask whether martial law should be proclaimed.

The members of the House of Lords now appeared at the Ballplatz. Andrassy received them in the small lecture-room and explained matters to them. They made no secret of their anxiety ; they felt the approach of the earthquake in all their bones, and feared the basis of their existence was beginning to subside from beneath their feet. Andrassy made them a very fine speech. The high and mighty gentlemen, who had been up in arms against him for decades past—they considered him as well as me " red " —suddenly recognized that this national Hungarian, this revolutionary statesman, for whom their old Emperor had never concealed his hatred, as the embodiment of the '48 tendencies, was the only man in Austro-Hungarian policy who embodied the principle of cohesion in the Monarchy. My cousin, the former Prime Minister, Alfred Windischgraetz, who was with the deputation as President

of the House of Lords, said to me, when taking his departure : " Ludwig, you were right. Andrassy is a fine fellow."

Towards midday the Archduke Joseph arrived in Vienna. Andrassy had sent for him, meaning to put the reins of government in Hungary into his hands. He wanted to turn his popularity to account and appoint him Hungarian Prime Minister with the fullest powers ; he saw that there must be someone to act as a counterpoise to Karolyi in Buda Pesth, now that he and I had left ; we could not guide the course of events in Pesth from Vienna. We had too much to do, and without inflexible control there they would be steering straight for revolution. The Archduke Joseph was to take over the government, and with it all responsibility ; he must then see whether he would be in a position to form his Cabinet with or without Karolyi. We were overburdened with work ; it was essential that we should be relieved of some of it. The Archduke said he was prepared to accept the office of Palatine, and to commence negotiations in Buda Pesth on behalf of the Monarch at once.

Just at that moment Count Hadik rang up. He was prepared to form a Cabinet. But a report had spread through Buda Pesth like wild-fire that the King had taken Count Karolyi with him in the royal train, and he suspected an intrigue behind it and asked to be enlightened. Andrassy replies that we have been expecting a visit from Karolyi since the early morning, but that he has not appeared. So it seems that the Monarch had actually taken Karolyi with him without Hadik's knowledge.

We could not make out what was going on. Karolyi had not appeared on the scene. True, he knew beforehand that neither I nor his father-in-law would recommend his being appointed Hungarian Prime Minister ; we should certainly oppose it ; yet he had instructions from the Monarch, who had brought him solely for the purpose of an interview.

But it was of the utmost importance that we should come to an understanding with him, and therefore I drove to the " Bristol " to look for him. I sent in my name by the porter ; he denied himself. Ella Andrassy, who had come to Vienna with her husband, met Mihaly Karolyi in

the hall of the Hôtel Bristol, but they passed by without seeing or speaking to one another. The relations between the Andrassy family and Karolyi were already too strained for any conversation between Karolyi and his mother-in-law to be possible.

There can be no doubt whatever that Karolyi had telephoned to Buda Pesth in the course of the morning and given his friends a false version of his stay in Vienna. He must have told them that he had been betrayed, that the King had only enticed him to Vienna to keep him away from Pesth. "Andrassy was to have sent for me in Vienna; I waited the whole morning in the hotel, but no one sent for me. I am coming home; expect me in Buda Pesth to-night." (Later on, I discovered that this was exactly what had happened.)

I came back to the office without having effected my object. Vazsonyi rang me up there and gave me a clear idea of the present state of affairs in Pesth. The Socialists, who had hitherto refused to embark on a general strike, in spite of the Karolyi agitation, now seemed prepared to go over to Karolyi.

The fast train left for Buda Pesth at 2.30 in the afternoon. Just before starting, the Archduke Joseph had another interview with Andrassy and me. The Archduke sees the necessity of the continued existence of a joint Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and says he will take steps to settle this question with Karolyi in Buda Pesth at once.

I suspect that Karolyi will go to Buda Pesth by the same train, and commission my secretary, Racz, to accompany the Archduke Joseph, so that he may enlighten him as to the present position in Pesth before he can speak to Karolyi. Racz tore off to the station without the smallest preparation, caught the train, and got into the Archduke's carriage. He sat with him as far as Marchegg, explained the situation to him, and the Archduke quite agreed to deal resolutely with the matter in our sense, at all costs. Racz left the compartment satisfied that he had successfully accomplished his mission. But I had guessed rightly: Karolyi had got into the same train to return to Buda Pesth. At Marchegg he went to look for the Archduke in his compartment. From

Marchegg to Neuhäusl the Archduke Joseph was under his influence.

He is said to have declared in Buda Pesth later on that he had been under the impression during that journey that the King had played a double game. He had promised him that all the Hungarian troops would be under his supreme command, which would have put all the power into his hands ; but on the way to Buda Pesth Karolyi had told him definitely that the Monarch had promised the Prime Ministership in Hungary to him, Karolyi.

When the train steamed into Buda Pesth in the evening, a crowd numbering many thousands was awaiting it. Karolyi's friends had been at work. Karolyi was received as a national hero ; the people shouted themselves hoarse. The priest Hock made a speech on the man after the people's heart, who had been lured away and duped by the King ; he spoke of the affront that had been put on Karolyi in Vienna. He had been sent for with a view to negotiations, and had been simply left in the lurch—no one had given him a hearing. The Vienna tyrants had made a fool of him.

The Archduke Joseph was very much upset by this demonstration. He telephoned at once to His Majesty and told him that the attitude of the people was frankly anti-dynastic, but that Karolyi had promised to do his best with the National Council, which had been constituted in the meantime, to secure the restoration of order.

At the same time Racz telephoned to me that the agitation in the barracks was still going on and that the troops were urged by wireless to lay down their arms. I myself telephoned every half-hour to the Supreme Command. It was essential for our peace plans that we should be accurately informed of the momentary military position. Our agitation sometimes became unendurable. I talked to many people, but the one thought running in my mind was : Is the front still holding out ? This thought never left me. Everything depended on whether the front stood its ground. So long as the defence was unbroken, it was possible for us to negotiate with the enemy ; if it was broken through, we should have to accept the terms dictated by the enemy ; that was the great difference. The moment the

front was broken, the war was at an end once for all; every instant of further fighting would have been useless bloodshed.

And now news came, the news which had been dreaded every moment for days past, that the Italians had penetrated our position north of Montello on a front of 40 kilometres. It is true that a counter-attack was being launched, but we knew that all was over.

I sat down beside Andrassy and we took counsel together. It was an anxious hour, but there was really only one way out: to start negotiations for an armistice with the Italians without delay, to prevent a definite Italian victory being proclaimed. We got into communication with the Monarch, and he agreed. We were now to provide for the troops being brought home in good order. The soldiers were to be organized according to their nationalities and placed at the service of their National Councils. Moreover, the King will summon a Privy Council for to-morrow to consider this last military measure with his counsellors.

We summon a conference in the Ministry and decide on preparing for direct negotiations with America, England and France at once; Count Mensdorff was proposed for England, Count Sigray for America and myself for France. Unfortunately, the technical apparatus works far too slowly in the Ministry. The state of the telephone drove one mad; the officials came to the office, as ever, too late and left too early.

Our nerves were in a half-lethargic, half-excited state.

On the morning of the 28th we received news from Buda Pesth of the manifesto the Archduke Joseph had issued to the Hungarian people. He urged the country to maintain order and to put itself in his hands. He himself informed us that he was already negotiating with all the Parties and politicians, and had ascertained that only an insignificant percentage of the people had been won over to Karolyi's policy. Count Hadik's appointment as Prime Minister was therefore preferable and impending. Things were calming down a little in Buda Pesth: the Karolyites had promised to support the Government.

I am in constant touch with Racz, who reports that the calm is deceptive. He knows for certain that the agitation does not cease for a moment.

Andrassy had gone to the King with a view to fixing the principles on which the negotiations with the Austrian National Councils were to be conducted.

A favourable report now arrived, the first white dove. Our Minister, Baron de Vaux, informs us in a telegram from Berne that our peace offer has met with a friendly reception at the hands of the Entente.

A further long conference took place with Friedrich Lobkowitz as to the conditions under which he would be willing to join us as Czech head of a section. Of course, no one in Hungary would have agreed to this appointment; but Andrassy insisted on having a Czecho-Slovak representative in the joint Ministry for Foreign Affairs. He had already spoken of Czecho-Slovakia in his peace note, referring to the right of peoples to self-determination proclaimed by Wilson. The programme with which Andrassy had gone to the Foreign Office expressly included Wilson's Fourteen Points. We did not, indeed, know at that time that a republic was already being constituted in Bohemia and that its separation from Austria was a *fait accompli*. We really knew little more than that Kramarz had gone to Paris on a political errand.

Disquieting information as to the efforts being made by the German Embassy continues to arrive Large sums have been expended; a newspaper which has recently appeared, the *Wiener Mittag*, is entirely in the pay of the ambassador.

A General Staff Officer from the Supreme Command is announced, who submits a plan of the situation. He shows us where the break-through was made, or rather the gaps through which the enemy was able to penetrate, simply because the most advanced line had ceased to exist. It was no longer possible to send up reserves: the reserves refused to obey. The advancing English and Italians were only feeling their way, not knowing that there was no second line behind the first. If even a few divisions would go on fighting now, the situation could be saved. The officer

reports that the Supreme Command agrees to direct negotiations for an armistice being commenced.

Count Coudenhove is received in audience by His Majesty. Reports and returns to Prague.

Lammasch's Ministers then take the oath. The question of German Austria is discussed. His Majesty wishes all German-language territories in German Austria to be united, and proposes immediate negotiations to that effect with the South Slavs and Czechs.

Lammasch and Andrassy have a long conference to decide on the measures to be taken to prevent forcible separation, as a revolutionary State could not expect as favourable a peace as one properly organized. Lammasch does his best to bring about a peaceable solution.

Viktor Adler came to see me twice, and talked to me about Dr. Otto Bauer, whom he speaks of as a clever theorist. He tells me that Bauer is in touch with Karolyi. I asked him how he could help us. He said: "The situation is so changed that we no longer hold the power in our hands. As moderates we shall not be able to hold our own either on the one side or the other. Formerly we were never approached: we were considered enemies of the State; now we are suddenly called on to come to the rescue and save everything. But we no longer have sufficient influence for this, because the lower classes have never seen that we have influence in high quarters. Therefore you must not count on us. What you and Andrassy are doing is the only thing you can do, but it is too late to succeed. If a statesman had propounded such ideas formerly, he might have had some chance of success."

It was Dr. Bauer who fomented the agitation against Andrassy in the German Parties. He was not only in touch with Karolyi, but with Bolshevist elements and Germans. I discovered, through former brother-officers and the Ministry of War, that one of his followers, an ensign whose name was Deutsch, began the organization of Soldiers' Councils and Red Guards.

When Andrassy heard this, he requested the military authorities to take strong counter-measures; but the War Office was even then too much afraid and too weak. We

conferred with the Supreme Command, and requested that troops should be sent to Vienna, as there were indications that a revolution was being organized in the Austrian capital too. Andrassy laid stress on the necessity for the military authorities continuing to be in common, so that uniform arrangements for demobilization might be made.

But Generals very soon came and told the King that they had no control over the troops ; the soldiers would no longer obey. In the course of the summer of 1918 there had been an idea of appointing General Prince Schönburg commandant of all the home formations, to ensure peace and order in Austria through him, a well-known gallant General. But His Majesty could not be induced to agree to draconian measures in the interior of the country. "All the old methods of coercion must be discontinued," he said. "I won't carry on war against my people," were his own words. "Enough blood has been shed ; the people at home shall arrange things as they wish." The Generals withdrew.

Kövess, commanding an army group, reported that the Danube and Save front stood firm and would continue to hold out. News from Transylvania is to the effect that two Hungarian divisions are arriving and that this frontier may also be considered secured.

Another long conference with Clam-Martinitz, at which the latest possibilities of the South Slav question are considered. But there seems no further prospect of saving the situation, as the Croatian home formations have also placed themselves at the service of the Croatian National Council, according to a report just received from Agram. Wherever we turn we see the old Austrian house breaking up—yawning gaps, wide fissures, shattered walls.

Andrassy rang up Hadik and urged him to provide Austria with food. We ourselves were getting urgent messages from the King on this subject twice a day. There was great want in Vienna, and the King was trying to reassure the people in every possible way.

Seitz, Renner, Dinghofer and the prelate Hauser put in an appearance. Andrassy explained the military position to them, but they did not give the impression of having

control of the situation. They themselves were half feeling their way and drawing, and half being drawn.

Fresh reports continue to come from our agents, and from all private and official quarters, that the German Embassy is bent on making trouble in the town. Adherence to Germany is the watchword.

And the only news we are anxiously awaiting from Buda Pesth does not come. The Cabinet was still not formed ; we did not know what would happen. Andrassy rang up the Archduke Joseph and implored him to do all he possibly could.

Spitzmüller is sent for. He is to try to pave the way for negotiations with the South Slavs. I also try to find Korosec, the leader of the Slovenes in the Austrian Parliament, but it appears that he is at Agram, and has already placed himself at the disposal of the Serbians. So this last faint hope has been disappointed. The King summoned me to Schönbrunn. I am to draw up a report on the food supplies for Vienna without delay. My secretary, Nagy, had succeeded me in Buda Pesth, but my services were enlisted again. I was to supply Vienna with food as before. The people in Vienna were enduring frightful privations ; from week to week there was a risk of absolute starvation. There was no fat at all to be had, and there were already bitter complaints of Hungary in the papers.

Arrived at the Foreign Office from a conference at Schönbrunn, my secretary, Racz, tells me that Tisza has just rung me up from Buda Pesth. As I was not in, Racz had taken down the following message in shorthand :

" Tell the Prince that I wish him much success in his hard task. That in very, very many ways he was right, and foresaw everything. I place my Party and myself entirely at his service, not as a leader, but as a man, a simple soldier. We must all work together to bring order into the chaos and steer the country in the right direction.

" I wish to be most kindly remembered to him, and once more wish him success. I will ring him up again."

I looked on this message from Tisza as perhaps the greatest success of my stormy political career. Tisza, my adversary, had placed himself at *my* service, had at last

come to the conclusion that the policy I had consistently and always openly pursued was right. I was so affected that I tried to get on to Tisza to thank him, but he was nowhere to be found. I never heard his voice again, for two days afterwards he was shot.

Fresh telephone conversation with Buda Pesth. Karolyi gives Andrassy the reassuring news that Hadik's Ministry seems to be ensured, as Tisza has declared his intention of supporting it.

On the Piave Front the German Austrian reserves now refuse to obey.

The fighting troops never refused to obey; it was only the reserves that mutinied. The enemy came into the country because there was a mutiny of our policy, not because the spirit of its defenders broke down.

29th October.—His Majesty reports by telephone that Hadik will have got his Ministry together by to-morrow.

In the course of the morning the King had a long conversation on the telephone with Karolyi, who assures him that he will pacify the Radical elements and persuade them to wait for the announcement of the Government programme in Parliament.

(Baron Merey drafts a note to Lansing on Andrassy's behalf. An appeal is made to America's humanity, and a prompt reply to our peace offer is entreated, in order to avert general chaos in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.)

I was surprised by receiving a visit from Szilassy, who offered to go to Switzerland; he had relations with English circles, and thought he might be useful to us. He also talked to Andrassy, but we could not put his plans into execution.

The King again inquires how the food supply negotiations are progressing between the German National Council and Hungary, and urges final agreements being concluded. I report this to Andrassy, who immediately has himself put on to Hadik again, and comes to an agreement with him that wheat supplies for the next three weeks shall be sent to Vienna. Andrassy represented that this supply was absolutely indispensable, and the necessary instructions were given in Buda Pesth at once. (But of course the

revolution which took place a few days later prevented measures of any kind being carried out.)

Andrassy then had a long conference with Lammasch. The subject discussed was the taking over of administrative business by the individual National Councils, which were now sitting in the Lower Austrian Landhaus.

Various and not at all satisfactory reports reach us of what is going on in the town. Popular meetings have taken place in several localities. Field-Marshal Böhm was forced by soldiers to get out of his motor ; thousands of people are standing in front of the Parliament House ; the black and yellow flag has been pulled down. I learn that Count Wedel has given orders that no one employed at the German Embassy is to be seen in the inner town, lest it should be suspected that the processions and demonstrations emanate from German quarters.

Reports come from Switzerland, Holland and Sweden to the effect that there is some inclination in France to negotiate with Andrassy. But at present these announcements are not official, and we must still wait and see.

Reports received from Agram and Fiume state that Fiume is in Croatian hands.

Racz telephones to me from Buda Pesth that the National Council, under Hock's chairmanship, is gaining more and more power ; all the newspapers are under the censorship of the National Council ; the head of the police, Sandor, has resigned ; the municipal police, influenced by the deputy Abraham, has also placed itself at the service of the National Council ; and finally, news comes that the Ban of Croatia has officially proclaimed Croatia's independence of Hungary.

At two o'clock there is a Privy Council at Schönbrunn. Andrassy sends me to represent the Foreign Office. His Majesty, the Chief of the Imperial Staff, Arz, the Director of the Naval Section and I sat at the round table.

Arz explained the situation on our West Front. The Italian break-through must be looked on as accomplished ; the collapse of the whole front may follow within a few days, perhaps hours. The English and Italian forces are still only advancing slowly, but our reserves are no longer available. If we want to bring our troops home well

closed up and in order, the only way is to set negotiations for an armistice on foot at once, as proposed. Arz produces leaflets and proclamations urging the troops to throw away their arms. Admiral Holub describes the state of affairs in the fleet. South Slav propaganda has done its work everywhere. The men demand to be put on shore: they want to go home. Korosec wishes the fleet, with the ships' crews, to be transferred to the South Slav Committee. To avoid insubordination and mutiny on board the ships, the Naval Command suggests compliance with this demand. The naval port Pola is also to be transferred to the South Slav Committee. We consult over this point, but as there is immediate danger of Pola and our battleships being lost to the Entente, we decide to make over the naval port and the whole fleet to the South Slavs.

His Majesty sees the necessity for these proposals; an armistice on our South-west Front is obviously specially urgent. The Supreme Command is to take steps, however, to expedite the transport of Hungarian troops to the south and east frontiers of Hungary, to safeguard Hungarian territorial integrity. The divisions from Hungarian territory, with their equipment and guns, are to be placed under the command of Kövess. This decision is telephoned to the Archduke Joseph at Buda Pesth at once. General Weber is to acquaint the Italian military authorities with the proposal of an armistice.

When we had discussed and settled everything, I drew up the protocol of the Privy Council. As I was putting my signature to it, I felt my eyes curiously hot. As far as I can remember, I have never cried in my life, on any occasion, hardly even in my childhood; now tears poured from my eyes. Of those present, I was the only one who had fought at the front. I had seen the misery, the sufferings, the corpses—now it was all for nothing, all the sacrifices had been made in vain; and I myself had been the one to propose an immediate armistice. I signed the document; when I looked up, I saw that the Emperor was also in tears.

That was the end of our army.

After the Privy Council the King still kept me with him,

and talked to me for a long time. "I hope the National Councils will see that I honestly wished for peace," he said. "I think it would be in the interest of the country if they would leave the negotiations with the Entente to me, for the Entente Powers know how anxious I was to pave the way for an early peace. If the negotiations are left in the hands of the individual national States, they will devour one another; unfortunately, I have experience—the most bitter experiences. If they make over the management to me, I shall act impartially, and will do my best to take every wish into account."

I went back to the Foreign Office and told Andrassy what we had decided. Andrassy telephoned to Hadik to inform him what measures had been taken to send the Hungarian troops home. Hadik hopes to have got his Cabinet together by the evening.

Late in the afternoon I hear definitely from Racz, who is in Buda Pesth, that Count Karolyi is making arrangements for the revolution to break out to-night. Pogany and Czermak have founded a Socialistic League of Reserve Officers, to which Bolshevist elements in the Karolyi Party belong. They now have considerable financial means at their disposal, for the American moneys Karolyi had brought to Switzerland on the outbreak of war had been conveyed to Buda Pesth by this time. The money could now be lavished unsparingly on the masses; they were having a high old time in the factories and barracks. The fifteen insignificant journalists, the men who had suffered the penalty of the law, who were arranging the whole agitation, had their pockets full, and now their puppet, Karolyi, was to be ruler of the town, ruler of the country, within forty-eight hours.

Hadik was insufficiently informed of what was going on. I discussed this with His Majesty, who told me that he received favourable news from the Archduke Joseph from Buda Pesth. Andrassy is so anxious that he rings up Hadik again, to ask him to take every possible step in agreement with Karolyi, to prevent disturbances. Karolyi's wife, it should be said, had arrived back in Vienna and had hurried to her stepfather. Karolyi sent him word that he had lost control over the revolutionary elements; the revolu-

tion must take place shortly. Both Katus and Michael are hysterical: they wanted the revolution and were horribly afraid of a revolution. They were afraid something dreadful would happen, that Andrassy would be murdered, so she came to warn him. Karolyi could not turn back now. The fifteen journalists, who had usurped the power in Hungary, kept him up to the mark. Like the dead Cid, he was strapped to the Bolshevist horse and thrust into the forefront of the battle. They shouted "Karolyi! Karolyi!" in their papers, and he had to play the romantic part he had half hankered after and which they had designed for him. He had conjured up forces he could no longer restrain; to satisfy his longing for power he had secured the help of the scum, who now stuck to him and dragged him deeper and deeper into the mire of treason, double-dealing and dishonesty to people and King.

That night I went again to Schönbrunn, where the royal children had just arrived. Their motor had met armed bodies in the neighbourhood of Gödöllö, which were already marching on the royal residence.

Pallavicini reported from Buda Pesth that Hadik's Cabinet was formed.

When I came back from Schönbrunn at 12.30 a.m., General Landwehr was waiting for me. He described the agitations being carried on by the German Embassy and lamented the attitude of the Vienna Press. "It is inconceivable," he said. "The Emperor wishes for peace, and the Press opposes him. Can't you find some way of counteracting this? Can't the Burgomaster Weisskirchner bring the Viennese to their senses? They ought surely to be grateful to the Emperor for doing his utmost to conclude peace; the whole Christian Socialist Party, at all events, ought to rise as one man and agree that peace must be made at any price." I was quite ready to do what I could, and I telephoned to the Burgomaster asking him to come and see me at once.

When he came, I woke Andrassy. Public opinion in Vienna held Andrassy responsible for the food supplies having ceased coming from Hungary. The agitation which had been set on foot against him in the Press, and in public and

private, aided and abetted the continued efforts made by the German Embassy to represent Andrassy as a traitor to the German alliance, and the animosity against the Foreign Minister reached such a pitch that the Hôtel Bristol, where he had stayed for two days, refused to let him, the joint Minister for Foreign Affairs, remain in the hotel any longer. He was obliged to leave. But, as Burian was taking his time to vacate his official residence in the Ballplatz, Andrassy and his wife had to keep house in two little rooms in the Foreign Office.

I asked Andrassy and Weisskirchner into my office and we held a long conference. Weisskirchner said he was quite willing to explain to the people that peace was an urgent necessity, but before doing so he wanted to communicate with his Party and discuss the best means of organizing a great demonstration. He admitted that it would be madness for the hungry, starving Viennese to work themselves up suddenly about sticking to Germany and demonstrate against a separate peace at the instigation of the German Embassy.

In the course of the night a telegram came from the Anglo-French Intelligence Bureau at Thonon, near Geneva, saying that the Entente Powers were willing to enter into negotiations with Andrassy. The message was not an official notification, however.

It was two o'clock in the morning. I had neither lunched nor dined ; there had simply been no time. When I left the Foreign Office the town was in darkness, all the restaurants and hotels, of course, shut up. My nervous excitement calmed down and I began to feel hungry. The only place where I could get supper at this hour was the Vienna Club.

I went there, and found a large party of Vienna industrial owners in the club playing écarté—Mautner and Landau, Flesch and Hatvany, Baron Grödel and Auspiz and whatever all their names may be. Austrian Capital surrounds me and besieges me with questions. " How are things going at the front ? Is there a revolution in Hungary ? Are the French already at Innsbruck ? " What ought I to have said to them ? I could not tell the truth, and had no right to do so yet. It would have caused a panic. So I dissembled,

played the part of a man about town, said cheerfully that all was well, ordered my supper and drank a whole bottle of wine. From the club I went home, had a shower-bath, slept for an hour, had another shower-bath, drank black coffee and went back to the Foreign Office.

30*th October*.—Profound silence reigned at the Ballplatz : only a couple of attendants in the whole building. I found Andrassy at work in his dressing-gown, having a cup of tea. It was early in the morning.

He was in the large Minister's room, sitting at the beautiful Empire writing-table at which his father had sat. Portraits of the Emperors Ferdinand, Francis, Francis Joseph and of Beust and his own father looked down from the walls.

Among Andrassy's first visitors were Prince Hans Schönburg, who had represented us at the Vatican, and Otto Czernin, our Minister in Sofia. Otto Czernin talked to him about his brother Ottokar's proposal, and was very much in favour of the Emperor's asking the Entente to send troops to occupy Vienna and Buda Pesth. Andrassy saw that the revolution was inevitable, but he still hoped a few reliable divisions of our own troops would come to Vienna and keep order. He told them both that he looked on action of the kind proposed as in reality treason to their own country, and that he must put it in that light to the Emperor. When Andrassy had sent them about their business, they came to my room and asked me to try to arrange for them to have an audience of the Emperor, in order to submit their proposals to him in person. I got into communication with Hunyadi, and we arranged an audience for them for the next morning.

Vazsonyi rang me up and said that Buda Pesth was in a fever of excitement. " Do send us reliable troops at last, that we may put a spoke in the wheel of these rogues," he said—with reason, for he knew the character of those who had prepared this kid-gloved revolution. But the telephone line we were using was already controlled by the National Council, and this conversation was intercepted.

Meanwhile Viktor Adler, Hauser and Dinghofer were

having a lengthy conference with Andrassy. They said they could not keep the situation in Vienna in hand; the food difficulties were stupendous, and for this reason they were not in a position to offer effective opposition to the influence of the Communist agitation. It was also impossible for them to prevent demonstrations or the formation of Red Guards; revolution was imminent.

Large numbers of people are, in fact, parading the streets, shouting and singing; the Herrengasse, where the Government offices are situated, is black with human beings; the "Marseillaise" is sung, but some of the groups strike up the "Wacht am Rhein"; crowds collect in front of the Foreign Office and rend the air with cries of "Shame!" The great black and yellow flags are burnt in front of the Houses of Parliament. Towards midday the Emperor came to Vienna from Schönbrunn. He drove through the Mariahilferstrasse quite unmolested, and alighted in the inner Castle yard, where the crowd gave him an ovation. The 99th Moravian Infantry Regiment marched in, the band playing as usual, and mounted guard at the Castle with the traditional military formalities. The Colours were handed over and the band played "God save."

(The Emperor said to me later: "I never felt a moment's anxiety. I could not conceive that Vienna would turn against me or do me an injury; I have never consciously done the Viennese any wrong. Everything I have done has been with a view to making my people happy." And Viktor Adler said to me: "The misfortune is that the Emperor wants to make everyone happy. We have long since known that it would be a failure.")

But hardly fifty yards from the Castle a very stormy meeting of the National Council was held in the Lower Austrian Landhaus two hours later, at which republican speeches were made.

While this was going on, Andrassy was presiding over an important Ministerial Council at the Foreign Office, at which the War Minister, Stöger-Steiner, a number of Generals belonging to the General Staff, the joint Minister of Finance and the highest Foreign Office officials were also present.

The object of the conference was to decide on an Imperial and Royal proclamation releasing members of the military forces from their oath of allegiance. The Generals are of opinion that His Majesty must release all military men from the oath, because otherwise the most serious complications might arise. The officers and men could only place themselves at the commands of the National Council if they were no longer bound by an oath to the Monarch. Andrassy opposed this proposal. He said that the Monarch, as head of the army and head of the dual Monarchy, must claim the oath which had been sworn to him; it would be constitutionally illegal to relinquish it, but the Monarch could formally recognize the right to carry out orders and instructions given by the National Council, without prejudice to the oath of allegiance to him as head of the State and head of the army. While representatives of the General Staff demanded that the Monarch should release them absolutely from the oath, the only civilian present, Count Julius Andrassy, said: "*A soldier can only take one oath, and that oath he must keep.*"

As a matter of fact, the oath sworn to the Commander-in-Chief of the army was never cancelled.

In the afternoon Dr. Weisskirchner telephones that he regrets he can do nothing: his power is at an end; Dr. Bauer and Deutsch and the mob have the upper hand.

A demonstration in favour of peace was just taking place in front of the Foreign Office. The deputy Zenker and a few other speakers addressed the crowd and expressed their satisfaction with Andrassy's peace policy. There were shouts for Andrassy, who came on to the balcony and said a few words to the people. He spoke of the heavy sacrifices Vienna had made, and promised to do his utmost to obtain a good peace.

A telegram from Agram reports South Slav demonstrations; a telephone message from Prague informs us of an attempted rising, organized by the military commandant, Field-Marshal Kestranek, with Hungarian battalions, with the object of seizing the power for the Imperial Government. The attempt was an absolute failure. The Czechs took the "impolitic political" General prisoner. He had engaged

in the enterprise on his own responsibility; it was quite contrary to His Majesty's intentions, and it was contrary to the principles of the manifesto.

Buda Pesth suddenly rang me up. It was my secretary, Racz. I told him that we could not get on to Buda Pesth. "I can well believe that," Racz replied, "extraordinary things seem to be going on here: Karolyi is having all the barracks and factories incited to strike; besides this, it is rumoured that Kunfi intends to overthrow Hadik's Government in conjunction with Landler and Pogany, and to provoke a fresh revolutionary outbreak. Apparently the republic is to be proclaimed to-morrow." I received this information rather sceptically.

The King was conferring chiefly with Lammasch at this time, but he also held conferences with the German Austrian National Councils, which had not been disloyal to him in any way hitherto. It was only the military authorities who were found absolutely wanting from the first moment of the crash. Just as during the war, so most of the distinguished leaders behaved in the most disgraceful way now. These heroes of the green table, who had covered one another with decorations, were the first to seek safety in the moment of danger. The first time they were in a position to show courage, character and loyalty, qualities they had most rigorously exacted from the last *Landsturm* man for five whole years as a soldier's first and most sacred duty, they deserted, demanded to be released from their oath, to enable them possibly to crawl under the wings of the new power. The higher General Staff Officers belonging to the Supreme Command set the example. As long as there was war they had talked big, but whilst the conscientious officer at the front was making superhuman efforts to bring home the soldiers entrusted to him in order, now that the crash had come, while the commandant did his duty, true to his oath, those highest in rank abandoned the post of duty and disappeared. When the writing-tables these heroes had used were searched, drafts of petitions for the Cross of Theresa were found. When they already knew how hopeless the position of the army was, they could think of nothing but trying to secure the highest order the Monarch has to bestow.

The whole pent-up wrath of the troops in the field and of the non-commissioned officers was directed against these heroes during the period of collapse; the tame revolution of the soldiers who had returned home was merely a sign of the contempt for their higher military leaders which had been accumulating for years; and as they had not sufficient discernment and judgment to enable them to sift the wheat from the chaff, they promptly meted out the same treatment to the Commander-in-Chief, the King, because at least he was to blame for having tolerated these weak creatures at the head of the army.

When most of the officials had left and the building was quieter, I sat talking for a long time to Andrassy and his wife in the little provisional abode, which looked on to a court covered with a glass roof and really belonged to the head of a section. We ate a meal we had prepared ourselves, supplemented by a few dishes my kind, thoughtful sister-in-law, Jella, had told Frau Sacher to send us to the Foreign Office. Of course we discussed the Karolyi problem. Andrassy thought the time had come when he must show what sort of man he was, and he hoped he would prove worthy of being a Hungarian. He still believed he would succeed in keeping clear of his despicable entourage.

We were not undisturbed at our meal. I was continually called to the telephone; my secretaries kept bursting into the room with reports. The Minister Dr. von Wiesner proved a most loyal colleague and one of the most zealous officials in the Foreign Office at that time. He was always on the spot; he gave every information; he placed himself entirely at our service; he was able to report on all that was going on in the town; when all the others had left the office he was still there. He was the greatest help to us during those days and nights. The part Wiesner played went far beyond his duties as head of the Press department. He came now, though it was late at night, and produced a telegram from Stockholm, the text of which gave us hope that a favourable answer to our note might soon be expected from America. I wanted to have this news circulated, so I went over to the Minister's room and telephoned to almost all the editorial

offices. I asked them to comment favourably on the peace offer at the same time. But I found, even when I intervened personally in this way, that a portion of the Press thought more of its duty to the German Embassy than of any patriotic considerations.

The last news we received that night came from the Italian Front. The Italians had only slowly grasped the fact that the morale of our army must have broken down. The actual break-through had been the work of two English divisions, which had been almost wiped out in the operation, and at first the Italians made no attempt to push on from behind. It was only when they suddenly realized what had happened behind our front that they promptly represented it to their fellow-countrymen as a great battle, a great Italian military operation. Upon this our troops, who had been ordered by their own countrymen to lay down their arms, began to stream back home.

I went home. I had hardly slept the night before; now I slept till eight o'clock in the morning.

When I came to the office early in the morning Andrassy said: "Karolyi has telephoned; the revolution has just broken out in Buda Pesth. The King has given in and has appointed Karolyi Prime Minister, on the Archduke Joseph's advice, instead of Hadik."

I was very much upset, and reminded Andrassy of what Moritz Esterhazy, who was very wideawake, had said not long before when he heard that Batthyanyi and Karolyi were always assuring the King of their anxiety to safeguard his throne: "When once Karolyi, Batthyanyi and Co. get into power, they will very soon have forgotten their protestations, and they will *telephone* to the King that he is deposed."

"We shall see," said Andrassy sadly, and went on with his work.

In the night of October 29th to 30th the Buda Pesth town commandant, Varkonyi, had made over the command to Karolyi. The troops stationed in the barracks did not turn out. The National Council took over the Government. Not a shot was fired. The troops all went over to Karolyi

with flying colours. It was called the "Rosewater Revolution" in Buda Pesth.

In the course of the afternoon Karolyi conferred with the Archduke Joseph. Hadik resigned and Karolyi undertook to form a new purely Socialist-Radical *bourgeois* Cabinet. The Archduke Joseph assented. He telephoned to His Majesty and advised his accepting Karolyi as Prime Minister at once. Karolyi was summoned to the telephone and swore to the Emperor that he would save the throne for the King of Hungary; he also promised to maintain order and keep the Radical elements in check.

His Majesty informed Andrassy of Karolyi's appointment to be Prime Minister, to which Andrassy replied that this obliged him to tender his resignation, as Karolyi would not tolerate one Ministry for Foreign Affairs representing both halves of the Empire. As soon as I hear of this conversation, I ring up the Monarch and point out to him what effect Andrassy's resignation might have on our peace step. Of course the King, who wanted Andrassy to remain, requests me to summon him to the telephone. A long conversation follows, and at last Andrassy decides to remain in office if the Hungarian Government declares its acquiescence in his foreign policy. Upon this Andrassy rang up Karolyi and told him that our separate peace offer had been favourably received by the Entente. Karolyi replied that he would try to get the National Council to agree to the joint Ministry for Foreign Affairs continuing to act.

Meanwhile the Supreme Command reported that General Weber had already succeeded in conveying the proposal of an armistice to the Italian Headquarters and in entering on negotiations. We were now sure of being able to withdraw the troops, and rang up Karolyi again. We told him what had been discussed at our Privy Council the day before, and of His Majesty's decision *to send all the Hungarian troops to the Hungarian frontier to defend their own country. Further, that eleven Magyar divisions were being sent to defend the Danube and Save line and Transylvania.* Karolyi said he would acquaint the National Council with these measures at once.

Andrassy sends me to Schönbrunn to confer with the

Emperor. He commissions me to say that he must stand by his resignation if Karolyi's Government does not agree to the Foreign Office continuing to represent both countries.

His Majesty immediately rings up the Archduke Joseph and tells him that he absolutely insists on Andrassy's remaining joint Foreign Minister; Karolyi must be responsible for this. Karolyi had taken the oath as Hungarian Prime Minister in the morning. He now promises to support Andrassy in every respect, and thinks he will remain master of the situation in Buda Pesth. The Emperor was somewhat reassured by this, for he had confidence in Karolyi. The revolution had taken place without bloodshed, without even a strike, and he thought, now that he had sanctioned Karolyi's taking over the Government, that all would be well.

I went back to the Foreign Office and rang up Karolyi, spoke to him personally, and urged him to see to Vienna's being supplied with food for three weeks; secondly, I begged him to pick out a few really capable men qualified to carry on foreign propaganda, and to send them to us without delay.

Andrassy's conversation on the telephone with Karolyi was about foreign policy, the measures to be taken when concluding peace and the Austrian food supply. Karolyi promised to do his utmost in the Ministerial Council to prevent any interference with the work of the common Foreign Office and the efforts to come to terms with the newly formed Austrian National Councils. Andrassy tells him that his remaining in office is dependent on Hungary's acquiescing in his foreign policy.

"After all that has been said and promised, I hope he will behave properly," he said. Andrassy still wanted to credit his son-in-law with good faith and good intentions. He would not believe that he was playing a treacherous game. I answered that I should like to speak to Karolyi again. I wanted to hear something more definite. Besides this, there were current affairs to be dealt with; my main object was to let him know how matters stood as regards the armistice, and one or two other things it might be important for the Hungarian Ministry to know. I rang up Buda Pesth, but could not get on. All our efforts failed,

and there could be no doubt that the Hungarian Government had cut off communication with us.

In the course of the afternoon fresh negotiations were carried on with the German politicians, with Seitz and Renner. A report stated that the Italian military authorities had received the Austro-Hungarian Armistice Commission. Details were not to hand.

The Hungarian reserves at the front, which were to have been brought home to defend the Hungarian frontiers, by order of the Supreme Command, were incited by Karolyi emissaries to throw away their arms at once and refuse to obey their officers. The general march home behind the front and on the Lines of Communication is going on for the most part methodically. The Italian attacks in the Tirol sector have ceased, and the original line is unaltered.

Great demonstrations are taking place throughout the town against a separate peace. The speakers demand adherence to Germany. Andrassy has an interview with Count Wedel, who denies having exerted any influence over the German politicians.

Andrassy's *communiqué* respecting Austrian food supplies from Hungary has appeared in the papers.

By Andrassy's direction, I discuss the methods of carrying on Austro-Hungarian propaganda in Switzerland with Baron Franz, who has been attached to me. Baron Franz goes to Berne at once via Munich. It was decided that I should follow him later on.

Andrassy has a long conference with Viktor Adler about the development of the political situation. Adler is of opinion that if reliable troops come to Vienna order may yet be maintained.

Councillor Egger comes to my office of his own accord and submits proposals for reorganizing the Intelligence Service and the official duties in the Ministry. I thanked him for his suggestions, but I had no time even to discuss such far-reaching administrative reforms. (It was really an extraordinary feeling to me to be going about these rooms, becoming acquainted with the inner workings of an institution I had attacked so violently for years past.)

In the afternoon His Majesty summoned me to Schön-

brunn. He speaks to the Archduke Joseph on the telephone and charges him to do his best to get Karolyi's Government to support Andrassy's efforts in the direction of peace. He commissions me to request Andrassy to remain in office.

News comes from the front that Karolyi had issued instructions to all the Hungarian formations only to obey orders from the Hungarian Ministry. We immediately put ourselves into communication with the Supreme Command, which insists on the divisions for the Hungarian frontiers being entrained. . . . The Hungarian Government opposes this, and declares that it alone is entitled to give orders concerning Hungarian affairs.

It was not difficult to see through the real reason for this refusal. Karolyi and his newly appointed War Minister, Linder, were afraid of the troops. They feared the possibility that there might yet be one or other formation which had not been contaminated by their revolutionary agitation, and which would in that case march back to Buda Pesth under the old discipline and drive out Karolyi and his whole lot.

Andrassy telephones to His Majesty, and discusses with him the necessity for the various National Councils and the Hungarian Government acting together in all questions of further peace negotiations. His Majesty puts himself in communication with the Archduke Joseph, to urge on him the importance of influencing the Hungarian Government. Lammasch is also rung up and given instructions in the same sense. I am to come to an understanding with the Czech and South Slav National Councils on Andrassy's behalf. I try to get into either telegraphic or telephonic communication, but in vain : the disorganization had already gone too far. I had all the hotels in the town scoured for prominent Czechs I might ask to come and see me ; but it was no longer possible to establish communication.

A telegram came from Berne which threw some light on the feeling among the Entente representatives. There is a prospect of the negotiations beginning soon. This was telegraphed on to Buda Pesth.

I was just having an interview with Andrassy when Wiesner came in. " Good news at last," he said ; " the

first authentic reports from Stockholm, Berne and Holland. Not only the intelligence bureaus, but our Legations telegraph that an answer may soon be expected from Wilson." This was actually how matters stood. We had the first official information that our note had been favourably received, and that representatives of the Foreign Office were to go to Berne to hold themselves in readiness for negotiations.

This message had the effect of completely altering my frame of mind. Now we could hope again. If we could give the Viennese peace, the town would calm down. I told Andrassy that he must not resign on any account now. It was with a joyful heart that I telephoned to His Majesty and informed him of the message from the neutral countries. We now had to make arrangements to keep the situation in Vienna in hand until the peace negotiations had assumed a more tangible form. I discussed the matter with Andrassy. If it was a question of getting reliable troops to Vienna, to lessen the Bolshevist danger, the Archduke Eugen might give us valuable help. His reputation stands higher than that of any other man in the army; an appeal from him would certainly have some effect. But Prince Eugen was suffering from a severe attack of influenza. I rang him up at his palace, and he asked me to come and see him, although he would have to receive me in bed. When I preferred my request and spoke of the troops, he threw cold water on the idea. "I know the conditions," he said. "At this moment we can no longer count on any part of the army or on any pillar of the throne." When I told him of Andrassy's intention of resigning, he begged me to do all I could to dissuade him from this; he also gave me strict injunctions to use my influence to prevent His Majesty from interfering in any way with the doings of the National Councils. He has recognized the Councils, and cannot go back now. The dreadful part of it is when irresponsible people like Kestranek, for instance, attempt risings. No one impressed me so much at that time as this Archduke, who contemplated inevitable developments with imperturbable calm and detachment. While I was still making paltry efforts to help and to hold on, he no longer permitted himself any illusions. He had the clearest possible general

view of the hopeless situation. And when I went back to Andrassy, I said: "That is a man—a gentleman—all honour to him!"

Towards midday Prince Schönburg and Ottokar Czernin had been received in audience. In the course of this conversation many political questions were touched on, and the Emperor complained that Andrassy had resigned as the difficulties of the Hungarian Government could not be overcome. "I know he is already tired of office," he said, "and I cannot keep him." The conversation pursued its course: proposals were submitted, combinations were considered, and the result was that His Majesty agreed to appoint Otto Czernin provisional Director of the Foreign Office unofficially, until a Minister could be found. On this the two men drove straight to the Ministry and arrived just as I returned from seeing the Archduke.

Otto Czernin told me that the Emperor proposed to appoint him Director of the Foreign Office, and that he would proceed to carry on the peace negotiations in the sense of his proposals and plans at once. For the moment I was speechless and furious: "Are you aware of the latest news?" I asked. "We have had reports from everywhere that Wilson will negotiate with us."

"Yes," Czernin replied, "the Emperor told us that."

Andrassy received the news that the Emperor had accepted his resignation calmly. "You can begin your work at once," he said to Czernin. Czernin asked me to make the necessary arrangements for the Foreign Office officials to be presented to him the next day. I emphasized the fact that if Andrassy left his post I should, of course, also tender my resignation. Out of politeness Czernin tried to persuade me to remain in office, but I refused, and he did not insist. "I myself," he continued, "will come again this evening towards nine o'clock to set about my work. Schönburg is starting for Berne to-night; I have authorized him to enter on *pourparlers* in Switzerland." On this they both took leave.

I remained alone with Andrassy and tried to talk him over. I told him that the Emperor ought not to allow him to resign. I told him that he had no right to desert this

office. Andrassy calmed me down: "The Emperor has put another in charge; that is sufficient."

Andrassy was very depressed, and seemed more apathetic than otherwise. His stepdaughter Katus had come to Vienna with her husband's aide-de-camp, and had brought news that there had been firing at the suspension bridge in Buda Pesth and loss of life. Andrassy had been held responsible for the bloodshed. In order to keep the Buda side clear of the revolutionaries, General Lukasich had posted machine guns on the suspension bridge without having been instructed to do so; it was still not quite clear what had really happened. Of course, Andrassy had had nothing whatever to do with it, but, absurd as the accusation was, he took it to heart, and it depressed him very much.

I knew it was urgently necessary that he should remain at his post. I represented to him that it was due to him personally that the Entente Powers were willing to negotiate with us; he could not go back now; he must carry on his personal policy to the end; it was his duty to remain and effect peace. I called up Schönbrunn in his presence. The King came to the telephone himself, and I represented to him most strongly that Andrassy must remain Foreign Minister. "He has sacrificed himself for you, he is the only one who has fought to hold the Monarchy together; in this case it is impossible to make a change of person—quite impossible. Andrassy's policy has been most successful: the Entente Powers are now prepared to hold conversations with us; I will answer for the result being favourable, but Andrassy must remain." I spoke more decidedly than ever before.

Andrassy listened calmly to what I said. The King agreed at once. He said: "Of course Andrassy must remain. It was he himself who tendered me his resignation. As matters stand, he must naturally carry the thing through. Tell him I am coming to the Ballplatz immediately, to speak to him."

I turned to Andrassy and told him the Monarch intended to come here. "No, no," said Andrassy, "not that—not to-night. The streets are full of people; the people are excited and dangerous." The King said: "That doesn't

matter the least; I am coming." Andrassy thought I had better go and arrange the matter with him, so I told the Emperor I would come and see him at Schönbrunn that night.

Meanwhile Andrassy had told his family that the King had replied to his resignation by appointing a new Director of the Foreign Ministry and he no longer looked on himself as the head of the office. He retired to his two little rooms in a private capacity.

We were all sitting there together, his wife, Princess Lichtenstein and my sister-in-law Jella, when Wiesner brought us the news that Tisza had been murdered. I was shocked and indignant. Hardly a week ago one of my confidential agents had given me the names of three persons who were to be murdered by the revolutionaries: Tisza, Windischgraetz and Vazsonyi. The list had been drawn up by the priest Hock, this Hungarian Machiavelli, who would have liked to play the part of Mirabeau. I had not believed in murder at the time, but now the first victim was already lying in his coffin.

I drove out to Schönbrunn. The whole Mariahilferstrasse was full of excited people, but my motor was able to get through without difficulty.

Schönbrunn was shrouded in darkness, silent as the grave. No sentries on duty; no Castle-guard; no Body-guard. I remembered that Conrad von Hötzendorf had accepted the well-paid post of a Colonel in the Body-guard. Where was he now? He was sitting safely in his villa at Villach, and it seemed to me unworthy of him not to be on the spot. It was not a question of monarchical feeling; it was simply a question of feeling. Old Dankl was a soldier of another stamp. He had also been sacked, but now, when the greatest uncertainty hung over the capital, when no one knew what danger the next hour might bring, when at any moment the wrath of the people let loose or mob terror might threaten the Emperor's life, he had hastily formed pupils of the Military Academy into a Castle-guard, which was to come on duty to-morrow. I turned to the left and climbed a small back staircase which led to the first floor. Not a single footman was to be seen. It was eleven

o'clock at night, but I did not meet a single servant. I reached the ante-room; His Majesty's aide-de-camp, Commander Schonta, was sitting in the large empty room reading a book.

"The Emperor is expecting you," he said.

The Emperor was alone. He was really alone already. Schönbrunn was lifeless, the guards dispersed, the servants forgetful of their duty, the great State rooms empty. The splendour which surrounded him had lost its meaning; the town at his feet had shaken off the yoke; his throne was tottering to its fall, deserted by its three pillars—the staff of Generals, the clergy and the nobility. He was alone. Where were those now who for centuries past had knelt on the steps of the throne and lived on the favour of the Court? A scene came back to my mind: Reichenau, Villa Wartholz, 17th August, the Emperor's birthday; the Knights of Theresa at the Field-Marshals' table; Conrad made a fine speech, extolled the young Monarch's qualities as a ruler; the knights sprang from their seats, spurs clanked, swords flew from their scabbards, and while they swore eternal loyalty the band struck up the imposing strains of "God save" and—"Austria will stand for ever!" . . .

The King received me in his study, the so-called Gobelin room, containing the writing-table once used by Napoleon. On it stood the telephone from which so many conversations had been carried on, so many political acts of far-reaching importance had been arranged. He met me at once with the words: "You are right, Andrassy must remain." I said that it would be absurd to put some one else at the head of the Foreign Office; the Entente had accepted Andrassy's note, and therefore wished to negotiate with Andrassy. "It is his duty to remain."

The King agreed. "Have you heard that Tisza has been murdered?" he said. "It is terrible; he must be the first to believe that peoples ought not to be coerced."

I said: "Your Majesty, you are really the foremost revolutionary in your Empire." "Yes," he said, "I should like to revolutionize everything, though not with blood and iron." "Your Majesty, I warn you against Karolyi." "No,

no, Karolyi is honest; he has the people on his side in Hungary; we must do our utmost to support him. He is now Prime Minister. I have given orders for all the troops at our disposal to be made over to him." I asked: "Has he taken the oath?" "Yes," the Emperor smiled. "I think it is the first time a Minister has taken the oath by telephone. The other Ministers have sworn allegiance to the Palatine, the Archduke Joseph." Then we turned to the subject of the Hungarian Government, and the Emperor said: "I hardly know these men of the present Cabinet." I expressed my surprise that Karolyi had got such a poor Cabinet together, that he had so few experts. How would it be possible for him to work?

"Who is the War Minister, Colonel Linder?" the Emperor asked. "I know nothing of him."

Linder was a Colonel in the artillery and had fought well, particularly in the Italian theatre of war. He had also been wounded. He is the son of a former trusted adherent of the deceased heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand, after whose assassination Linder, in whom Franz Ferdinand had taken an interest, was removed from the General Staff. This may account to a great extent for his bitterness. He had become connected with the dissatisfied elements in Buda Pesth within the last few months. Through this the man, who had originally been a brave soldier, appeared to have gone wrong.

I reproached the Emperor for having given his sanction to a Cabinet of such doubtful composition, whose members, in my opinion, only pursued their personal interests and not the welfare of the masses, which he had at heart. I said I would rather have had a purely peasant or Socialist Government than these Jaszis and Szendes, these representatives of the most worthless classes of the community. "Your Majesty has really promoted the revolution; you have parted with too many royal prerogatives. I trust you may not regret it. If Cæsar does not uphold Cæsar's rights, who is to uphold them?"

I drove back to the Ballplatz to see Andrassy. During my absence Karolyi had rung up and said he was afraid serious disturbances would break out in Buda Pesth; the

Workmen and Soldiers' Councils wanted to seize the power. He assured Andrassy that, true to his Ministerial oath, he would hold out and would rather be taken prisoner than give up the power. Andrassy told me that all the reliable troops available were already on their way to Buda Pesth.

Late at night Racz rang me up. He said that Karolyi was trying to secure the support of the Radical elements, in order to become President of the Republic with their help; on the other hand, he appeared to have promised His Majesty that he would keep the situation in hand. Karolyi had been very much surprised and horrified by Tisza's murder; he had sent a gigantic wreath to be laid on his coffin and had burst into tears. It was said in initiated circles that the murder had been devised by Diner-Denes, an impostor who had already acted as a paid spy for all the Parties, and by his clique, to which Hock, Landler, Pogany and Keri belong.[1]

I drove home hardly knowing what I was doing. Under the arcades of the Spanish Riding School I saw Flotow and Otto Czernin, who were going towards the Ringstrasse. I jumped out of the motor and called to Czernin. I told him straightaway that I had been with the Emperor and that his commission to conduct the business of the Foreign Office had been cancelled. He did not seem as much taken aback as I expected, and only said: "You were right. There ought not to be any interference with the peace step. If it succeeds, it will be a great thing; if it fails, there will be a revolution apart from that." "Where are you going?" I asked. "To the Jockey Club." I went part of the way with him and then went home. It was two o'clock in the morning. The streets were empty and quiet.

1st November.—On the morning of 1st November Karolyi arranged for the Hungarian Correspondence Bureau to telegraph to Vienna that the whole of Buda Pesth demanded a republic.

[1] Since then it seems to be proved that Michael Karolyi was aware of all the details of the murder which had been planned. This is evident from all the admissions made by Karolyi's entourage which have been published up to now.

But this was a lie. The first revolution, the "Rosewater Revolution," was organized by Karolyi's Party and a National Council, in which there were only two Socialists. The individual members of this "National Council" were men less in touch with the people or the nation than the most haughty aristocrat of the old régime. The excuse made was the Socialists' indignation at Andrassy's alleged refusal to conclude a separate peace. For Karolyi had concealed Andrassy's real plans from the working men, or twisted them into the opposite. The working classes as a whole knew nothing of the real state of affairs. The second revolution, which was now announced, only existed in Karolyi's statements. I discovered long, long afterwards, in Switzerland indeed, that it never took place.

Karolyi's object—which he could attain all the more easily as communication between Vienna and Buda Pesth was held up by his people—was to put pressure on the King to release him from his oath; for although he was kept dependent and in chains by his accomplices, he wanted to be independent at all events of those above him. This was also his reason for arranging a great demonstration in front of the Archduke Joseph's palace the following evening. He wanted the King to absolve the Archduke too from any obligation to Andrassy and the dynasty. What he actually pretended to Andrassy was that he was driven by the Socialists and Radicals to ask that he and his Cabinet should be absolved from the oath. A fresh revolt of the Soldiers' Councils was imminent. There was every probability of the revolution breaking out again.

Andrassy said to me: "It is quite beyond me. What do they want in Buda Pesth? Karolyi is the King's Hungarian Minister and his Cabinet is Republican. I hope they will take him prisoner or turn him out; then we shall have no more trouble with him."

Andrassy does not believe in Karolyi's honesty any longer. Some time later, in Switzerland, the situation during those last days in Buda Pesth became clear to me.

In the morning we organized the mission which was to go to Berne. It included Baron Franz, Count Mensdorff and myself. I had the passports drawn up and the necessary

documents sealed. Clam-Martinitz came and reported that there was nothing more to be done with the South Slavs and Czechs. We had no further say in the matter; they had declared themselves independent States.

Andrassy said: "Our rôle is at an end; but we will remain as long as there is anything left to hold."

Viktor Adler and Dr. Otto Bauer appear, and inform us that the National Councils mean to declare absolute separation from the Monarchy and dynasty. Both of them will come to the Ministry of the Interior as representatives of the German Austrian National Council.

Our efforts to speak to Buda Pesth, to find out what is going on, fail; communication with the Supreme Command also suddenly breaks down; then it became impossible to get on to Schönbrunn. The telephone was already in the hands of the revolutionaries.

But in the meantime Karolyi had rung up the Monarch early in the morning and had misled him by making false representations as to the state of affairs in Buda Pesth. He had only one object: to be absolved from his oath. He had run after the King as long as he could make use of him for his own ends. He needed his authority to become Hungarian Prime Minister; when he obtained the post, he saw that with only his twenty deputies and fifteen journalists to support him in the country he would not be able to retain office. His great aim could not be attained by legal Parliamentary methods. So he shook off even the King by telling him of revolutions which did not exist and asking to be released from his oath. Just as he deceived the King, so he also deceived the Archduke Joseph. He arranged great demonstrations before his palace, which did not fail to have the desired effect. The Archduke Joseph supported Karolyi's demands by assuring the King, under the influence of these supposed popular demonstrations, that unless Karolyi were given a free hand there would be civil war and bloodshed.

So the King released Count Michael Karolyi from his oath.

When Andrassy heard this he tendered His Majesty his irrevocable resignation.

In the course of the morning there were demonstrations and disturbances in the town. The Red Guard hoisted the red flag of revolution on the Houses of Parliament. We are informed that the Italians are talking of a battle on a front of a hundred kilometres. The officers of the Supreme Command send false reports. The telephone works again; shortly afterwards it is interrupted. Our motors and chauffeurs have to be placed at the service of the German Austrian National Council; we are not allowed any more benzol. We are like prisoners in the Foreign Office, cut off from all the world. Dinghofer, Hauser, Renner and Seitz are at the head of the Government. Officers have the old cockades taken from them in the streets. The German Austrian State is proclaimed; the War Ministry is taken over by the deputy Joseph Meyer. Andrassy deputes Wiesner to announce his resignation to the Vienna Press.

A telephone call now comes from the Hungarian Correspondence Bureau in Buda Pesth, consequently official news. Terrible disturbances have broken out, pillage and incendiary fires in various parts of the town. Of course, this official report was also a trick, a lie invented by Karolyi with the object of alarming the Emperor and disheartening him. In the afternoon the telephone again gave a sign of life. Schönbrunn is calling us up. Andrassy and I are requested to come out there. That was easier said than done. We had no motor, no chauffeur. We made every effort to find some conveyance, but in vain. It was not advisable to go by tram or on foot just then.

At last, at six o'clock in the evening, General Landwehr sends us a motor, with which we drive to Schönbrunn.

I ask the chauffeur what is going on in Vienna. He replies: "They've all gone mad; the officers are ——; the War Office will be making a corporal Minister of War next." I had brought two detectives with us from Buda Pesth to protect Andrassy; one of them now had to sit beside the chauffeur, and so we drove through the Mariahilferstrasse.

The King had already been very anxious on account of our long delay. When he heard that we could not get any conveyance, he sent his brother, Archduke Max, to meet

us. We met him at the West station. He was in mufti, and drove the motor through the crowded street himself—a plucky thing to do on this of all days.

Arrived at Schönbrunn, we saw a few of the Bodyguard standing in the great courtyard, already carelessly turned out. We went up to the first floor, saw no aides-de-camp, passed through the rooms and walked into the Emperor's study, the door of which was wide open.

No one was there but the King and Queen. As we approached we saw the King standing at the telephone, and heard him speaking in the greatest excitement. He beckoned violently to us to come nearer and look sharp.

"I am speaking to Buda Pesth," he exclaimed impetuously. "I am asked to abdicate, to renounce the Hungarian throne for myself and my heirs. What shall I do—what answer am I to give?" I promptly took the receiver and covered it with the palm of my hand. "I released the Ministry from their oath this morning," said the King. "They are cowards; they are throwing up the game now. I released them from the oath, but that is the limit. I won't abdicate. I have no right to abdicate. These gentlemen must settle their idea of the oath with their own consciences. I can't break an oath I have sworn."

When Andrassy heard from the King's own lips what Karolyi had asked him to do, he clasped his hands and said: "So it was true, after all."

"This revolution has been trumped up," I said to His Majesty.

"No, it has got beyond Karolyi's control," he said, still in the dark as to the part Karolyi was playing.

Andrassy's distress was partly of a personal nature. He was ashamed of his son-in-law, who had betrayed his King and country. It was terrible to see this right-minded man suffer; the King remained standing, and had not really quite understood the scene. Andrassy and I supported the King's resolve not to abdicate under any circumstances. Andrassy took the receiver and rang up Buda Pesth.

The former Minister at His Majesty's Court, the present Minister of the Interior, Count Theodor Batthyanyi, speaks to him. A violent controversy ensues; the words fall like

blows one after another. "Are you in your right mind?" Andrassy exclaimed, "advising the King to abdicate?"

"If he does not abdicate, we shall get rid of him like a bad servant," was Batthyanyi's answer. (Moritz Esterhazy's prophetic words had come true: "If Karolyi, Batthyanyi and Co. get into power, they will inform the King of his deposition by telephone.")

Andrassy put down the receiver, but another call soon came. This time it was the Archduke Joseph. The King asked me to speak to him and inquire what the position really was in Buda Pesth. But I hardly had time to ask before the Archduke said: "Disturbances have broken out before my house and the Royal Palace. If the King wishes to avoid bloodshed, I advise him to abdicate."

I spoke to the King, and he replied: "The crowned King of Hungary will not abdicate."

We sat down at the writing-table and looked at one another. Andrassy said: "The King must go to Hungary, assemble loyal men round him, and reassure the Hungarians on Hungarian soil. Then he must await the result of the peace negotiations."

We rang up Buda Pesth. We wanted to make inquiries of a reliable official in the Ministry of the Interior and try to form a true idea of the position, for we suspected that all these alarming reports from Karolyi were false, or at all events exaggerated. We tried to get into communication with the Lord-Lieutenant of the district, but it was impossible.

We made a similar attempt to communicate with Pressburg, where my friend Georg von Szmrecsanyi is Government Commissioner, but equally without success.

What advice were we to give the King?

We discuss whether he ought not to go to Innsbruck, Salzburg or Linz, but the King refuses to leave Vienna. (The Queen upholds him in this; she is even for going to the Hofburg at once, not interfering in any way, and quietly awaiting the course of events, but on no account deserting the post of duty.)

Arz appears, amiably unconcerned as ever, reports on the progress of the armistice negotiations with the Italian

Supreme Command. We ask him whether he still has reliable troops. He answers in the negative. We knew there were corps still intact at the front which had not been contaminated. Arz shook his head, shrugged his shoulders: the Supreme Command could do nothing; all the reliable troops were already on their way to the Hungarian frontier. The fact was that the Supreme Command had already completely lost touch with the troops.

Anyhow, a general *sauve qui peut* had now begun on the Tirol Front as well. Here even the best troops had failed us. Arz said, with an air of resignation, "Your Majesty, there is nothing more to be done; all is over." I asked: "Where are the Generals who have so often sworn to be faithful to death? Where are all the higher officers?" Arz was embarrassed, and said: "They are not there."

"There is only one man there," I said: "Julius Andrassy."

We consulted as to what should be done with the King and with the Queen, who said she would not leave him under any circumstances. Andrassy took me on one side and said he would stay with the Monarch, to help him with his advice in any decision that had to be taken. (Now that the King was in trouble, he said not a word about his resignation.)

We rang up Graz: the Governor was not there. We rang up Innsbruck: the officials had already dispersed. We rang up Salzburg: there too the machinery was no longer working. We rang up Linz: everywhere we heard the same tale: the power of the provincial Government had passed into the hands of the Workmen and Soldiers' Councils.

There was no longer a single place where the King could have spent the night in peace and safety in his own realm.

I saw that the King was getting more and more tired, but there were one or two things I still had to talk over with him.

It was agreed that I should go to Switzerland at once, to find out what we had to expect from the Entente.

The King said his person would not stand in the way, but that he would be prepared to negotiate for his peoples. We hurriedly discussed the text of a note I proposed transmitting to the French and English Governments from Switzer-

land. I looked at the clock. My train went in an hour and a half. I still had to go back to the Ministry and pack.

Hunyadi had appeared in the meantime, and General Zeidler. The King expressed a wish to join the troops at the front, and said he would like to be with his former corps, the Edelweiss Corps, commanded by Verdross, an infantry General. Verdross was a sort of Andreas Hofer, of Tirolese peasant origin, who was immensely popular in his own country. We hastily inquired where he was to be found. Zeidler ascertained by telephone, however, that Verdross and his corps had just fallen into the hands of the Italians.

So this last hope was also doomed to disappointment. We had been three hours with the King ; I now had to take leave. The King thanked me. I told him I would try to start negotiations with the Entente without delay. I asked for the right to open final negotiations. My main point would be : provisioning German Austria ; as far as Hungary was concerned, integrity of her frontiers. I would do my best, but I asked that His Majesty should hold out too. " In your Majesty's presence I ask for your word that you will not be disheartened and will hold out." The King promised.

The Queen was wonderfully self-possessed. She said : " We must show the people that we are to be found at the post of duty." She shed no tears ; she remained calm and showed no sign of agitation.

Andrassy and I now took our departure. The King and Queen were left alone in their castle.

We passed through the vast State apartments, through the long corridors. We went down the wide staircase ; no one met us. Our footsteps echoed in the empty rooms.

IN SWITZERLAND

Sa Majesté m'a autorisé de constater si et dans quelle mesure le Gouvernement Français (Britannique) serait disposé à entrer en négociations avec l'Empereur et Roi, qui—dans l'intérêt des peuples de la Monarchie—est prête à offrir ses bons offices.

Sa Majesté ne tient en premier lieu ni à sa couronne, ni à la dynastie. Elle s'efforce surtout à rechercher les moyens, par lesquelles une harmonie entre les Etats indépendants naissants pourrait être établie. Si la France était disposée a négocier à ce sujet, ces négociations contribueraient certainement à assurer le sort des nouveaux Etats et aideraient à une liquidation ordonnée du passé.

I am charged by His Majesty to ascertain whether and to what extent the French (British) Government would be disposed to enter into negotiations with His Imperial and Apostolic Majesty. The Monarch is prepared to offer his services in the interest of the peoples of the Monarchy.

His Majesty is not primarily concerned either for his throne or his dynasty. His great anxiety is to inquire into the means of establishing harmony between the individual independent States which are now being formed. If France were prepared to negotiate in this sense, these negotiations would certainly contribute to assure the fate of the new States, and would facilitate an orderly liquidation of the past.

This is the text of a verbal note which I handed personally to the French ambassador Dutasta and the English Minister Sir Horace Rumbold on behalf of the Foreign Office, a few days after my arrival in Switzerland.

The French Embassy had sent word that it could not enter into conversations, but was on the other hand prepared to conclude binding agreements. If we agreed, it would only be necessary to apply to Paris first, on which the negotiations as to a separate peace could commence at once.

On the 4th November I sent the Minister for Foreign Affairs the following telegram in cipher :

No. 201.

BERNE, *4th November* 1918.

FOREIGN OFFICE, VIENNA.

The Entente authorities were notified of my arrival here by the Thonon Intelligence Bureau. The Legation has applied through the French Embassy and English Legation for full powers to enable the Entente representatives here to negotiate with me. No answer arrived as yet, but the French ambassador says Count Andrassy's peace offer was sympathetically received, and there is inclination in principle to enter into negotiations at once with the Austro-Hungarian Government, the object being a short armistice and the immediate initiation of negotiations with a view to concluding a formal peace.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

On the 5th November I telegraphed to the Foreign Office :

No. 202.

BERNE, *5th November* 1918.

FOREIGN OFFICE, VIENNA.

French ambassador reports he expects full powers to negotiate in the course of to-day or to-morrow. Entente standpoint is that it can only enter on negotiations if it is a question not merely of informal conversations, but of seriously intending to reach binding final agreements at once.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

I received the following telegram from the Emperor Karl the same day :

VIENNA, *5th November.*

PRINCE LUDWIG WINDISCHGRAETZ,
HÔTEL SUISSE, BERNE.

In negotiations concerning Hungary, standpoint of territorial integrity to be maintained under all circumstances. As regards Austria, supply of food and raw material of special importance. Specially necessary that drastic measures should be taken to supply Vienna with food immediately.

KARL.

On the 7th I again sent two cipher telegrams to the Foreign Office:

No. 203. 11.30 a.m.

BERNE, *7th November* 1918.

FOREIGN OFFICE, VIENNA.

Just been received at English Legation by the Minister Rumbold. Have handed him verbal note on behalf of His Majesty. Spent more than an hour explaining situation in the Monarchy to him, also His Majesty's personal standpoint laid down in verbal note. My impression that there is sympathy for the person of the Monarch in particular, and Entente consider the Emperor and King the most suitable person to establish peace between the individual peoples of the Danube Monarchy by means of his conciliatory influence. Entente desires earliest possible negotiations not only for an armistice, but to fix preliminary peace conditions. As I left without definite instructions, please send detailed written instructions by messenger as soon as possible, what standpoint am to adopt.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

No. 204. 5 p.m.

BERNE, *7th November* 1918.

FOREIGN OFFICE, VIENNA.

Handed French Embassy verbal note similarly worded, and gave similar explanation of situation. Ambassador promised to take further steps as soon as possible, and thought the essential was to bring the negotiations to a speedy conclusion. Impression gained here better than at English Legation. France appears thoroughly to understand the necessity of financial and material help for an immediate conclusion of peace. Sympathy for His Majesty personally; his readiness for peace and efforts he has made for peace fully appreciated. Settled with ambassador that preliminary peace negotiations can be commenced immediately after receipt of instructions, as soon as full powers for me or Count Mensdorff shall have arrived.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

On the evening of the 7th November the Entente knew that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy had ceased to exist. I had only been able to learn it from the newspapers.

The French and English Governments, which had notified their readiness to enter into negotiations, now sent word that they were no longer in a position to conclude agreements with a monarch who had voluntarily retired and voluntarily made over his power to the national States.

Peace had therefore been practically wrecked, true

again to the motto of the Austrian standard, *Viribus unitis.* The fury of the German-Socialist agitation and the revolution in Buda Pesth on the one hand, the Monarch's resignation on the other, had made peace impossible.

When I went to the Legation to have another telegram put into code, they refused to accept it. I therefore sent the following telegram in the normal way to the Foreign Office:

No. 209. 11 a.m.

BERNE, *8th November* 1918.

FOREIGN OFFICE, VIENNA.

Now that the Foreign Office has ceased to function as the joint authority, I see no possibility of continuing negotiations. Under the existing conditions, the authority of the German Austrian Government would have to be obtained to enable us to continue the negotiations which have been opened. I myself am not in a position to act for German Austria; I therefore herewith beg leave to resign my post as head of a section in the Foreign Office.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

The Imperial and Royal Legation had become Republican in a day. The Minister Baron de Vaux, who owed his whole career to his aristocratic connections, whose existence without dancing attendance at Court was inconceivable, and whose social position had always been dependent on the Monarch's favour, had ratted at once; he denied his whole former pitiful life, and was bowing as low to Count Karolyi and Dr. Bauer to-day as he had to the Emperor yesterday. His behaviour and that of various members of the Legation gives some idea of the character of our Diplomatic Service.

Dr. Bauer had been made Director of the Foreign Office and must have read my telegram; he must have known that the purport of the Emperor Karl's verbal note was without parallel in history. The Emperor expressly offered to act as intermediary in the interests of his peoples, and expressly begged the Entente not to consider his crown and his House. Of course, both Dr. Bauer and Michael Karolyi had the greatest possible interest in concealing this transaction from Austria and Hungary, and were equally interested in discrediting the bearer of the note, who could,

moreover, bear inconvenient witness to what had been going on simultaneously behind the scenes—in running him down in public and compromising him in the eyes of the new republican world by perverting the facts and representing him as a " monarchical reactionary."

The sense of the verbal note, the text of which is published here for the first time, was twisted in such a way as to make it appear that the King had appealed for Entente help *against* his people.

It was also at that time that Count Czernin made the speech in which he spoke contemptuously of elements which had wished Entente troops to come and occupy Vienna. The former Foreign Minister had already extended the right hand of fellowship to the new form of State, and he proclaimed his sentiments, *nouveauté* 1918, in the newspapers. Nothing is further from me than to find fault with anyone's view of life. Everyone must find his own salvation ; and just as I have always claimed the right to express my own opinion freely, so I concede it to everyone else. But that Count Czernin, of all people, should show Republican tendencies really does seem to me a piquant detail of modern Austrian history worth showing up.

On the 9th November I sent Michael Karolyi a telegram :

No. 211.

BERNE, *9th November* 1918.

PRIME MINISTER COUNT KAROLYI.

Have opened up negotiations with France and England on behalf of the common Ministry for Foreign Affairs. As common authorities have ceased to exist, consider it necessary for the Hungarian Government to send authorized persons to carry on the peace negotiations initiated by me. I myself have tendered my resignation, and am unable to take any steps whatever in the name of the present Hungarian Government. Earliest possible dispatch of accredited representatives, who possess the confidence of the Government, essential.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

As far as I could ascertain in Switzerland, all the effective political factors in Buda Pesth had gathered round Karolyi.

At first I did not quite understand the campaign against me which was got up both in public and private by Karolyi's five emissaries, Leo Szemere, Peter Czobor, Paul Keri, Barczy and Frau Rosika Schwimmer; but as the whole of Hungary had turned to Karolyi and I had no private information, I was driven to the conclusion that Karolyi was really pursuing national Hungarian policy now, and that he had found the support of all decent, nationally thinking men in this effort. I did not wish to refuse him my support either, in questions and things which concerned Hungary. The Monarch had retired; I was no longer a public servant, I was a private individual; but I am a Hungarian, and therefore it seemed to me my duty to continue to stand up for and strain every nerve to help my country, just as I had considered it the task of my life hitherto.

On the 14th November I telegraphed to Karolyi:

No. 213.

BERNE, *14th November* 1918.

PRIME MINISTER KAROLYI, BUDA PESTH.

I have just heard that Rumania demands Transylvania. Remembering the time when you too supported the integrity of the Hungarian State, I ask you whether this danger is serious, and what you propose doing.

Should there be any risk of Transylvanian territory being ceded, I place myself absolutely and in every way at your service and that of the Government, anywhere and unreservedly, for any action calculated to safeguard the integrity of Hungarian soil.

WINDISCHGRAETZ, LAJOS.

BERNE, Postbox No. 125.

I ignored the attacks directed against me for the most part, so long as they did not grossly impugn my personal honour. But I did something more: I kept on emphasizing the necessity of the *existing* state of affairs, at innumerable interviews, in innumerable articles in the foreign Press—I had connections, particularly in France. One circumstance specially contributed to strengthen my view that Karolyi's intentions were patriotic this time. Count

Sigray had just arrived in Berne. He had been commissioned by the Hungarian Revolutionary Government to try to get into touch with the Entente, particularly with America. Everything that I heard from him confirmed my belief that the whole of Hungary was really behind Karolyi now.

Sigray came firmly convinced that he would succeed in safeguarding Hungary's territorial rights, through his excellent relations with American friends (his wife is an American and sister-in-law of Gerard, the former American ambassador in Berlin). Count Teleki, who arrived later on, was of the same opinion. But in the meantime I had received very reliable information from Paris, and knew that the Supreme Council had already decided on allowing Hungary to be dismembered.

In the interest of my country I informed Karolyi of this :

No. 214, of 17th November, 1918. Dispatched from Berne 10.2 a.m. Legation cipher.

COUNT KAROLYI, PRIME MINISTER, BUDA PESTH.

Just heard from most reliable Entente source decision of Allied Supreme Council that acquisitions of Hungarian teritory by Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia are regarded as *faits accomplis*. Suggest in interest of country every possible measure being taken to defend frontiers. As far as known here, military strength of Czech, Rumanian and Jugo-Slav armies not above strength of troops we can raise.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

On the 28th November I sent another telegram to Buda Pesth :

No. 215. 28th November. Sent from Berne 3.2 p.m.

COUNT KAROLYI, PRIME MINISTER, BUDA PESTH.

Consider it patriotic duty to call attention to fact that decisive measures will very soon be taken in Paris with regard to Hungary. Have absolutely reliable sources of information, which could be made use of from here if an efficient and influential representative of the Hungarian Government were here, in whom you had confidence. Send Szilassy, who would have a chance of negotiating, or some one suitable; the present situation can only hasten Hungary's downfall.

WINDISCHGRAETZ.

Sigray did not believe in the decisions of the Supreme Council in Paris ; he was still firmly convinced that he would succeed in obtaining concessions through personal ties, and that the integrity of Hungarian territory could be safeguarded by this means. I knew that there was only just one possibility : to rally the Hungarian troops and defend the Fatherland. Karolyi suppressed my telegram. They had already begun to represent me as a traitor to my country, and as my telegram must give incontestable proof that Karolyi himself was the traitor, he was absolutely obliged to resort to every means of doing for me completely, of trampling me in the dust. Material was collected for this purpose ; my life was carefully investigated, my work as a Minister looked into and examined under a magnifying glass. The result was the " Potato Affair."

I had sent Andrassy two reports on the situation in Switzerland ; he succeeded in sending me an answer and giving me a description of the position at home. His letter reflected all the grief he felt over Karolyi's now most obvious treachery. It was only from the moment when I heard through Andrassy that the existing régime was aiming at a Bolshevist revolution that I began to denounce Karolyi and answer attack with attack. I exposed the connection between his régime and the Spartacists in Germany, and it was only now, when I realized the full extent of Karolyi's treachery, that I wrote to two Entente statesmen with whom I was personally acquainted, Pichon and Winston Churchill, giving them a description of the true state of affairs in Austria-Hungary.

I had discovered that Karolyi and his War Minister, Linder, were so much afraid of the returning troops that they had given orders to disband and disperse the divisions of the Hungarian army ; they feared, with reason, that, when the regular formations, led home by resolute Hungarian Generals, recognized the mismanagement of their régime, they and their pack of criminals would have to pay for the downfall of the Empire with their lives. I had discovered that Karolyi had overthrown the administration

of the country and been responsible for the break-up of the Empire—at a moment when, in spite of the collapse of the whole Monarchy, Hungary would have been both internally and externally capable of showing herself the strongest State organism in Central Europe. Hungary had seventeen intact, unbeaten divisions; Hungary had food supplies stored up in sufficient quantities to be able to carry on export trade, particularly if there were no longer any need to supply the demobilized army and Austria-Hungary, which would be returning to normal work; Hungary had not lost the war on the 2nd November 1918; the French General Franchet d'Esperey's army, strengthened by the Rumanian and Czech forces, could not have raised as many firearms as we, and used them against Hungary. We lost the war simply and solely through Karolyi. Karolyi had the loss of towns such as Kaschau and Pressburg on his conscience, towns which had been purely Magyar since their foundation, and whose population is composed of Hungarians and Germans. They could only be taken from us from one day to another because a neighbouring State was organized in better time—organized, indeed, on Imperialist-annexationist lines.

The first meeting at Belgrade was a startling revelation to the whole of Austria-Hungary of what our enemies thought of Karolyi and his rule, his character and personality, his whole attitude during the war; the treatment accorded to him and his staff (Ludwig Hatvany and Co.) by Franchet d'Esperey was so derogatory, so calculated to show the traitor the contempt felt for him by the adversary, that no Hungarian non-commissioned officer would have put up with it, if he had had any feeling of honour and of what was due to him.

General Franchet d'Esperey must undoubtedly have already been aware (of what I discovered shortly afterwards) that among the documents at the Quai d'Orsay there is a receipt from Karolyi for the amounts, said to be five million francs, he had received from the French Government for defeatist purposes. The French General gave him to understand that the French did not think him any better than a common spy.

The foreign Commissions, which were on their way to Austria and Hungary, were pounced on in Berne and taken possession of by Karolyi's representatives and propagandists; but these kindly disposed Commissions brought nothing with them; on the contrary, they came to investigate, to study. Just as Europeans went to America formerly to see Indians, so these Americans came to us now to see live Magyars. They did not find them; they only found a self-torturing, humiliated country in the corrupt hands of fifteen newspaper writers thirsting for power, who made cowed *bourgeois* and aristocratic marionettes dance, while they pulled the wires as they pleased. When I was still in the country, I had drawn up a list of only thirty-two persons I intended should be arrested if I came into power. This one clearance would have sufficed to save Hungary. As no one made the clearance, the country was utterly perishing in its own corruption. But I took care that what was going on should be known in other countries. The list I had drawn up was found among my papers in Buda Pesth. I understood now why the pack had got their knife into me and were doing all they could to bring me to the gallows, to prevent my forestalling them and bringing them to the gallows.

I also discovered how disgracefully men of my own rank had behaved. One of the Knights Banneret of the Realm, one of the Monarch's highest officials, who had never taken part in politics in his life, who only put in an appearance when Court festivities were announced, who had taken the oath of allegiance twenty times over, whenever he entered on a fresh Court function—great Hungarian magnates, holders of the highest offices and dignities, owners of innumerable acres, who had grown fat and rich and influential on the corruption of the old régime—sought out the deserted King in his retirement and urged him to renounce the throne for himself and his heirs. Many now bowed down before Karolyi's majesty, because they feared for their property, their material possessions, and were shaking in their shoes lest the anger of the people should be turned against them, the aiders and abettors of the old system, the truth being that the Karolyi Government had begun

to proclaim measures of socialization. The great landowners knew that the terror would wrest their acres, their power and their wealth from them, unless they formed some kind of alliance with this terror. They competed against one another in howling with the wolves, and were betrayed into unprincipled conduct of which no decent Hungarian peasant or workman, no Hungarian soldier, would have been guilty, if he had ever been allowed an insight into the truth.

The people, the Magyar people, had a right to be Republican if they wished. No one could have blamed these brave, good, self-sacrificing, honest fellows if they had preached and brought about a revolution. They had been imposed on, deceived and misled; they had to submit to be torn from their land, their little homes, their business, their wives and children, sacrificed and massacred; they would have been justified in demanding their rights, in expecting reparation to be made for all that had happened; they had a moral right to be up in arms against the highest quarter, which was to them the only clear symbol of the power which had ground them down and sacrificed them in a disastrous war.

They had a right to be Republicans. But these men had no such right; these professional politicians, these opportunists, these journalists who had stirred up the war from the security of their editorial offices, and who wanted to change the world from a point of view they professed had no such right.

Anyone who has read my notes so far knows that I have nothing whatever in common with the ordinary absurd anti-Semitism. Jews are among my best and most reliable friends—I have had practical experience of, and have done full justice to Jewish intellect and efficiency, Jewish good faith and Jewish courage, both in peace and war time; but these mercenary creatures—these cynics, to whom nothing in this world is sacred; these materialists, who make a business of politics with their lawyers' tricks, who poison our public life with their surface culture and their philosophy borrowed from all countries and all schools of thought, who have controlled and misguided the public

life of the last few years and decades in the most intolerable way, in conjunction with the weak and effete aristocrats and bureaucrats, and the courtiers who fill all our public offices and departments, our Embassies, Legations and Chanceries, without having the least aptitude for sound, upright life—these men have been the real traitors in their own country; they are to blame from beginning to end for the downfall, the collapse of our nation!

The revolution should have been directed against them.

Meanwhile, however, they were uppermost.

Baron Haupt, a Czecho-Slovak, represented the German Austrian Republic in Switzerland; a *millionaire* represented the Vienna Socialist-*Communist* Government. The explanation is simple: Baron Haupt had part of his property in Switzerland; he wanted to be on the spot to look after it. To save himself, he howled with the wolves.

One of the most important banking houses in Vienna withdrew 300 million crowns and the family jewels from the country, with the full consent of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Otto Bauer, and sent these valuables to Switzerland by a friend of Dr. Bauer's youth named Somary. Formerly Count Stürgkh, or some other pillar of the old State, would have done this little service; now it was done by the first official of the new Republic. The good old relations between important banking houses and the Government had not changed; the same sour wine was still poured into apparently new bottles!

A man of quite another stamp came to Berne with Baron Haupt, Slatin Pasha. Up to the spring of 1919 the German Austrian Government had not succeeded in getting into any kind of communication with the Entente. In fact, the German Austrian peace delegation which went to St.-Germain to accept the conditions had to set out on the journey with Imperial and Royal passports. But Slatin had personal influence: he was well known to the English and Americans, who thought well of him; they talked to him, and it was he alone who (with private help from Count Mensdorff) managed to get Vienna supplied with food and who saved German Austria (once more) from starvation by

his strenuous efforts. The Socialist Government claimed the credit.

In the spring of 1919 Andrassy arrived in Switzerland. He was just as much a thorn in the flesh to the Buda Pesth rulers as I was, for he was also a living witness to unpleasant occurrences. They were afraid of him and tried to compromise him too; but the agitation against him was carried on in a much more subdued tone, as his nature is far less aggressive than mine.

At first Karolyi tried, with Dr. Bauer's help, to prevent his father-in-law from leaving Vienna. Every effort had to be made to keep him from other countries; for he could have talked and told tales. But he was not to be found in Vienna and the plan miscarried. For Karolyi, this unsuccessful intrigue was a further reason for reducing Andrassy to silence. When he discovered that his father-in-law had succeeded after all in getting to Switzerland, he was mean and hypocritical enough to write him a long letter of twenty sheets, the tone of which suggested that there was not the smallest disagreement between them, and in which he gave him a delightful description of a nationally solid Hungary working at its consolidation, now that the commonalty had gained inherent strength. "There can be no question of a Bolshevist danger or Party," he wrote three weeks before the Bolshevist revolution.

But this time Andrassy was not going to be deceived again.

It was a source of amazement to us that London, Paris and Rome allowed themselves to be deceived as to the true state of affairs in Hungary, or at all events were in the dark. Colonel Cuninghame and Prince Borghese's reports appear to have been composed with one eye shut. These two gentlemen were very intimate with Karolyi, and later on there are said to have been relations with Bela Kun too; they embarked on gigantic transactions, initiated the purchase of Hungarian State stud farms, discussed the question of carrying off Hungarian *objets d'art* from the museums, etc. There were strange rumours going about Vienna and Buda Pesth.

But the journalists staying at the "Bellevue Palace" in Berne were commissioned to asperse and run down Andrassy to the Entente; they were to do all they could to prevent the Entente from finding out through Andrassy or me the real part Karolyi had played, and from gaining a true idea of the conditions in Hungary.

The more serious things grew for Karolyi, the nearer the danger seemed that I might make revelations in Hungary and other countries, the more recklessly and mendaciously we were both slandered.

I was the object of very special attention; all the spies were set on to me. But, after the manner of spies, they offered me their services as well. By this means I obtained an interesting insight into the squalid ant-heap of the foreign espionage in Switzerland. There were intrigues between the Governments in Austria and Hungary, between the individual members of the individual Governments: Batthyanyi conspired against Karolyi, the Czechs and Rumanians intrigued against Hungary, the German Austrians in Vienna mutually aspersed and complained of one another, and conveyed their complaints here, that they might be brought to the notice of the Entente. But even the Entente States, with the exception of France, intrigued amongst one another. Italy intrigued in the most shameless way with Germany and with Japan against all her allies; English agents worked against Wilson; the Czechs were now with, then against Italy, with America, against England, and so on. Unknown individuals introduced themselves to me and offered their services to checkmate this or that stroke of policy; it was quite amusing to see the Entente diplomats sitting peaceably alongside of one another at lunch at the "Bellevue," knowing what comedies they were getting up against one another behind the scenes.

The representatives of the Hungarian Government were there too, throwing money about with an unsparing hand. Frau Rosika Schwimmer, for instance, said good-bye to Switzerland leaving a debt of forty thousand francs, although she was sent here with considerable sums of money; as their own people betrayed them and showed

me copies of their reports, I knew how unscrupulously they lied to their Government and reported personal successes which only existed in their imagination.

Vazsonyi had arrived in Switzerland in the course of the winter. When he heard that the Socialist leader Garami was also expected, he was delighted, because, seen from a distance, Garami's activities appeared honest and patriotic, and we should have been very glad to work with him. He was one of the few in Karolyi's Ministry whose work had earned him respect. When the Councils Government came into existence, he would not be absorbed into the Communist Party with the Socialist followers, and withdrew. On his arrival in Switzerland, the Hungarian journalists (it is hardly necessary to mention that after the retirement of their idolized Karolyi they immediately went over with flying colours and in the greatest patriotic enthusiasm to the camp of the Soviet Government) were afraid that Garami might meet me and Vazsonyi; they therefore told him that I had asked the Swiss Government to expel him. As a matter of fact, Garami was very well supplied with money, and had left Hungary in a saloon carriage; through this he had incurred the suspicion of the Federal Government, which naturally wished to keep Bolshevists at a distance.

When I heard of this calumny, I wrote of my own accord to the President, Calonder, and asked him to grant Garami the right of asylum, as I was quite willing to take full responsibility for his political opinions.

But it appears, seen in the light of later events, that Garami had in reality come to Switzerland with the foreknowledge of the Hungarian Soviet Government, and had kept up an active correspondence with Bela Kun. The part he played at that time is not quite clear.

The moment the Councils Government at last came to grief, through its own doing, and had to make way for Peidl's Socialist Government, after unspeakable crimes against the country, a court was instantly formed in Berne round the Socialist Garami. The journalists swarmed round him like bluebottle flies—they greeted him as the coming

man in Hungary and asked him for office and posts; he was already distributing Ministerial posts: Ignotus was to be Minister of Education, Herr von Ottlik Foreign Minister. The gentlemen all went home together, to take up the reins of government.

But when they reached Innsbruck they heard of the fresh change in the political situation; Archduke Joseph had taken over the government, and consequently there was not much hope for a Socialist combination just now. That was a disappointment. But the good fellows soon knew what to do. Hardly arrived in Vienna, they hastily called on—Andrassy, and offered him their services, full of patriotic enthusiasm as ever.

I had known and honoured the Swiss Federal President, Calonder, to whom I had written on Garami's behalf, for months. He is a man of superior statesmanlike intellect, who has a correct insight into the foreign political requirements of his country. The nobility with which he understood how to guide Swiss policy through the muddy waters of international intrigue during the war is worthy of all admiration. The political department, which was directed by M. Paravicini, did not, indeed, always succeed in keeping clear of intrigues, although mostly through good-nature, *naïveté* and ignorance of the actual conditions. Thus it was that during the Hungarian Bolshevist régime the accredited Minister, Szilassy, resigned his Swiss post, but in spite of this, Bela Kun was in constant communication with his agents here. The communication was kept up by the young secretaries of our Legation, who had placed themselves at the service of these agents in ignorance of the part assigned to them; and as they were on good terms with M. Paravicini, they could manage to procure passports to admit these elements, of whose personal qualities they perhaps knew little or nothing. In this way the Swiss authorities were duped, and many Bolshevists were enabled to come in and out of the country and do great harm.

When Rosika Schwimmer had sufficiently proved her inefficiency as an ambassadress, she was replaced by

Szilassy. Szilassy was a man of peace; attracted by the Karolyi theories, and inspired by a wish to put an end to the war as quickly as possible, he had placed himself at Karolyi's service some time before, without ever having been at all intimate with him personally. He came to Berne as Minister and did his best to serve his country loyally.

At that time the agitation against me had reached its height, and, knowing my position, he set his face in every possible way against the aspersions and lies.

In March 1919 the King took up his abode in Switzerland. The last of the Habsburgs returned to where the first of his race had come from.

I did not communicate with him at first, as I did not wish to supply agitators, who were pursuing me as a monarchist propagandist, with fresh material.

It need not be said that the Republican Legations in Switzerland took no notice of him, nor need it be said that Baron de Vaux lived in perpetual fear lest he might chance to meet his former lord and master.

But a man very soon appeared on the scene, the former military attaché in Berne, Baron Berlepsch, a Colonel on the General Staff, one of the most loyal adherents of the throne during the old régime, black and yellow to his finger-tips.

Although Austria no longer kept up an army, this Colonel continued to be the Austrian State's military attaché, and also continued to draw the pay to which his rank and duties entitled him.

In plain English, he organized the espionage service round about the Monarch for the protection of the new republic. Who associated with a member of the Imperial House, who went in and out of Prangins, what was said behind the walls of the park, was known the next minute to the deserving and expensive former Staff Officer of the Austro-Hungarian Army.

Concern for his pay accounted for reports of monarchist propaganda being received from time to time; he had to reveal a plot against the German Austrian Republic at least

once a month, in order to show some justification for his existence.

In the meantime I have spoken to the King. He realizes his position and bears his fate with dignity. No one can blame him for not believing that his expulsion expressed unbiassed public opinion, or for feeling that his views had been misunderstood. He is surely justified in assuming that his real wishes were not represented to his peoples in the right light. I told him the plain, unvarnished truth now, as I had always done during my term of office. Neither the dynasty nor the person of the Monarch can play any decisive part, in themselves alone, in the lives of the nations at a time of such absolute *débâcle*. Will Hungary, will Austria exist? That is the sole problem to-day. *Austria-Hungary* could exist, because this confederacy was never at any time an empty formality; on the contrary, it was a necessity, it was an organic coalescence.

It is idle to prophesy or to indulge in speculation with regard to the *form of State*; useless and harmful to try and exercise any influence or force from without. It is foolish to carry on monarchist propaganda outside the frontiers; all propaganda must be in the heart and mind, consequently, *within the frontiers*.

I had been absent from home for a year. When I left and Karolyi's associates began to hunt me down, most of my so-called friends and partisans very soon went over to the camp of the new rulers. There was much to be hoped for in that quarter, and it is so easy to say: "It is a 'patriotic' duty to bow to the facts."

Later on, when the policy I had pursued had unfortunately been justified up to the hilt in blood—when there appeared a possibility of regeneration after the overthrow of the Councils system—these people, who had so quickly and thoroughly turned their coats, who, from being admirers of Tisza, had become Karolyi's train-bearers, were suddenly seized with anxiety lest I might bring unpleasant facts to light if I came home. I have a letter before me from a former friend and "equal in rank." I was warned against returning—asked to refrain from making statements,

in the interest of the Fatherland—of unravelling the tangle —and so forth. If certain particulars of the latter part of 1918 became known, it might militate against the formation of political Parties—and more to the same effect.

There are certainly many to whom it would probably be disagreeable to hear the facts recorded here related, but the public has a right to the truth. Those who have always unreservedly recognized any and every ruler, regardless of his character, from personal, Party or class interests —the members of the "leading classes of society and of political life," who have placed themselves unreservedly at the service of the passing usurpers and their accomplices, out of cowardly anxiety for their personal interests—these elements cannot be taken into account in the process of reconstruction.

My notes are not intended for them. The large number of those who have been deceived, duped and misled, who have fought and suffered, and who were and still are ready to make any sacrifice now, as in days gone by, for the Fatherland—without distinction of class, religion or dress —these will gain a clear idea of the past from my experiences, an idea of the terrible state of decay, and fresh strength to sustain them on the hard and thorny path we must and shall tread. For whatever may have happened, the still suffering nation *yet* presses on to the heights once more. . .

CLARENS, *in the summer of* 1919.

AND YET!

THE development of political organisms in Central Europe on both banks of the Danube was due to natural causes. A categorical imperative of a purely economic nature *au fond* threw heterogeneous peoples on one another. The East Mark threw in its lot with the half Asiatic Magyar people, the buffer to what was still at that time the barbaric East. In this way the central block of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was formed, in the course of centuries, round about the mountain chains and the Hungarian plains on either side of the Danube.

The schoolbooks of our childhood tell us that it was the reigning dynasty which, rightly or wrongly, co-ordinated and formed the German Austrians, Slavs and Magyars into a great political structure in days of yore. That is a superficial view, and a traditional improvement on the facts, which has been encouraged by the dynasty. For the experience of our riper years has taught us that the coalescence of heterogeneous peoples was the basis of our economic existence, in spite of the reigning House, in spite of century-old, for the most part unsuccessful, Habsburg policy.

Nevertheless, in the centuries gone by, the artificial political structure influenced by such different architects was still the only possible organism of the Danube countries adapted to the requirements of the various peoples. The best proof of the vitality and necessity of this German-Magyar conglomerate was that foreign nationalities from north, south and east joined it, and owe what is best in their civilization to German-Magyar influences. In their calamity, the German Austrians and the Magyars can point with pride to the fact that the level of civilization of the

peoples which found a home within the frontiers of the old Danube Monarchy was still higher than that of their kinsmen living in independent States beyond the frontiers.

As a result of misguided Cabinet policy, the Magyars and German Austrians were, so to speak, defenceless beside the powerful German Empire in the World War. Although our ultimatum to Serbia set light to the powder-barrel, the causes of the war were to be found (not even then ultimately) in the difference between the Potsdam view of life and the democratic views held in the West. Ultimately the war was in no way attributable to Court motives, though Court policy had a hand in it ; the war was a natural necessity, an economic-technical test of the nations' strength, which finally changed into class warfare.

In spite of the fact that Austria worked like a boiler overheated by Imperialist German engine-drivers, and at last burst under the pressure of this overheating, yet the alliance with Germany was a matter of logic. From the moment when Russia's Pan-Slav tendencies threatened the existence of the Monarchy, Austria-Hungary had hardly any choice but to look for help from Germany.

Goluchowski's was the only policy which had recognized the danger and pointed out the right course, which would have served the real interests of the whole of Central Europe : an understanding with Russia. Having neglected this was Wilhelm the Second's great sin against the German people.

World political problems are geographical problems. Economic facts are evolved from geographical conditions. Failure to recognize this principle drove Germany into her senseless colonial adventures. If the immense economic strength of the German Empire had been directed into its natural channels, if Germany had rightly understood her world historical duty—to look on herself as the fashioner of the raw material from European and Asiatic Russia, instead of indulging in a taste for colonial expansion and revelling in melodramatic catchword politics—Germany's policy would have achieved gigantic results, Germany's future would not be wrecked as it is to-day.

The former state, when the rise or fall of industries was regarded as a question of fluctuating Stock Exchange values,

will cease. In future it will be impossible to convey raw material long distances unnecessarily. In other words, the plus the world had stored up and on which the Stock Exchange gambled is consumed. To-day, products can only be transported in large quantities on the basis of economic necessity.

This theory necessitates free trade in international economic life. Free trade is the indispensable basis of its future development. Extreme Socialism and Bolshevism are ideas of yesterday—diseases whose causes are to be found in the circumscription of the economic life of the nations. The barriers to free development are called customs barriers. They serve the capitalistic interests of the individual States, have the same obstructive effect as economic transportation of products in large quantities, and only benefit a privileged Phæacian class. Modern policy must take the simple geographical and economic facts into account.

The vital economic and geographical conditions of the Germans and Magyars in the Danube countries have not been altered by the war. What was right in the past is right in the present, and will remain so for all time. The fact that the peoples who were formerly our fellow-citizens (Slavs and Rumanians) have broken away from the rule of the German Magyars does not bring about any economic-geographical change in Central European life. The customs frontiers have been shifted, nothing more—the tariff policy altered (the natural result of which is that the working classes will be ground down under altered conditions). This reorganization and frontier redistribution in Central Europe only took place a few months ago, and it has already given conspicuous proof of its inefficiency. The cataclysm of the World War, the loss of economic values running into milliards, necessarily led to the break-up of all weak political and social ties; but the economic and geographical facts remain and will compel adequate organizations.

The policy of the future will show us a regrouping of the European States under the categorical influence of their economic interests. We shall see the formation of a uniform economic sphere from Vladivostock to the Rhine.

Petty intrigues and particularist interests may try to divert Russian and Siberian raw material to America, England and France, but in future these raw material supplies will be more profitably and economically turned to account in Germany than elsewhere; the transport to Germany will be cheaper than shipping them anywhere else. The oppressive peace imposed on Germany is just the stimulus which will give the people a salutary insight into the sphere of their real interests, after decades of mistaken policy. The outcome of a Russo-Siberian-German agreement would be a system of forces unparalleled in the world. In a contest, whether economic or physical, with no matter what other combination of States, this system must always be victorious.

In spite, or rather in consequence, of the Versailles peace, we shall have fresh wars before many years, unless a broadminded policy of understanding finds ways and means of eliminating sources of friction which have become apparent almost all over the world to-day.

Wilson tried to fix the principles of a peaceful organization of the world; but he lacked the strength to carry his ideas into effect. He did not succeed in securing pacifist defensive capacity—military defensive capacity remains. As to this there can be no doubt: even Socialist and Bolshevist circles, which came into power in the last stages of the war, began their work of organization by armed force.

World problems and epochal ideals, which change the spirit of the world, are clear and simple. The ideal of Christianity and Buddha's ideal are expressed in simple maxims. The maxim which has really brought the world, as constituted to-day, nearer to the complicated theories of Pacifism, is free trade. This one maxim, carried into effect honestly, and consistently with its sense, means more than the theories and developments of Wilson's Fourteen Points. And the victorious Entente rulers had it in their power to take these steps which would revolutionize the world.

Meanwhile, it is clearer to-day than ever before the war that questions of strength and power alone count and influence the world to-day. The gleam of hope of a peaceful

future has vanished. It will only be possible to maintain peace and the cultural and economic development of the peoples, even in the near future, by a balance of strength and power. The political theories of the past still hold good. Compromises and half-measures continue to decide the system of the world.

One thing, however, must not be forgotten, that a five-years' mortal combat has schooled the peoples of the earth. In the last years before the war, human beings fighting one another to death was not a problem so intelligible as to speak for itself; to-day, every schoolboy has the key to the mystery. The *ultima ratio regum* that war is an instrument to be turned to account for attaining wishes wholesale has sunk into the minds of the people. Formerly there were Cabinet and Court wars; to-day we are faced with the probability that every race, every village, which is dissatisfied with its conditions of life will take up arms. The World War has been at an end for a year, and already quite a number of groups of power are starting fresh conflicts, whose causes are to be found in the chance wishes of a few individuals.

The World War has further shown us the importance of great economic spheres. Just as the working man has found that a coalition of forces is the most practical instrument for attaining the wishes of his daily life, so races, nay, even small groups of individuals, have found by experience during the war that their coalescence with others of similar views brings them nearer the fulfilment of their wishes. This principle promises war after war in the future.

As in political so in economic warfare. Efforts to prevent mutual destruction in future can only be in the direction of a broadminded policy, based entirely on the principle of balancing the power of great antagonistic groups of interests. Geographico-economic systems will be the sole basis of such future groups of forces. The great constructions of this description will probably be: (1) the Russo-Siberian-German coalition; (2) the Pan-American Union (to which the whole of South America will belong for geographico-economic reasons); (3) the Anglo-French group of interests.

The small States—Italy, Rumania, South Slavonia, Poland, Hungary and Austria—do not come into question at all in future as concurrent world factors. Nothing but their inclusion in one of the existing systems can guarantee their economic and political existence.

The policy which aimed at a Central Europe was quite illogical. The great problem of the present day is that of the small nations (mixed language territories have always been hotbeds of wars . . .). The development and organization of the American nationalities has given us an example. Nothing but the union and economic co-operation of peoples which are thrown upon one another, and interested in one another as neighbours, will make it possible for the small formations within the great economic units to live together in peace. In this sense England and France are also small formations, which will probably have to join one of the great geographically logical complexes.

This view applies to Central and East Europe as well. There are only two possibilities for the small Central, Eastern and Southern European States: either to be entirely absorbed in the Russo-German *bloc* or for the individual States to be crystallized into a common economic organization which takes the essential conditions of the individual nationalities into the fullest account.

We have come back to the century-old facts to which the old Monarchy owed its existence. The mental and spiritual motives which induced millions of human beings in the old Monarchy to sacrifice their lives can only ultimately be attributed to their instinctive recognition of these facts. It is based upon historically correct discernment, and is as indestructible as the idea of adhering more or less to the outlines of the old Monarchy.

Their native soil, their homes and livelihood, the happiness of the individual were points of defence the people could understand, and motives for self-sacrifice. These motives continue to take ineradicable root in every nation. The greatest mistake made by the victorious Entente is in asking the defeated adversary to renounce his own particular *I*. The future construction of the world will not be on the lines imagined by well or ill disposed theorists,

but in accordance with the sound instincts of the peoples inhabiting the individual territories. The victor was able to destroy everything external—but one thing is the indestructible property of the soul of a nation: national pride, pride of race, pride in the actual social work their fathers and forefathers have done, not for a reigning House, not for abstract ideas, but in the interest of their own nation, their native country. It is childish to suppose that new economic measures, which play havoc with vital autochthonous interests, can be forced on the defeated adversary for all eternity, or even for decades, by a shortsighted paragraph from a green table—to suppose that sane, able-bodied peoples (such, for instance, as Magyars and Tirolese) can be rendered powerless by petty armament limitations.

Reconstruction is urgent, but whither we shall be driven by the St.-Germain reconstruction is the great question of the future.

Both Hungary and German Austria find themselves in a hopeless economic and political position at the end of 1919. Whilst regeneration has already created a working State machine in the German Empire, frightful chaos reigns in the two States which formed the old Monarchy. There is a collision of opposed opinions in the German Empire as well, it is true; different views of life are fighting out the struggle for the upper hand before adjusting themselves to the school of thought which has most in common with the instinct of the nation. Still, people in the German Empire are not required by any Party to deny their convictions; in Socialist Germany a monarchist may speak his mind and propagate his ideas as freely as a republican, a *bourgeois* democrat as freely as a Leninist. The Press may reflect the various opinions, the administrative machinery functions within a well-regulated representative assembly. In both States of the former Monarchy, on the other hand, terror of the elements which are struggling for personal power reigns. The physical welfare of the working classes, the interests of the masses, are subordinated to Party manœuvres. Bread and coal have become objects of political jobbery.

The old régime, under which Court flunkeys, a clique of bureaucratic upstarts, exercised arbitrary power, was pernicious. But never, not even under the most incompetent rulers, under the most corrupt Governments of the last few centuries, has anything approaching to so much evil been heaped upon the innocent masses of the people through misguided Government measures as now. The Republican Governments' finance has destroyed milliards' worth of values; in no direction have they succeeded in rescuing or safeguarding the material interests of the German Austrian people or of the Hungarians, and what culture (tact and character) and pride still remained to the people has been trampled underfoot. When did the corruptibility —in general—of individuals reach such a pitch? When was the level of our conduct in life lower, more sordid? When the character of the citizens and their administrators more pitiful?

Events of daily occurrence in Vienna and Buda Pesth supply the answer. Karolyi's treachery, the bankruptcy of the Councils Government, have shown only too plainly that though there were differences between the new schools of thought in Hungary, all were based on nothing but personal interest. At the end of the ill-starred war it was easy for the Bolshevist school to attain power.

It must have already become clear to the country and the world that a republic in Hungary is an absurdity, but to raise the question of the form of State in the present chaotic state of affairs is nothing but shameless prosecution of personal Party policy. Two Archdukes, each of them rulers of some neighbouring country, and even non-existent foreign Princes, ostensibly have a Party in Hungary. Conventicles are formed in the name of Christianity, in the name of Judaism, in the name of friendship for France or England, whose policy, claiming the monopoly of all means of grace, is to guide Hungary out of the abyss.

And yet: Hungary can only be helped from the Hungarian national standpoint; the adoption of a uniform attitude by a strong and proud nation suffices to create a future for it. Hungary must find herself again, as she

has always found herself on other occasions in the past thousand years, at times of the most serious national misfortunes.

What we need is to become Hungarians again. National sentiment is the basis of our life.

Material restoration to sound conditions must go hand in hand with moral recovery. Financial reconstruction is the burning problem with which the new States have to deal, for their existence depends on it. How do the Socialist theorists suppose reconstruction and repayment of the milliards of State and National debts will be possible if fresh burdens continue to be imposed on all productive work?

The principle on which present-day international economy is based is turning natural products to account and working them up as cheaply as possible. They could be worked up cheaply within the wide borders of the Monarchy and customs barriers far distant from one another; but how will cheap production be possible when several customs frontiers are set up between individual centres of production and the point where the products are worked up? With such differentiated production, such increased cost of administration and finance burdened to such an extent, the best of all that should accrue to the people in years to come, as the fruit of their labour, would be consumed from the start.

Economic construction must be begun on a plan which has not been tried yet. Our economy cannot exist without connection with international credit and international economic life. The failure of the Soviet policy from the financial standpoint was its refusal to conform to the rules which govern the international economic complex. What we need in Austria and Hungary is increased production. The first duty of those who guide the State is therefore to *stimulate* the power of production under State supervision. Before the State takes from the citizen by imposing taxes on him, it will have to give, and give in the form of credit. Credit must be given until industry, agriculture and all commercial undertakings have been

given the utmost possible opportunity of development. The worst mistake of our financial policy is the idea of a levy on capital. That may sound paradoxical, and suggest that I want to speak in favour of capitalism. Far from it. But a levy on capital brings in comparatively minimum financial values to the States, particularly as the largest fortunes have already been conveyed into safety across all the frontiers in good time, apart from this. It is consequently too late to assess a levy on capital fairly. The sale of Gobelins or other works of art is a naïve and very temporary emergency measure. But the fact that every deduction from capital diminishes the "stimulus" in the industrial works of the person concerned is a serious consideration; the production of his business, which ought to be stimulated, intensified and increased, both now and in years to come, will naturally fall off and be curtailed. Where he should and could have done ten times the amount of work, the withdrawal of a tenth of his capital will result in his producing ten times less. The only salvation of our economic existence lies in carrying *one idea* of the communist programme into effect. This idea is to subordinate the efforts of each citizen of the State to the general welfare up to a certain point; the production of every industry must belong up to a certain percentage to the State, to the general public, and, converted into money, will be spent by the State on reconstruction.

The existing values, which cannot be hidden or carried off—landed property, private trade and industrial enterprises, factories, woods, waterworks and commons—should be mortgaged for the benefit of the State. These mortgages would make it possible for a great uniform State loan to be raised in a wealthy foreign State. This would be a practical financial scheme on a very ambitious scale, but it is the only way in which the question of taxation and of obtaining credit can be satisfactorily solved. Any immediate improvement in our industrial and financial position is inconceivable unless the State secures a mortgage on all Hungary and Austria's real estate.

This theory could easily be fitted into the existing organism. Outwardly, everything would be as before.

The owner has received money and can increase his production, the workman draws stable wages, every owner must squeeze the interest out of his industry and at the same time amortize the capital. The State as such remains mobile and will receive the necessary sums from abroad so long as the work is sustained.

Hungary still has untold natural wealth, and German Austria also has mines, woods, land, factories and water. A " reconstruction mortgage " would bring colossal amounts into the country, not in worthless Austro-Hungarian crowns, but in money of real value, international value.

A levy on capital, on the other hand, continues to supply the State with its own poor worthless crowns. It is an amateur game with paper money, whereas my proposal fits in with international economy; our worthless crowns form no part of it. International economy is based on the mortgage system. As a result of the new economy, large surpluses would comparatively soon be available, which could again be invested in the various undertakings. The State would be giving, not taking. At any rate, it would no longer be the banks but the State which would lend money on mortgage and earn milliards, and it would spend these milliards on reconstructing the individual industries and thereby reconstructing the whole organism.

When our finances are set in order, the question of Judaism will have to be specially considered and dealt with, both in Hungary and Austria, for in no country in the world has Semitic co-operation, both mental and material, so permeated national life as with us. The struggle between the Jewish and Christian standpoints has been productive of convulsions in the two Danube States, to which these countries are no longer economically, any more than politically, equal. A change must be made. It should be observed that it is only politicians who have no positive constructive programme to offer their country who foist the catchword of anti-Semitism on the dissatisfied masses. What we need is constructive policy.

Above all, economic union between Austria and Hungary. The more small States are formed and cut themselves adrift, the more costly the separate measures each must take

to protect its interests within its own borders. The new customs barriers and separate administrations will absorb the peoples' best efforts. Why, even now the Czech State's army budget is far higher than that of the old Dual Monarchy.

Sowing strife between Austria and Hungary, whether by promising Hungarian German districts to Austria or driving in other wedges, can only serve all the more surely to reinforce the great Russo-German block by the accession of these individually weakened States, whereas united we could hardly be permanently refused an outlet to the sea. The old Monarchy's misguided foreign policy barred the six million Serbian people's way to the sea. Such a policy was a direct incentive to the World War. To-day, twenty million Austrians and Hungarians are cut off from the sea. . . .

We are poor and helpless. For the present we must bear our cross.

And yet the spirit, which is the essence of all reality, still lives. The longing to accomplish what is necessary lives, the strength to uphold what has been accomplished lives. The strength which achieved such great things in the war is imperishable. It will tell in peace-time as well, if the rest of the world is minded to let us live, and will tell in war again, if the world shows an intention of destroying us. For the strength is based on the people.

When I was in the trenches, I saw how noble and self-sacrificing, what gentlemen the masses are; as a statesman I had an opportunity of learning from experience the devotion, the humility and strength of precisely the lowest and poorest classes. Hence my optimism for the future, hence my unalterable belief in the rebirth, in the reconstruction of the old fact of Austria-Hungary.

The social order of the Central Powers before the war has proved its absolute unreality and futility. The classes which have guided the destiny of the Danube Monarchy for centuries were not equal to their task. The work of reconstruction must be carried out with the help of new forces of a more sterling genus. This genus is available; it has shown its gigantic strength for five whole years in the

trenches and at home. What was accomplished was by the masses.

If the leading classes, who are responsible for Austria-Hungary's political and military downfall, had been in the trenches, the struggle would have been decided against us in a few weeks. If the Czernins, Stürgkhs, Burians, Conrads and Potioreks had had, figuratively speaking, to defend the first line of any frontier, the Russians, Italians and Serbs would have been masters of the Monarchy within a very few weeks. That they were not proves the existence of a latent energy in the people which alone counts in the work of reconstruction.

Healthy evolution must bring those elements into power, in the countries of the former Danube Monarchy, to which we owe what was actually achieved during the years of war. But the revolution of the autumn of 1918 brought a class of adventurers into power who knew how to turn the downfall of the old régime to account for personal or Party interests. It is now quite certain that public morality was never so corrupt, both in great things and small; assuredly, unhealthier conditions never existed than under the present Governments. The revolution has fallen to the ground, has been a somersault; the cataclysm overthrew a throne indeed, but it has not changed the inmost character of those who brought it about. This change is essential.

Convictions are essential! Convictions are essential!

Have what opinion you will, but have an opinion—and respect that of others. Have what character you will, but have a character! Spiritual revolution is essential! Drainage, canalization of the individual organism is essential! The taint of servility must be washed away, the intolerable stink of the faint-hearted poltroons who bow to the temporary powers that be must be smoked out! Honest, upright human beings must not bend the knee!

Man muss nicht mit den Wölfen heulen!

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